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n but instruct, particularly, as no an-
dote or account is admitted, which can
e the least umbrage to delicacy.

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son, named Astrolabius. Fulbert, being informed of these particulars, turned Abelard out of doors. To soften the canon's rage, he offered to marry Heloise privately. The uncle was pleased with this proposal, but strange as it may appear, the niece wished rather to be the mistress, than the wife of Abelard. At length, however, she consented to a private marriage; but she never would acknowledge it, and often solemnly protested that she was still unmarried. Her husband therefore sent her to the monastery of Argenteuil, where, at his desire, she put on a religious habit, but not the veil. The relations of Heloise, considering this as a second piece of treachery in Abelard, hired ruffians to emasculate him, who forced themselves into his chamber by night, and performed the task they had undertaken. This infamous treatment induced him to turn monk in the Abbey of St. Dennis, in order to conceal his confusion. He afterwards retired to a solitude in the diocess of Troyes, and there built an oratory, which he named the Paraclete, where many pupils resorted to him. In 1140, several propositions in his works were condemned as heretical; but at the request of the venerable Peter, abbot of Clugney, who had received him into his monastery, he escaped almost with impunity. After a life of extraordinary vicissitudes, Abelard died in the priory of St. Marcellus, near Chalons, April 21, 1142, in the 63d year of his age. The body was sent to Heloise, who deposited it in the Paraclete. The names of these two celebrated

lovers are eternized by the epistles of Pope, and other poets. Heloise died in 1163, and was buried in the Paraclete. In 1780, the abbess, Madame de Roney, ordered their bones to be placed in a leaden coffin, and deposited under the altar. A monument of black marble with a suitable inscription was placed also over the spot.

ALFRED THE GREAT,

THE youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the west Saxons, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, A. D. 849. His father sent him to Rome, when he was but five years old, where the pope anointed him with the royal unction. Ethelwolf died in 858, leaving his dominions to Ethelbald and Ethelbert, and his personal estate to his younger sons, Ethelred and Alfred. Ethelbald did not long survive his father, and was succeeded by Ethelbert; but, he dying in 866, left the throne to Ethelred, who employed Alfred as his prime minister and general of his armies. Ethelred died of a wound received in an engagement with the Danes in 871. Alfred now found himself, at the age of 22, in possession of a distracted kingdom: after several engagements with the Danes, his followers were so dispirited that he soon found himself unable to make head against the invaders; wherefore, laying aside the ensigns of royalty, he concealed himself in the cottage of one of his herdsmen. One day, as he sat by the fireside trimming his bows and arrows, his hostess left in his care

some cakes, which were placed on the hearth to be baked: Alfred, however, was so intent upon his employment as to suffer the cakes to be burned; and when the woman returned, she scolded him heartily, saying, "He could eat the cakes fast enough, though he would not take the trouble of looking after them." He afterwards retired to the isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, with a few followers, and there received information that Odun, earl of Devon, had obtained a great victory over the Danes, at Apledore, in Devonshire, and had taken the magic standard. On this, Alfred disguised himself as a harper, and went into the enemy's camp, where he roved at liberty, and was admitted to play before the chiefs: obtaining an exact knowledge of their state, he directed his nobles to collect their vassals, and meet him at Selwood, in Wiltshire, which was done so secretly that the Danes were surprised at Eddington, and completely defeated. After fifty six battles by land and sea, in all of which he was personally engaged, he at length secured the peace of his dominions, and struck terror into his enemies. He was also a reformer of laws and manners, and the promoter of learning. He composed a body of statutes, instituted the *trial by jury*, and divided the kingdom into shires and tithings. He also formed a parliament, which met in London twice a year. He died in 901, aged 53.

ALLEYN, EDWARD

A CELEBRATED comedian in the reigns of Elizabeth, and James I. and founder of Dulwich college, in Surrey, which he named "The College of God's Gift." He was born in 1566, and commencing actor at an early age, he acquired great reputation in his profession, and at length became master of a large company, proprietor of a theatre in Moorfields, and keeper of the royal Bear garden. Aubrey informs us, that a real devil appeared to him, while he was personating the character of Satan upon the stage, at which he was so terrified that he grew serious, and soon after totally quitted his profession, resolving to devote the remainder of his life to religious exercises. Among other pious acts, he laid the foundation of his college in 1614, and completed it in 1617, at the expense of 10,000l. He also endowed it with 800l. per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden (who must be unmarried, and of the name of Alleyn, or Allen) and four fellows, of whom three are to be clergymen, and the other an organist. Six poor men, and the same number of poor women are also included in this establishment; with twelve poor boys who are to be educated in the college till the age of fourteen or sixteen, when they are to be apprenticed to some trade. The founder was the first master. He died in 1626, and was buried in the chapel of the college.

ANDREWS, MR.

Was born to an easy independent fortune, but commencing life at a time that he was incapable of judging of the world, or of himself, was led by a single passion, for he was not actuated by any other. He devoted himself entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls. He was remarkably thin, not very tall, though above the middle size: his face was a perfect vacuum, with respect to every possible idea, except billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing this game, to attain the summit of excellence at it, that he sacrificed days, nights, weeks, months, and years to it. At length he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that there was no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Russel-Street, Covent Garden. Mr. Andrews was the most devoted adept at this game that ever nature produced; he seemed but to vegetate in a billiard room, and indeed he did little more in any other place. He was a perfect billiard valetudinarian, in the most rigid signification of the expression. He ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea, and toast and butter, for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper. It might reasonably be imagined, that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from

the science. He won considerable sums, but knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains, but seemed perfectly indifferent about winning or losing. There was a latent finesse in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying by for bets, but as they were seldom offered, the strength of his play being very well known, he often lost by repeated small sums very considerable ones. It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards than any other person ever did. The following is a remarkable circumstance: he one night won of Colonel W——e upwards of 1000l. and the colonel appointed to meet him the next day, to go with him into the city, to transfer stock to him to the amount of the sum lost. Being in a hackney coach, they tossed up who should pay for it—Andrews lost; and upon this small beginning he was excited to continue, till he lost the whole sum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman stopped to set down, he was ordered to get up again, and drive them back, as they had no occasion to get out. By these pursuits he lost very large sums which he had won at billiards; and in a few years, hazard, and other games at chance, stripped him of every shilling he could command. He had still left a small annuity, which he endeavoured to dispose of, but it was so securely settled upon himself that he could not sell it; otherwise it is probable that it would soon have been transferred at the gaming table. He very lately lived in a retired manner

in Kent, where he declared to an intimate, old acquaintance, that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one of the happiest men in the universe. It is now generally believed that he is dead.

ANIELLO, THOMASO

COMMONLY called *Masaniello*, was a fisherman of Naples, who caused a revolt in that city, on account of taxes, and headed a body of 50,000 persons. At this time he was about 24 years of age, of a sprightly, active disposition, pleasant and humorous, and of a confident, bold address: his eyes were black, sharp, and piercing: his countenance indicated an enterprising mind; and he possessed a large share of resolution and rough courage: his hair was cropped short: he wore a mariner's cap, long linen drawers, and blue waistcoat, and always went bare footed. His house was at the corner of the market place; and under one of his windows was fixed the arms and name of Charles V, which was considered by the people as a presage of what afterwards happened: and Aniello would often jocularly say, that he should restore the city to its liberties, and recover and establish the charter of privileges, granted by that monarch to the people of Naples. As soon as he found the people ripe for his purpose, he used to collect a number of boys around his stall, and harangue them with a fine speech, which was resounded in every corner of the streets

by the boys, as soon as they divided themselves into different parties. The tumults this conduct occasioned was considerable. Some thinking Aniello mad, attempted to ridicule him ; but he replied, " You may laugh at me now, but you shall soon see what the fool Aniello will do. If I don't set you free from all your taxes may I be cursed, and called a villain forever !" This answer only served to confirm these scoffers in their opinion of his madness ; but Aniello, regardless of this, took the names of the boys who followed him, of whom there were about 500, from 16 to 18 years of age. Their number, however, soon increased to 5,000. He gave them each a small weak cane, desiring them to practice the lesson he had given them ; and appointing them to attend him the next morning at his stall, told them he would be their general, and lead them on to glory and liberty. This was on the 6th of July, 1674. Accordingly, he attended in the market place with his little brigade. When the country fruiterers came, the people refused to buy until the *gabel* was abolished. Among the fruiterers was a relation of Aniello's, with whom he had planned this tumult, and who, affecting to be in a passion, kicked down two baskets of fruit ; the others, disappointed of their sale, fell upon the shopkeepers, and a sharp contest ensued, while the boys were scrambling for the fruit that was kicked about. A magistrate now interfered, but was pelted by the fisherman and his boys with stones. People rushed now from all quarters into the market place, some armed

with sticks, some with pikes, and some with whatever came first to hand; these joined Aniello, who jumped upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and commanding silence, harangued the multitude. His speech was not only received with general applause, but every one expressed their determination to follow him wherever he would lead them. Thus supported, several toll and gabel houses were destroyed by fire; and our hero at length effected the abolition of the taxes, and established the privileges granted by Charles V. for which he received the congratulations of the nobility and gentry. The streets were strewed before him with palm and olive branches; and the ladies, from their windows and balconies, dropped flowers and garlands. Aniello was elegantly attired during the proclamation; but when the wished for reduction in the taxes was obtained, he began to tear his dress in pieces, declaring himself now a fisherman. Having thus accomplished his design, he became frantic with joy. The higher persons, who beheld him with a jealous eye, took advantage of his wild proceedings: four muskets were fired on him; his head was severed from his body; the body dragged through kennels; and the head, after being exposed on a spear, thrown into a ditch. Notwithstanding this ignominious treatment, the day after his death (July 17, 1646,) a general assembly having been convened, it was agreed that his remains should be interred with every public honour, which was accordingly done.

ARAM, EUGENE

A SELF TAUGHT genius, was born in Yorkshire. He received from his parents a very scanty education; but, by the most persevering industry, he obtained a good knowledge of the mathematics, and an extensive acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, together with the Hebrew and Chaldee. He taught Latin and writing at a school in London; and afterwards was employed as usher, or assistant, to the Rev. Mr. Anthony Hinton, at his boarding school at Hayes, in Middlesex. In 1744, he murdered Daniel Clarke, which was concealed fourteen years, and then discovered by the accidental finding of a skeleton, supposed to be that of Clarke. This was a mistake, but it led to a discovery. He was apprehended on suspicion, tried at York in 1759, and found guilty on sufficient evidence, corroborated by the testimony of his own wife. His defence was uncommonly curious, and plausible. After conviction he confessed the justice of his sentence, and endeavoured to destroy himself, by opening an artery in his arm with a razor; in that condition, however, he was taken to the gallows at York, and there executed; after which he was hung in chains on Knaresborough forest. Part of the fourteen years between the perpetration of the murder and the discovery, Aram was assistant to Mr. Hinton abovementioned. It was frequently observed to Mr. Hinton, as a strange kind of singularity, that whenever Aram saw a worm, or any other

insect in the gravel walks of the garden, at Hayes, he carefully removed it to a securer situation. When the murder of Daniel Clarke was discovered, and Aram convicted, it occurred to Mr. Hinton, that this murderer vainly supposed he should atone for his horrid crime by preserving the lives of animals; and that by frequently shewing mercy and tenderness to brutes, the murder of one man would be obliterated, or the crime very much extenuated. That Aram was a notorious thief, Mr. Hinton at length discovered; for hearing some person in his garden very early one morning, he was determined to be satisfied of their proposed errand, and, repairing to the place from whence he supposed the sound proceeded, the pilferer was fled from the premises, but had left behind him almost a sack full of potatoes, which he had dug up. Mr. Hinton, thinking he had a sufficient clue to detect the thief, caused the sack and its contents to be exhibited to the neighbours, one of whom claimed the sack as his own, and declared that Mr. Aram, who lodged with him, had borrowed it of him. On this information, Mr. Hinton discharged Aram, but previously insisted on examining his box, the contents of which bore ample testimony of an almost infinite number of petty thefts, which he had been daily in the habit of committing. Many hundreds of old shoe and knee buckles; balls of worsted and cruel, of all colours; penknives, garters, spoons, or whatever else could be secretly conveyed into his repository, were now exhibited as evidence of his numerous

petty larcenies. To fill up the measure of his infamy, he was found to have had incestuous intercourse with his own daughter for some years, and lived with her as his wife, at [illegible]yes. This coming to his mother's ears, she was so enraged, that she came to a resolution of bringing the monster to condign punishment: after eluding the hands of justice for fourteen years, during which time, it is said, Aram and his wife lived at a remote distance from each other, till the latter appeared on the trial to corroborate the evidence of the other witnesses, and facilitate the murderer's conviction.

ARCHIMEDES,

A CELEBRATED mathematician, born at Syracuse, in Sicily, and distantly related to Hiero, king of Syracuse. His application to mathematical studies was so great, that his servants were sometimes obliged to take him from them by force. He declared to Hiero, that if he had another earth whereon to fix his machine, he could remove this which we inhabit. His method of discovering the fraud of a jeweller, who had been employed to make a crown for Hiero, displays his extraordinary penetration. That monarch, suspecting that the crown did not contain the whole quantity of gold delivered to the workman, desired Archimedes to find out the fraud. Thinking of this problem when he was in the bath, he observed that a quantity of water overflowed equal to the bulk of his body. This convinced him how the problem was to be solved, and he ran homewards, cry-

ing out, "I have found it! I have found it!" Then procuring two masses of gold and silver, of equal weight with the crown, he carefully noticed the quantity of water which each displaced; after which he observed how much the crown caused to flow over; and, on comparing this quantity with each of the former, he was enabled to ascertain the proportions of gold and silver in the crown. Archimedes acquired great fame by his curious contrivances whereby the city of Syracuse was so long defended when besieged by Marcellus; yet, notwithstanding the utmost efforts which his prolific genius could suggest, the place was taken: but the Roman commander ordered the soldiers to pay particular attention to the safety of Archimedes. He was, however, unfortunately slain by a soldier who did not know him, while he was deeply engaged in solving a geometrical problem, and wholly inattentive to the noise and uproar occasioned by the subjugation of the city. This happened about 208 years before the birth of Christ. Several of his works are still extant, but some of the most valuable are lost. Those which remain, were printed at Basil in 1554, and in London in 1792. When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered Archimedes' tomb, with an inscription upon it.

ARETIN, PETER

CALLED the scourge of princes, was born at Arezzo, about 1491. He was so famous for his satirical powers, that princes courted his

friendship by presents, on which he had the audacity to get a medal struck, on one side of which he is represented, with the following inscription : " The divine Aretin." And on the other side, sitting upon a throne receiving the oblations of sovereigns. It was his perpetual boast, that his lampoons were more serviceable to the world, than sermons : and it was generally said of him, that he subjected more princes by his pen, than the greatest warriors had ever done by the sword. He wrote many obscene and immoral pieces, which were embellished with lascivious representations. He also wrote some comedies. But in his latter days he is said to have employed himself in writing devotional pieces. He died in 1556, being about sixty five years of age. It has been asserted, that he fell into such a fit of laughter, on hearing some obscene conversation, that he overturned the chair on which he sat, and from the fall received so severe a contusion on the head, that he died upon the spot.

ARKWRIGHT, SIR RICHARD

An English manufacturer, who by his ingenuity and persevering industry, acquired a fortune of almost half a million. He was originally a barber, at Wicksworth in Derbyshire, which he quitted about 1767, and travelled about the country buying hair. At Warrington, he became acquainted with one Kay, a clockmaker, and projected with him a system of machinery for spinning cotton, which had in vain been

attempted by many of the first mechanics of the last and present centuries. In perfecting this plan, however, they were assisted by Mr. Atherton of Liverpool. The machinery is called "a Spinning Jenny." Mr. Arkwright afterwards entered into partnership with Mr. Smalley of Preston, but not succeeding there, they repaired to Nottingham, and erected a cotton mill, which was worked by horses. A patent for an exclusive privilege of spinning by this machine was then taken out by Mr. Arkwright, but was set aside by the court of King's Bench in 1785. He afterwards erected works at Crumford, in Derbyshire, and acquired the astonishing sum of five hundred thousand pounds, as already mentioned. In 1786, he presented an address to his majesty, in the character of high sheriff of the county of Derby, and received the honour of knighthood. He died at his seat, August 3, 1792.

BACON, ROGER

An illustrious Englishman, was a monk of the Franciscan order, descended from an ancient family, and born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214. He was educated partly at Oxford, and partly at Paris, where he took his degree of D. D. He applied himself immoderately to the acquisition of knowledge, and his attainments, for the age he lived in, were uncommon. His discoveries were little understood by the generality of mankind, on which account he was suspected to be a magician. He was persecuted particularly by his own fraternity,

who, envious of his talents, would not receive his works into their library, and at length prevailed with the general of their order to get him imprisoned. Well might he exclaim, on that occasion, that he had reason to repent of his having laboured so assiduously in acquiring a knowledge of the arts and sciences! His fame, however, could not be concealed, and Pope Clement IV. requested of him a copy of his performances, which he transmitted to him in 1267. This is the same that is now extant, under the title of "Opus Majus," or his Great Work. After ten years imprisonment, Jerome d'Ascoli, general of Bacon's order, who had condemned his doctrine, was chosen pope, and assumed the name of Nicholas IV. As he had the reputation of being a man of great abilities, and one who had turned his thoughts to philosophical studies, Bacon resolved to apply to him for his discharge; and, in order to shew both the innocence and usefulness of his labours, addressed to him "A Treatise on the means of avoiding the Infirmities of Old Age." Whether this had any effect upon the pope is not certainly known, but towards the latter end of his reign, Bacon, by the interposition of some noblemen, obtained his liberty, and returned to Oxford, where he spent the remainder of his days in peace, and died in the college of his order, June 11, 1294. This wonderful man had a profound knowledge of the mathematics and natural philosophy. His writings are composed with such elegance, strength, and conciseness, and enriched with such exquisite ob-

servations on nature, that, among all the chymists, we have not found his equal. He discovered the error in the calendar, and his plan for correcting it was adopted by Gregory XIII. He gave so minute a description of the composition of gunpowder, that it is evident he was the original inventor of it; it was in his time, before the application of it to military uses, denominated thunder and lightning. His acquaintance with chymistry was extensive and profound. Doctor Friend ascribes to Bacon the honour of introducing it. He also described the camera obscura, and those glasses which are constructed to magnify or lessen objects. In short, he is fully entitled to the character given of him by Dr. Friend, "That he was a miracle of the age he lived in, and the greatest genius, perhaps, for mathematical knowledge, which ever appeared in the world since Archimedes." His Opus Majus was printed in folio, 1733.

BACON, FRANCIS

An illustrious philosopher and eminent statesman, of great and universal genius, was born at York house, in the Strand, on the 22d of Jan. 1561. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, by his second wife. When a child, he displayed such indications of his future eminence, that Queen Elizabeth gave him the appellation of her "Young Lord Keeper." Her Majesty was particularly pleased with his answer to the following familiar question: "How old are you?" Without hesitation, he instantly replied,

"Two years younger than your majesty's happy reign." He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At the age of sixteen he went to France, in the suit of Sir Amias Paulet, ambassador to that court: on the death of his father he returned to England, and entered of Gray's inn, where he applied with such assiduity to the study of the law, that at the age of twenty eight he was appointed one of the queen's counsellors. By this time he had made great progress in the study of philosophy. By his attachment to the Earl of Essex, who was at enmity with Cecil, Bacon unfortunately lost those advantages at court which he had a right to expect. In 1593, Bacon was chosen member of parliament for Middlesex, and had the courage to oppose several measures of an arbitrary nature, for which he incurred the queen's displeasure. On the accession of James I. a better prospect presented itself, and he obtained the honour of knighthood, as a prelude to more considerable marks of distinction. In 1604, he was appointed one of the king's council, and the next year he published the introduction to his great work, under the title of, "The Advancement and Proficiency of Learning," which procured him the post of solicitor general. About this time he married a daughter of Mr. Barnham, a rich alderman of London. In 1611, he was appointed judge of the Marshalsea court: in 1613, he became attorney general, and in 1616, was sworn of the privy council. In 1617, he was raised to the dignity of lord keeper of the great seal, and two years

after, constituted lord high chancellor of Great Britain, receiving also the patent of nobility, by the title of Baron of Verulam, which he afterwards exchanged for that of Viscount Saint Albans. In 1620, he published the most elaborate of all his works, "Novum Organum Scientiarum." The year following, this eccentric and infatuated great man was accused in parliament of bribery and corruption in his high office; and sorry are we to say, that these charges were proved, and admitted by the chancellor's confession; and the House of Peers on the 3d of May, 1621, gave judgment against him, "That he should be fined 40,000l. and remain prisoner in the Tower during the king's pleasure: that he should forever be incapable of any place, or employed in the state or commonwealth; and that he should never sit in parliament, or come within the verge of the court." Pope, in his Essay on Man, seems almost justified for inserting the following line as descriptive of this inconsistent character:—— "The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind." He was however soon restored to liberty, had his fine remitted, and was summoned to the first parliament of King Charles. It seems the prevailing opinion, that much of the blame attaches to his servants, and of this he was sensible, for during his trial, as he passed through the room where his domestics were sitting, they rose up at his entrance. "Sit down my masters," said he, "your rise hath been my fall." After this disgrace he went into retirement, and devoted himself to his beloved studies.

Though he had a pension of 1800l. and a paternal estate worth 700l. per annum, his liberality was so great, that at his death, which happened April 9, 1626, his debts amounted to 22,000l. He was buried in St. Michael's church, at St. Albans, where his secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys, erected a monument to his memory. His works, which are an inestimable treasure of sound wisdom, were published in 3 vols. 4to, in 1765; a new and elegant edition is now in the course of publication, dedicated to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.

BADDELEY, MR.

Actor, was a native of England. In the early part of his life he went abroad, and having visited the continent and acquired some knowledge of the French language, commenced actor at Drury Lane, and performed several parts in low comedy, particularly foreign footmen, with considerable applause. He was unfortunate in his marriage, and died November, 1794, having been taken suddenly ill the preceding evening, when nearly dressed for Moses, in the "School for Scandal." He was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The following extract from his will, bearing date April 23, 1792, will prove his benevolent attention to the infirmities and distresses of performers: "To his faithful friend and companion, Mrs. Catherine Strickland, generally called and known by the name of Baddeley, he bequeaths his life's interest, in his house in New Store street, and in his freehold, messuage, garden, &c. at Upper Moulsey, in

the county of Surry, with plate, furniture, &c. After her decease, the above estates, with certain monies to arise from the insurance of an annuity, to go to the society established for the relief of indigent persons belonging to Drury Lane theatre. The house and premises at Moulsey, to be used as an asylum for decayed actors and actresses; and when the nett produce of the property amounts to 350l. per ann. pensions are to be allowed. Especial care to be taken to have the words, "Baddeley's Asylum," in the front of the house. His executors to publish every year his letter, as appeared in the General Advertiser, April 20, 1790, respecting the disagreement with his unhappy wife, to prevent the world from looking on his memory in the villanous point of view, as set forth in certain books, pamphlets, &c. One hundred pounds, three per cent. consolidated bank annuities, which produce 3l. per annum, is left to purchase a twelfth cake with wine and punch, which the ladies and gentlemen of Drury Lane theatre are requested to partake of, every Twelfth Night, in the great green room."

BALES, PETER

A VERY extraordinary person, was born in 1547. He was a celebrated master of penmanship, and one of the first inventors of short hand writing. He deserves to be noticed here for his great skill in micrography, or miniature writing, as related in Holinshed's Chronicle, anno 1575. Mr. Evelin also informs us that, in the year 1575, he wrote the Lord's

Prayer, the Creed, Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen, to whom he presented it at Hampton court, all within the circle of a silver penny, inchased in a ring and borders of gold, and covered with a crystal so accurately wrought as to be very plainly legible. In 1590, he published the "Writing Master, in three parts;" the first teaching swift writing, the second true writing, the third fair writing. This performance was held in such high estimation, that no less than eighteen commendatory poems, composed by learned and ingenious men of that time, were prefixed to it. He died about 1660.

BARROW, ISAAC

An eminent mathematician and divine, born in 1636. He was first placed in the Charter house, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, from whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When the king advanced him to the dignity of master, his majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in a humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1612, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 1663. He

resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice chancellor. He died in 1677, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He was a man of considerable courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate: being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the necessary was at the end of the garden; as he was going to it before day (for he was a very early riser,) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury; the doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty: at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation. As a proof of his wit the following is recorded: meeting Lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie." Barrow seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with "My lord, I'm yours to the ground." Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with "Doctor, I'm yours to the center;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes:" upon which Roch-

ester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him,) exclaimed, "Doctor, I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell!" on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, "*There*, my lord, I leave you."

BENYOWSKY,

(COUNT MAURITIUS AUGUSTUS DE)

AN extraordinary adventurer, was born in 1741, at Vubowa, in the county of Nittria, in Hungary, which was the lordship of his family. At the age of 14 he entered in the army as lieutenant, and was engaged in several battles fought with the king of Prussia. About 1758, he quitted the imperial service, and went to his uncle, the starost of Benyowsky, in Lithuania, who made him his heir. While he was in Lithuania he received information of the death of his father, and that his brothers had seized upon the estates: he consequently hastened to Hungary, where he found his brothers in possession of his castle, on which he armed some vassals, who adhered to him, and forcibly got possession of his property. This violent proceeding was reported at court as an act of rebellion, and the empress queen issued a decree against him, which compelled him to fly into Poland, where he joined the confederate party, and married a very amiable woman. In 1768, he was appointed general, and signalized himself with great skill and gallantry against the Russians, but was at last taken prisoner and ransomed by his friends: not long after, he again fell into the hands of the Russians, after a brave resist-

ance, and receiving several desperate wounds. The Russian commander treated him in a very infamous manner, and sent him laden with irons to Polene, where he was cured of his wounds by a French surgeon: here, however, he was confined in a dungeon for a month, with a great number of prisoners, the most part of whom perished: at length he was transported to Kiow, the governor of which place behaved with humanity and generosity; he was afterwards removed to Cazan, but escaped from thence to Petersburg, where he engaged with a Dutch captain to take him to Holland, who basely betrayed him to the government, and he was thrown into a dungeon, where he was kept on bread and water. In November, 1769, he signed a paper promising to quit the empress' dominions forever on pain of death, and naturally expected to obtain his liberty; but, on the contrary, he was transported to Siberia for life. In 1770, he arrived at Kamtschatka with several other prisoners: here they were obliged to build huts for themselves, and were employed in the most servile occupations. The rank and accomplishments of the count procured him the favour of the governor, Mr. Nilow, who appointed him to superintend the education of his son and three daughters: the youngest of these, who was called Aphanasia, was melted into tenderness for her preceptor, and her parents consented to their union: Benyowsky, however, rather wished to employ his influence with her in endeavouring to effect his escape, and that of his companions, than to perfect this

alliance, which would have bound him to a country he could little esteem. The count and his confederates made themselves masters of the fort, after slaying the governor, who made a stout resistance. May 11, 1771, he left Kamtschatka with his friends, on board a vessel called the St. Peter and St. Paul, taking with him Aphanasia, and nine other women, intending to make for China. In their voyage they touched at Formosa, where some of the count's people were treacherously slain by the natives, for which he took ample revenge by killing several hundreds of the Indians. In September, they anchored safe in the port of Macao, and met with a very friendly reception from the Europeans. Here the count entered into the service of the French East India company, and set out for Europe in one of their ships. He was well received by the French ministers, who engaged him to form an establishment on the island of Madagascar, for which place he set sail in March, 1773 : here he formed a settlement ; but an odd incident occurred which excited a spirit of ambition in his mind to reign as sovereign over the nation of Sambarines. A daughter of Ramini, chief of that tribe, had been made a prisoner and carried to the Isle of France : this woman returned with the count, and alleged that he was her son whom she had lost for some years. This fallacy the count encouraged, and the people swallowed it so eagerly that he was acknowledged to be the heir of Ramini, and sovereign of the Sambarines. In 1776, he returned to Europe ; and in

1783, offered, as sovereign of Madagascar, to enter into an alliance with the king of Great Britain, which was declined. The year following, he set out for America with his family and effects, which he brought from Hungary. At Baltimore he entered into a partnership with a merchant, who fitted out a ship, in which Benyowsky sailed for his kingdom, and arrived there in July, 1785. Soon after he commenced hostilities against the French; but a reinforcement being sent thither by the governor of the Isle of France, the count was attacked in his turn, and shot, May 23, 1786.

BERENICIUS,

A STRANGE character, who appeared in Holland in 1670. He was conjectured to be an expelled jesuit, and got his livelihood by sweeping chimnies and grinding knives. His talents must have been extraordinary, if what is reported of him be true, that he could turn into extempore verses what was said to him in prose: that he could translate the gazettes from Flemish into Greek or Latin verse, standing on one foot: that all the languages, as well as the learned ones, were as familiar to him as his mother language; and that he knew by heart Horace, Virgil, Homer, Aristophanes, and several parts of Cicero and Pliny. He was suffocated in a bog, into which he had fallen in a fit of intoxication. The "Georgarchomomachia" is attributed to him.

BIGG, JOHN

THE celebrated Dinton hermit, was born in 1599, and baptized April 22 of the same year. He was clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence of death on King Charles I. He afterwards lived in a cave at Dinton, Buckinghamshire, though he had once been a man of considerable property. He was not deficient either in learning or understanding. Upon the restoration he began to grow melancholy, and soon after betook himself to a recluse life. He supported himself by the charitable donations of those who were curious enough go to see him, though he never asked for any thing but leather, which he would nail or tack to his clothes. He kept three bottles constantly hanging to his girdle, viz. one for strong beer, another for small beer, and the third for milk. His shoes are still preserved; they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather: one of them is in the Bodleian repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhattan, of Dinton, who had his cave dug up some years ago, in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success. The hermit was buried April 4, 1696. The above particulars of John Bigg are taken from an original letter written to Brown Willis, by Thomas Horne, and dated Oxon, Feb. 12, 1712.

BISSET, S.

REMARKABLE for his patience and eccentricity in teaching docility to the dumb creation, was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He was bred a shoemaker, and had the reputation of being an excellent hand at what is called woman's work. He afterwards went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, till the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention. In the year 1739, reading an account of a remarkable horse shewn at the fair at St. Germains, curiosity led him to try his hand on a horse and dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he exercised his art upon, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, and the other held a candle, with one paw, for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. He also taught these antic animals to perform several other curious tricks, such as drinking to the company, going through several regular dances with the dog, &c. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He instructed those domestic tygers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. These performances exciting general curiosity, his house was every day crowded, and his business much interrupted. Being advised to make a public exhi-

bition of his animals, he readily assented to the proposal; and the well known *Cats' Opera* was advertised to be represented in the Haymarket, where a horse, a dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself a gainer of almost a thousand pounds, as a reward, for his ingenuity. This success created a desire of extending his dominion over other animals. He procured a leveret, and taught it to beat several marches on a drum on its hind legs, till it became a full grown hare. He taught canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular dance; but, to accomplish this, he acknowledged to have adopted the eastern method by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he enabled a turkey to fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. At length, not meeting with the encouragement he had for some years received, he found himself constrained to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his group, and to sell the rest. After shewing his animals in the city of London, to the great astonishment of thousands, in 1775, he took the north west circuit of the kingdom, and afterwards went to Belfast, where he established himself in a public house, resolving in future to deal only with the rational part of

animated nature. But the habits and the amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and cat to perform many amazing exploits. A doubt being started to him whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was exercised to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool or kit on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose, and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of six months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable. In August, 1783, he again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh: it was perfectly under command, and appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather had made it necessary that Bisset should remove his animal to the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised it to be seen in Dame street. It was exhibited two or three days to many persons of distinction, when it could spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, cast up accounts, and point out even the words thought of by persons present: it told exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; pointed

out the married and unmarried, kneeled, and made his obeisance to the company, &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a fellow broke the room without any sort of pretext, and, armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives, what Shakespeare calls "a pelting officer," he assaulted the inoffensive man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and even menaced vengeance on the poor pig. In vain the injured Bisset pleaded the permission he had obtained from the chief magistrate: he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found again offending in the same manner; in consequence of which he was compelled to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illness, from which he never effectually recovered, and died a few days after, at Chester, on his way to London.

BLOOD, THOMAS

An extraordinary English adventurer, who rendered himself famous by two daring exploits: the first was that of seizing the Duke of Ormond, with an intention of hanging him at Tyburn, from which his grace's servants delivered him: the second was that of stealing the crown, and other regalia, from the Tower; and he was actually taken with the crown in his possession, disguised as a clergyman. Charles II. directed that Blood should be brought into his presence, where he confessed that he once formed a design against his life, but the sight of

occurred to one of Boissi's friends, that i very extraordinary he could never find h home, and, at length, burst open the He now beheld his friend, with his wif son, lying on a bed, pale, and emac scarcely able to utter a sound. The p lay still in a perfect stupor; they never the bursting open of the door, and felt no of the embraces of their agitated friend. N ods were taken, however, to restore the health and to the world. This transaction a great noise in Paris, and at length reache ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. B deplorable situation affected her. She i diately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, soon after procured him the profitable pla *controlleur du Mercure de France*, with a pe for his wife and child, if they outlived Boissi was a member of the French Acad and died in 1758. His works are printe 3 vols. 8vo.

BONAPARTE, NAPILONE

EMPEROR of France, whose surprising ploits in battle, and wonderful attainmen the imperial dignity, have rendered him an eccentric character as justly to claim a in our Biography. His family is of Tu extraction, originally from St. Miniato, a twenty five miles from Florence: hence Italians, although they hate the French, ad and esteem their emperor, who is, notwithst ing, a native of Corsica. His father was o the three nobles who represented the stat

Corsica, in 1770, when deputies were first sent to wait on the king of France, after the conquest of that island. He left at his death a widow and six children, four sons and two daughters. Napilone, the eldest, was sent with his next eldest brother, Guiseppe, to France, to a military school, by Governor Marbaut, who was a friend to his family. On the death of this benefactor (1786,) they returned from France to their mother. At the commencement of the Corsican revolution (1790,) the younger was appointed member of the departmental directory at Corte, and the elder, commander of the national guards at Ajaccio. The first appearance of Bonaparte in public life was at the siege of Toulon, as general of artillery, where he was distinguished by the share he took in compelling the disgraceful retreat of the English. The next of his exploits was the victory over the enemies of the directorial constitution. And here we are only to consider him as a soldier, acting in obedience to the commands of that government which had the shew, at least, of being approved by the people. The victory of the day was attributed to his talents; and he began to excite a degree of notice, from which some men augured his future greatness. He was young in life and in glory, and conducted himself with that modesty which is ever the companion of true merit. The next great period in the life of Bonaparte was his taking the command of the army of Italy. And here he first displayed the surprising resources of his genius, for he had to contend with diffi-

culties of every sort, moral, political, and military, among which the strength of the Austrians was the least, and yet he triumphed over all. His predecessor had left him an army, without money, discipline, or clothes, in the face of an enemy provided with every thing the richest country in the world could supply, renowned also for its valour and obedience; yet, in the space of two months, by his affability, activity, and firmness, he so won the hearts of his soldiers, and recalled them to a sense of their duty, that in the first, and every successive engagement, he was victorious over an army superior in every thing but the justice of their cause, and the genius of their commander. During this period of his European warfare, he had given such splendid proofs of his military and political talents, as alarmed the friends of liberty, and led them to consider his superiority as dangerous to his country. The directorial despots, too, were alarmed, and considered him as dangerous to themselves. But Bonaparte is not to be judged of by common rules, nor to be classed with common men. He had seen the fate of La Fayette, Dumourier, Pichegru, and Willot; and he knew that there was nothing to be gained by a restoration of monarchy. Prudence, as well as principle, kept him from such thoughts; and had the directory been either wise or honest, he must have been content to be the greatest general in Europe. He saw the directory were growing jealous of him: the negotiations at Rasta
ently

down quietly and be forgotten, or become the victim of directorial vengeance. To find employment for himself and his army, he projected the Egyptian expedition, where he had, no doubt, formed hopes of establishing an independent military settlement, which he might have been justly entitled to command. To subvert the English power in India, was, no doubt, an ultimate object. The design of conveying a knowledge of the arts and sciences to the ignorant natives, was the natural consequence of such an expedition being undertaken by civilized Europeans in the eighteenth century. The idea was liberal, but it was the liberality of the age, and an indispensible means of making the conquest useful. Yet credit is due to the method in which the arts were introduced among this unlettered people, and the delicacy with which he humoured and complied with their prejudices. The immediate objects of the expedition have failed, because the presence of Bonaparte was more urgently required in another place. The most important period in the life of Bonaparte was that at which he saved his country from the brink of ruin, and raised himself to the height of power; a crisis equally dangerous and equally fortunate for both, and to which nothing similar has ever happened in the history of the world. He resembles neither Cæsar nor Cromwell, though dim sighted politicians have fancied them alike. The periods in which they lived are different and their characters still more so. The principal traits of character which distinguish

Bonaparte from all other men, are, his greatness of mind in forming noble designs, his singular quickness of penetration in discovering the means to accomplish them, and his undaunted perseverance in all his great undertakings. His ambition, though lofty, is not boundless, nor chimerical, like that of Alexander, or Charles the Fifth; it is the ambition of making France the first power in Europe, to which her natural advantages entitle her. Having extended her territory to the limits which are fixed by nature, he can have no desire to advance them further; and when other nations restrain themselves to the same boundaries, the causes of war will then be exterminated. Bonaparte has too great a contempt for the world, to set a high value on any thing it affords, yet his mind is too elevated ever to be occupied with trifles. Nothing but what is great can interest him: the amusements of common men give him no pleasure: he cannot joke, nor exercise the playfulness of Mirabeau: he is never thoroughly in his element but in a battle or a council chamber: he must be fighting, legislating, devising schemes of improvement, discussing great measures, or overturning the intrigues of others; yet he frequently appears in public, to gratify other men's curiosity, and to keep his popularity alive: he rises very early, and immediately applies himself to business, in which he usually occupies the whole morning. Every thing that is important is transacted entirely by himself. The only two persons in

whom he appears to have any confidence, are Fouche and Talleyrand; he consults them for their opinion, but is not supposed to be controlled by either. These men are bitter enemies, and it has been supposed to be Bonaparte's policy to keep them so. Through the first, who is a thorough jacobin, he has a link of communication with all that party, and through him he has hitherto defeated all their schemes against his government; he is therefore extremely useful to him. Fouche is an able and a resolute man, and has established a system of *espionage* much more complete and extensive, than that to which the state was supposed to owe its safety under the *ancient regime*. Talleyrand is known to be an able *intriguant*; he is attached to the nobility, and through him Bonaparte has communication with all those of that party, with whom at any time he wishes to have any connexion. To the other ministers he very seldom sends. He appears in public as seldom as possible, and when he does, he converses little with those about him, and always with a stern and serious air. Among his generals, General Lannes, who has been the companion of all his dangers, is supposed to be his favourite. Lavater would have been puzzled at the countenance of Bonaparte. He looks sallow and sickly, and his eyes are quick and piercing; he appears frequently as if he was in deep thought, and his whole conduct to those who are about him, is that which is more likely to excite respect than love. Those who transact business with him, admire

the quickness of his perception, and the decision of his mind; but none ever commend the affability of his manners. The following is a description of him by Mercier. "Bonaparte is of the middle size, a little stooping, thin, of somewhat of a delicate frame, and nervous; his hair is of a deep chesnut, falling over a large forehead; his eyes are large, dark, quick, and piercing, aquiline nose, a raised chin, like that of the Apollo Belvedere, pale complexion, hollow cheeks, a voice unrestrained and composed; he listens attentively to those who speak to him, and answers briefly; his air is solemn, but open; he has not the austerity which characterises the head of Brutus: you may judge from his address that he is a temperate, meditative man, but tenacious in the point which he has in view: that his pale complexion reddens in a decisive action; that his body is all nerve, like that of the lion; that he fights in the same way; that he is indefatigable, and flies like lightning towards the enemy, before whom he never knew fear: this fire is concentrated, he reserves it for great and strong explosions, and it does not imprint on his motions that restlessness natural to men who are only ardent, and who have not the faculty of self possession."

BOYCE, SAMUEL

An ingenious, but unfortunate poet, was the son of an eminent dissenting divine, and born in 1708, in Dublin. After receiving a grammatical education, he was sent to Glasgow, where he married a tradesman's daughter, before he was twenty years of age. This imprudent step, added to his own extravagance, soon involved him in misery. In 1731, he published a volume of poems at Edinburgh, addressed to the Countess of Eglington, who liberally rewarded him. He also wrote an elegy on the death of Lady Stormont, entitled, "The Tears of the Muses," which procured from Lord Stormont a handsome present. From Edinburgh he came to London, with a recommendatory letter, written by the Dutchess of Gordon to Mr. Pope, and another to chancellor King, neither of which he thought proper to deliver. His principal support arose from writing for the Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical publications, and from charitable contributions. About 1740, he was so much reduced by his extravagance, that he had not a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel in which he could appear abroad; even the sheets of his bed were deposited with the pawn broker. Thus circumstanced, he was obliged to confine himself to his bed, with no other cévering than a blanket. He then had little to support himself but what he obtained by acquainting his friends by letter or petition, with his penury and indigence, and imploring their pecuniary assistance. His mode

of studying and writing were too singular to remain unnoticed. He sat up in bed with the blanket wrapped about him, through which a hole had been cut sufficient to receive his arm; and placing the paper on his knee, scribbled his compositions for the press, in the best manner he could. He often descended to the meanest subterfuges to procure benefactions. Sometimes he would raise subscriptions for poems which did not exist; and sometimes he would direct his wife to report he was at the point of death, to operate on the feelings of such of his friends as were under the influence of compassion. While he was thus engaged, his wife departed this life, and, from his inability to put himself into mourning, he tied a piece of black ribbon about the neck of his dog. He died in May, 1749, after a lingering illness, at an obscure lodging in Shoe Lane, and was buried at the expense of the parish. Some affecting anecdotes of him may be seen in Nichols's select Collection of Poems, related on the best authority. He was a melancholy instance of the wretchedness, contempt, and disgrace, in which the most ingenious persons may involve themselves by an abuse of those powers which Nature hath so liberally bestowed upon them. Boyce's poems, if collected, would make six moderate volumes; two have been already published: but his most celebrated piece was "The Deity," which Harvey styles "a beautiful and instructive poem." It is mentioned by Fielding with great encomium.

BRINDLEY, JAMES

AN eminent English mechanic, and particularly excellent in planning and conducting inland navigations, was born at Tunsted, in Derbyshire, in 1716. He served his apprenticeship to a millwright; and after gaining great reputation by constructing mills and machines, he was employed by the Duke of Bridgewater, in his celebrated canal from Worsley to Manchester, in which he acquitted himself with such dexterity, that he astonished the most experienced engineer. He was afterwards employed to conduct another canal from the Trent to the Mersey, for the same nobleman. This very ingenious man, who worked entirely from his own ideas, without any knowledge of science, died in 1772, having shortened his days by too intense application. It is remarkable of this intuitive genius, that he never indulged himself in the common diversions or amusements of life, not having any kind of relish for them. When in London, he was once prevailed on to see a play, but he declared that nothing should induce him to be at another, because it had so disturbed and confounded his ideas, as to render him incapable of business for several days after. When any uncommon difficulty presented itself in the execution of his business, he usually retired to bed, where he has been known to lie one, two, three, or four days, till he has surmounted his difficulty. He had a most extraordinary memory, and could execute his plans without design or model.

BROUWER, ADRIAN

An eminent Dutch painter, was born at Harlem, in 1608, and died of intemperance in 1638. Frank Hals took him from begging in the streets, and instructed him in the rudiments of painting. Broad humour was his proper sphere, and in little pieces he gave many proofs of his superior talents in that walk, by representing his pot companions in the act of drinking, smoking tobacco, gaming, fighting, &c. He performed all this, it is said, with so delicate and free a pencil, introduced so much of nature in his expression, such elegant drawing in the respective parts, and such good keeping in the whole together, that he has been thought superior to any of his countrymen in the humorous line. He was pleasant, facetious, and witty in his cups, and scorned to work while he had any money in his pocket, being a strong advocate for a short life and a merry one. Resolving to proceed post haste to his grave, by the help of wine and brandy, he arrived at his journey's end when he was only thirty years of age. He died so extremely poor, that contributions were made to procure a private and decent interment for his remains. From his first grave, however, he was taken up, and very handsomely interred by Reubens, who greatly admired his talents as a painter.

BROWNE, SIR WILLIAM

An English physician (and some time president of the college,) distinguished by many ingenious

and lively essays, both in prose and verse, Latin and English; was educated at Cambridge, and settled first at Lynn, in Norfolk, from whence he repaired to the metropolis, where he acquired an extensive practice. The active part taken by Sir William Browne in the contest with the licentiates, occasioned his being introduced by Mr. Foote, in his, "Devil upon two Sticks." His pleasantry upon this occasion demands a place for him in this performance. Upon Foote's exact representation of him, with his identical wig and coat, tall figure, and glass stiffly applied to his eye, Sir William sent him a card, complimenting him on having so happily represented him; but "as he had forgot his muff, he (Sir William) had sent him his own." This facetious physician died March 10, 1774, aged 82 years. He left by will a sum for two prize medals to be given annually at Cambridge for the best odes. Beside his original works, he translated Dr. Gregory's Elements of Catoptrics and Dioptrics, from Latin into English, to which he made many additions.

BUNYAN, JOHN

A PIOUS, but eccentric writer, and author of the justly admired allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and received only a common education, being bred to his father's business, which was that of a brazier or a tinker. He was taught, however, to read and write tolerably well, but he quickly forgot both, abandoning himself to

every kind of wickedness and folly, but not without repeated checks of conscience. His biographer informs us, that one day, when he was playing with his companions, a voice suddenly darted from heaven into his soul, saying, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" This threw him into such a consternation, that he instantly quitted his sport and his companions; and looking up to heaven, he thought he saw the Lord Jesus looking down upon him, as if highly displeased with him, and threatening him with some grievous punishment for his unrighteous practices. At another time, when he was uttering the most horrid oaths and imprecations, he was severely reproved by a woman who was herself a profane and notorious sinner. Such a rebuff from a person whom he knew to have arrived at the very height of depravity, filled him with shame and confusion, and made him resolve upon an amendment of life. He afterwards entered into the parliament army, and at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, he was drawn out to stand sentinel; but another soldier desiring to take his place, he complied with the request, and thereby preserved his life, his comrade being immediately shot with a musket ball. He was afterwards converted, and admitted a member of the baptist congregation at Bedford, and about 1656, he commenced preacher. In 1660, being convicted at the session of holding unlawful assemblies and conventicles, he was committed to prison, where he remained upwards of twelve years, from

which he was discharged by the compassionate interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. During his imprisonment he wrote many of his tracts. After his liberation he travelled into several parts of England, to visit and confirm the brethren, whence he acquired the title of Bishop Bunyan. When James II. issued his declaration for liberty of conscience, Mr. Bunyan settled at Bedford, where he gathered a large congregation. He died in London of a fever, 1668. Beside his Pilgrim's Progress, he was the author of several books of considerable merit, though highly Calvinistic. His works have been published in two volumes folio.

BUTLER, SAMUEL

A POET, who possessed much wit and eccentricity, and who was the inimitable author of Hudibras, drew his first breath at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612. From the free school of Worcester he went to Cambridge, where he remained some years, and afterwards became clerk to a justice of the peace, in which situation he made a considerable progress in general literature. He was then retained in the service of the Countess of Kent, where he had the good fortune to be noticed by the great Seldon, who engaged him as an amanuensis. From thence he entered in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, and a famous commander under Oliver Cromwell. While he remained in Sir Samuel's service, it is supposed that he

planned, if he did not write, the celebrated Hudibras, as he seems to have made Sir Samuel the hero of his poem. After the restoration, he became secretary to the Earl of Carbury, by whom he was appointed steward of Ludlow castle. About this time he became allied by marriage to a family of respectability and fortune. In 1663, appeared the first part of the work which has almost given him immortality, and the other two parts successively followed. But though the work was generally admired, the author was shamefully neglected. The king quoted it, the courtiers studied it, and the whole party of the loyalists applauded it. A golden shower was daily expected to fall upon Mr. Butler; but praise appears to have been his principal reward. It has been reported, indeed, that the king once gave him 300 guineas; but of this temporary bounty we find no evidence. Certain it is, that this ingenious exposer of disloyalty and fanaticism died in extreme indigence on the 25th of September, 1680. His remains were interred in the church yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. About 60 years after his death, a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, by Mr. Barber, a printer, mayor of London, and a friend to Butler's principles. Three volumes of his posthumous works were published by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester. In the depth of obscurity passed the life of this extraordinary genius; a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode of his education is imperfectly known, and the events of his life

are variously related: all that we certainly know is, that he died very poor.

BUXTON, JEDIDIAH

A most extraordinary calculator, was born at Elmeton, in Derbyshire, about 1705. His father was a schoolmaster, and yet by some strange negligence or infatuation, Jedidiah could neither write nor read; but so great were his natural talents for calculation, that he could by the force of memory, quickly solve the most complicated question respecting the multiplication, division, reduction, &c. of figures. The largest company, and the most confused noise could not distract or discompose him when engaged in the solution of a problem. The following question was once proposed to him: "In a body, the three sides of which are 73,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 59,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch?" Jedidiah solved this intrinsic problem with great accuracy, in about five hours, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by upwards of a hundred labourers. By walking over a piece of land, he would measure it as exactly as another could do with a chain. In 1754, this singular character walked to London on purpose to see the royal family, but the sight was not so fascinating as he conceived it would have been, he therefore returned disappointed. While he continued in town, he was introduced to the Royal Society, and visited the theatre in Drury Lane, where he seemed perfectly indifferent about the play, or the

splendid appearance of the house, and employed himself in counting the words uttered by Mr. Garrick. It is very remarkable, that, beyond mere calculation, this man's ideas were hardly above those of infancy. He had several children, and died about 1775, aged 70.

CAREW, BAMFYLDE MOORE

An extraordinary character, was the son of a clergyman at Bickly, near Tiverton, Devonshire, and was born in July, 1693. His godfathers were the Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, both of whose names he bears. The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children: our hero was, however, intended for the church, and at the age of 12 years sent to Tiverton school, where he became acquainted with gentlemen of the first rank in the counties of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, and Dorset. Falling into the company of some gypsies in the neighbourhood, young Carew, at the age of fifteen, grew so fond of his associates, that he resolved to adopt their vagrant manner of life, and accordingly abandoned the school and his friends. Having continued about a year and a half with these people, he returned home, to the great joy of his friends, who had given him up for lost. The love of the mendicant life, however, still remained, and it grew upon him to such a degree, that he again forsook his paternal habitation, and betook himself to his old acquaintances, who received him with the utmost joy. His exploits in the course of his life were wonderful; he has imposed upon the

same company three or four times a day, under different disguises, and with different tales of distress. He began his career by equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, and assumed the appearance of an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman; in which character he was very successful. Afterwards he became the honest country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Shippey, in Kent, had the misfortuue to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. And every scheme which he undertook he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised very considerable contributions. Sometimes he was a distressed clergyman, ruined because he could not take the oaths. With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Coming one day to Mr. Portman's, at Brinson, in the character of a rat catcher, with a hair cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, asked if their honours had any rats to kill? Mr. Portman replied, by asking him if he knew his business? and he answering in the affirmative, was sent to get his dinner, with a promise, that after he had dined they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over, he was called into a parlour among a

large company of gentlemen and ladies.—"Well, Mr. Rat catcher," said Mr. Portman, "can you destroy my rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes," replied Carew; "I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it." "And what countryman are you?" "A Devonshire man." "And what's your name?" Carew perceiving by some smiles and whispers that he was known, replied by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned some mirth; and Mr. Pleydell, of Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some satisfaction at seeing the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Indeed, you have seen me before," replied Carew, "and you gave me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and requested to know the particulars. Carew asked him, "If he did not remember his being met by a poor wretch, with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, without stockings or shoes, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others by a Frenchman; the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes?" This Mr. Pleydell acknowledged; and Mr. Carew replied, "he was the identical rat catcher that now stands before you." Carew had a method of enticing away people's dogs, for which he was twice transported from

Exeter to North America, but returned before the ships that carried him out. On one of these occasions, he escaped from Virginia through the woods, and swam across the Delaware upon a horse, with only a handkerchief for a bridle. He was a man of strong memory and genteel address, and could assume the manners of the gentleman with as much ease as any other character. On the death of Clause Patch, the king of the mendicants, the fraternity to which Carew belonged, elected him their king, and he remained faithful to them to the last. He died about 1770, aged 77 years.

CERVETTO,

An Italian of great musical talents, came to England about 1740, being then an old man, and was engaged to play the bass, at the Theatre in Drury Lane. The following anecdote of him, it is presumed, will apologize for his introduction into this Dictionary. One evening, when Mr. Garrick appeared in the character of Sir John Brute, while the whole house was in profound silence, during one of that admirable performer's solemn pauses, poor Cervetto being half asleep, uttered a very loud and immoderate yawn. This unexpected incident threw the audience into a roar of laughter, which greatly mortified our Roscius, who at the conclusion of the performance, severely reprimanded the musician, in the green room, for his ill timed groan. But the following flattering

reply immediately disarmed the manager of his rage: "Oh, Mr. Garrick," cried the humble scraper, with a shrug, "I beg ten *tousand pardons*, but it is *always mine vay ven* I be *ver* much please." Cervetto died in 1783, aged 103. He was distinguished among his friends of the galleries by the ludicrous name of *Nosey*, from his having a very prominent nasal feature.

CHARLES XII.

KING of Sweden, was born June 27, 1682, and from his childhood possessed the spirit and ambition of Alexander the Great. When asked by his preceptor, what he thought of that hero? he said he should choose to be like him. But consider, replied the preceptor, that Alexander lived but thirty two years. That is long enough, resumed the prince, when a man has conquered kingdoms. His disposition began to show itself very early, even before he lost his father, by his fondness for the chase, and for hunting in the most dangerous manner: he even invented a new method of catching bears alive; and it was not without exposing his life to great peril, that he put it in practice. By this method he caught three of them in the life time of his father, in one hunting match. The young prince remarked, that these animals when hard pressed by the dogs, trusting rather to their strength, than their swiftness, often stopped, raised themselves on their hind legs, and darted on the fiercest of the dogs, strangled them by squeezing them between their breast and their fore paws. He conceived, therefore,

that it would be the best method to attack them with wooden poles, hooked at the end, which he ordered to be made on purpose. Five or six of the boldest hunters (among whom he always was one) armed themselves with these poles, and while the dogs stopped the bears, they seized them by the neck, and held them until others with ropes entangled their hind legs in such a manner that they could not stir: he then caused their fore feet to be tied, and forced them to walk upon those behind, conducting them thus in triumph to Stockholm. Impatient to reign, he caused himself to be declared of age at fifteen, at which time he ascended the throne; and, at his coronation, snatched the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Upsal, and put it on his head himself. His youth presented a favourable opportunity to the sovereigns of Russia, Denmark, and Poland to form a confederacy against him. Undaunted at so formidable an alliance, the young hero attacked each in turn, beginning with the king of Denmark, which produced a peace with that power. In 1700, he obtained an astonishing victory over the Russians at Narva; his own force consisting of only 8,000 men, when he slew 30,000 of the enemy, and 20,000 surrendered to the mercy of the conqueror. He then directed his arms against Poland, won several battles, dethroned Augustus, and placed Stanislaus on his throne. After these glorious successes, and the peace of 1706, Charles ought to have been contented; but a portion of madness seems to have entered into his character,

and he formed the romantic resolution of humbling Peter the Great. He gained some advantages at first, but at length experienced a total and terrible defeat, at Pultowa, in 1709. Almost the whole of his troops were either slain or taken prisoners: he was wounded himself in the arm, and obliged to be carried off in a litter. Charles sought an asylum in Turkey, where he was hospitably received and entertained by the grand seignior. But, after some time, his behaviour gave offence, and the Turks wanted to get rid of him; but Charles refusing to depart, they were obliged to set his house on fire at Bender, to compel him to quit the place. From thence he removed to Demotika, and afterwards to Stralsund. On his arrival in his own country, he found it in a most wretched condition, but he soon mustered an army. His whole reign was one continued scene of warfare, and concluded at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, December 11, 1718; where, as he was visiting the works of his engineers by star light, he was struck upon the head by a ball, and killed upon the spot. He might be called the Alexander, or Quixotte of the North; carrying the virtues of the hero to an excess, which made them as dangerous and pernicious as the opposite vices: his firmness was obstinacy; his liberality, profusion; his courage, rashness; his severity, cruelty: he was in his latter years less a king than a tyrant, and more a soldier than a hero, though he never was intimidated, even in the midst of the greatest dangers. At the battle

of Narva he had several horses shot under him; and, as he was mounting on a fresh one, he said, "These people find me exercise." While he was dictating letters to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof of the house into the adjoining room, when the secretary dropped his pen in a fright. "What is the matter?" said Charles. "Oh, the bomb!" replied he. "The bomb!" said the king, "what have we to do with the bomb? go on." The projects of Alexander, whom Charles affected to imitate, were wisely planned and executed; but Charles, unacquainted with every thing but arms, never regulated any of his movemenn by policy, according to the exigencies of ence conjuncture, but suffered himself to be aieties along by brutal ferocity. A mere hero ide his opinion of Alexander Pope, declared carded 'Essay on Man,' is far from being an a who fed character. rt the nti-

"Heroes are just the same, the point's agreed,
"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

CHEYNE, GEORGE

An eminent physician, born in Scotland in 1670, and educated at Edinburgh under Dr. Pitcairn. He passed his youth in close study and great abstemiousness. At the age of thirty he came to London, and led a jovial life, in consequence of which he became so excessively fat, short breathed, lethargic, and listless, and swelled to such an enormous size, that he exceeded thirty stone in weight. After trying the power of medicine in vain, he at length had

recourse to milk and vegetable diet, by which he removed his complaints. His size was reduced to about one third; and he recovered his strength, activity, and cheerfulness, by a regular observance of this regimen, and extended his life to a mature period, for he died at Bath in his seventy second year. The doctor was a man of great abilities, and wrote, among other things, 'An Essay on Health and Long Life;' 'An Essay on the true Nature and Method of treating the Gout;' 'Philosophical Principles of Religion, natural and revealed;' 'The English Malady, or a Treatise on Nervous Diseases;' 'A new Theory of acute and slow continued Dewers,' &c. Whilst a person was once talk- before this penetrating Scotchman of the ence of human nature, "Hoot, hoot, said the eccentric physician, "human is a rogue and scoundrel, or why should petually stand in need of laws and of gion!"

CHURCHILL, CHARLES

A VERY eminent poet and satirist, was born in 1731. He was the son of a clergyman, who was curate of St. John's, Westminster. He received his education at Westminster school; but, though he afterwards displayed the most astonishing talents, he was then refused a matriculation at Oxford, on account of his insufficiency; he therefore returned to Westminster, and married when very young. At the age of 23, he was ordained, and accepted of a small curacy in Wales, where he commenced dealer

in cider, and became a bankrupt. Repairing to London, he succeeded his father in the curacy of St. John's; he also instructed young ladies in reading and writing. His first literary performance was, 'The Rosciad,' which by the justness of his remarks, and the severity of his satire, greatly excited the public curiosity. Meeting with success beyond his most sanguine expectations, he was stimulated to farther exertions in the satirical line. 'An Apology to the Critical Reviewers' next made its appearance, which was universally and deservedly admired. From the profits attending the unprecedented sale of these pieces, he found himself in sufficient circumstances to commence the bon-vivant, and indulge in all the gaieties and vices of the town. He threw aside his gown, gave up his clerical functions, discarded his wife, and associated with people who fed him with the grossest flattery, to avert the lashes of his satire. His next poem was entitled, 'Night, an Epistle to Robert Lloyd;' which was followed by 'The Ghost;' in which Dr. Johnson is severely satirised, under the character of Pomposo. On this account it is generally supposed the doctor invidiously refused to introduce him among the poets in his selection. We should not be inclined to believe that Dr. Johnson could have been actuated by such paltry motives, had not Pomfret, and many other less excellent poets, been admitted. 'The Prophecy of Famine' was the next production of Mr. Churchill's pen. He also published 'Gotham,' 'Independence,'

'The Times,' &c. When Wilkes appeared upon the stage, as the patriot of the day, Churchill became his attendant and champion, for which he was caricatured by Hogarth; and, in return, the poet fired an epistle against the painter, which, it is said, broke his heart. Mr. Churchill died November 5, 1764, at Bologne, whither he had gone on a visit to Mr. Wilkes, whose outlawry was not then reversed. A specimen of his asperity as a satirist may not be unacceptable to the reader. Alluding to Mr. Warburton, then bishop of Gloucester, he says, he is

> "So proud, that should he meet
> "The twelve apostles in the street,
> "He'd turn his nose up at them all,
> "And drive his Saviour from the wall."

He also drew the picture of a certain luminary of the law, as follows, calling in the aid of alliteration:

> "A pert prime prater of the northern race,
> "Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face."

Further, to shew the sarcastic turn of mind of Mr. Churchill, the following anecdote may, perhaps, not be thought impertinent. The writer of this article one day dined with Mr. Fawkes, at Orpington, in company with the reverend bard, and Mr. Dryden Leach, the printer; when Mr. Fawkes, addressing himself to Dryden, said something that he conceived to be rather brilliant. Dryden, however, manifested no tokens of applause or approbation,

which gave umbrage to our reverend host, who immediately exclaimed, "If one says a good thing to this printer, it is lost upon him!" "Did you ever try him, Fawkes?" said Churchill, with great energy.

CIBBER, COLLEY

DRAMATIST and actor, was born in London; his father was a native of Holstein, who came to England to follow his profession, which was that of a statuary; and his mother was the daughter of William Colley, Esq. of an ancient family of Glaiston, in Rutland. At eleven years of age, he was sent to the free school of Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where he remained five years. He was intended for the church; but instead of going to an university, he was obliged to take up arms in favour of the Prince of Orange, during the revolution, in 1687. Soon after this, he went on the stage, for which he had conceived an early inclination, but did not meet with much encouragement at first, his salary being only 10s. per week. Goodman, an old celebrated actor, having seen him play the Chaplain, in the "Orphan," declared, with an oath, that he would one day make a good actor; which commendation filled Colley with no little exultation. His salary was now augmented to 15s. In consequence of the indisposition of Kyneston, who was to have played Lord Touchwood (Double Dealer), he undertook that character at a day's notice, and performed it so well before Queen Mary, that he was highly complimented by Mr. Congreve,

the author; and his salary was increased to 20s. He next distinguished himself in Fondlewife (The Old Bachelor,) afterwards in Sir Novelty Fashion, in his own and first play, "Love's Last Shift," 1695. His performance of the Fop was so great, that he was never thought to have his equal in those characters. "The Careless Husband," is reckoned the best comedy he ever produced: in which he performed Lord Foppington, and Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Betty Modish, 1704. By his play of "The Nonjuror," 1717, he incurred the resentment of the enemies of government; but was in consequence thereof made poet laureat, in 1730; at which time he quitted the stage, though he occasionally appeared on it afterwards. In tragedy writing he was unsuccessful, but his comedies, though chiefly borrowed from others, were in general well received. He collected and published his plays in two volumes 4to. His muse and spouse, as he says himself, were equally prolific; for the one was seldom the mother of a child, but, in the same year, the other made him father of a play. His chief enemy was Mr. Pope, who made him the hero of his "Dunciad;" but Colley bore all his invectives with good humour, and was frequently revenged on this sublime poet by his sallies of mirth, especially as Pope's disposition was ill calculated to bear his jokes: but Cibber, like the generality of successful dramatists, who are chiefly indebted to managerial power for their fame, was jealous of all rival authors, he never encouraged young writers; for it was his

delight, according to his own phrase, "to crush those singing birds." It seems the first offence which Mr. Cibber gave Mr. Pope, was his introducing in the character of Bays (The Rehearsal,) an extempory allusion to an unsuccessful piece, called "Three Hours after Marriage," in which Mr. Pope, had assisted Dr. Arburthnot, and Mr. Gay. The audience, by a roar of applause, approved of Cibber's wit, which was resented by Mr. Pope, behind the scenes. This celebrated poet, having in his "Dunciad" attacked Cibber for libertinism, the actor retaliated, and did not a little chagrin his satirist, by declaring that to him the public were chiefly indebted for Mr. Pope's elegant translation of Homer, which he proved by the following story: "As Mr. Pope has so particularly picked me out of the number of sinners to make an example of, why may I not take the same liberty, and even single him out for another, to keep me in countenance? he must excuse me, then, if, in what I am going to relate, I am induced to make bold with a little private conversation: but as he has shewn no mercy to Colley, why should so unprovoked an aggressor expect any for himself? and if truth hurts him, I cannot help it. He may remember, then (or if he will not, I will,) when Button's coffee house was in vogue, and so long ago as when he had not translated above two or three books of *Homer*; there was a late young nobleman (as much his *Lord* as mine) who had a good deal of wicked humour; and who, though he was fond of having wits in his company, was not so re-

strained by his conscience, but that he loved to laugh at any merry mischief he could do them. This noble wag, I say, in his usual *gayete de cœur*, with another gentleman still in being, one evening slily seduced the celebrated Mr. Pope as a wit, and myself as a laugher, to a certain house of carnal recreation, near the Haymarket; where his lordship's frolick proposed was, to *slip his little Homer*, as he called him, at a girl of the game, that he might see what sort of figure a man of his size, sobriety, and vigour (in verse) would make, when the frail fit of love had got into him; in which he so far succeeded, that the smirking damsel, who served us with tea, happened to have charms sufficient to tempt the little tiny manhood of Mr. Pope into the next room with her: at which, you may imagine, his lordship was in as much joy, at what might happen within, as our small friend could probably be in possession of it: but I (forgive me all ye mortified mortals whom his fell satire has since fallen upon,) observing he had staid as long as without hazard of his health he might, I, "pricked to it by foolish honesty and love," as Shakespere says, without ceremony, threw open the door upon him, where I found this little hasty hero, like a terrible *tom tit*, pertly perched upon the mount of love! But such was my surprise, that I fairly laid hold of his heels, and actually drew him down safe and sound from his danger. My Lord, who staid tittering without, in hopes the sweet mischief he came for would have been completed, upon my giving an account of the action within,

began to curse and call me a hundred silly puppies, for my impertinently spoiling the sport; to which with great gravity, I replied, "Pray, my lord, consider what I have done was in regard to the honour of our nation! for would you have had so glorious a work as that of making *Homer* speak elegant *English* cut short, by laying up our little gentleman of a malady, of which his thin body might never have been cured? no, my lord, *Homer* would have been too serious a sacrifice to our evening's merriment. Now, as his *Homer* has since been so happily completed, who can say that the world may not have been obliged to the kindly care of Colley that so great a work ever came to perfection?" This ludicrous story occasioned several whimsical pamphlets, in which the actor and poet had each their advocates; the chief of these were "A Letter to Mr. Cibber on his Letter to Mr. Pope," "Homer Preserved by Colley's Brazen Face; or, the Twickenham Squire laid by the Heels," "A Blast upon Bays; or, A New Lick at the Laureat," "Blast upon Blast; or, A New Lesson for Mr. P." "The Cudgel; or, A Crab Tree Lecture to the Author of the Dunciad," &c. &c. all in 1742. Cibber, however, having been remarkable for his veteran amours, justly deserved the poet's censure. He and another elderly gentleman, are said to have been sorely smitten with the charms of an actress, who was then in great vogue at Covent Garden. They were the butt of the girl herself, and all the

actors and actresses. Even a young lord, who made his addresses to the lady, looked on Cibber's pretensions with such contempt, that on seeing him and his brother rival dangling after her into the green room with bows and smiles, said, "Here comes *Susannah* (which was the lady's name) and the *two elders*." He died Dec. 12, 1757. His son, Theophilus, was married to Maria Susannah Arne, a celebrated English actress, sister of the eminent musician, Dr. Arne, and daughter of an upholsterer in Covent Garden; but the unnatural husband, to gratify his luxury and prodigality, made a sacrifice of what every mortal man holds dear, the honour of his wife! With this view, he contrived to effect an intimacy with a gentleman of good fortune, whom he introduced to her. He brought about frequent interviews between the parties; and, when he thought a reciprocal tenderness had been excited, he even saw them put, as if by accident, in the same bed. All this appeared upon the trial, which was afterwards commenced by Cibber against the gentleman, for criminal conversation with his wife, wherein the damages were laid at 5000l. The jury, requiring no extraordinary share of penetration to discover Theophilus's motive, gave him only a five hundredth part of his demand, viz. the sum of 10l.

CLARK, JOSEPH

A VERY extraordinary posture master of Pall Mall. Though a well made man, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garments as expeditiously as possible: but upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth

grimaces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign. A more full account of this extraordinary person is given in the Philosophical Transactions for July, 1698.

CRICHTON, JAMES

A SCOTCH gentleman, born in 1650, in the county of Perth, of whom so many wonderful things are recorded as to have procured him the appellation of "The admirable Crichton." He was descended by the mother's side from the ancient Scottish kings. He was educated at St. Andrew's; and, at the age of twenty, had gone through the whole circle of the sciences. He had also acquired the manners and address of the most accomplished gentleman. Thinking it necessary to improve himself by travelling, he went to Paris, where he challenged all the learned men to dispute with him on any point, or in any language. He managed the first disputation with great success, from nine in the morning till six at night, for which he was rewarded with a diamond ring and a purse of gold by the professors. The next day he carried the prize fifteen times successively at a tilting match. He afterwards went to Rome, and disputed in the presence of the pope and the cardinals: but Boccalini mentions him with affected contempt, and intimates that he left Rome in disgust. He then repaired to Venice, where he was well entertained by Aldus Manutius, and other learned

men. He had many disputations in that city, and overthrew the followers of Aristotle. At Mantua he slew a formidable gladiator, who was become odious from the numbers he had killed in combats. In that city he also wrote a comedy, and performed a character in it himself. The Duke of Mantau admired his talents, and appointed him preceptor to his son, who was a very licentious youth. This appointment proved fatal to our hero; for one night, as he was passing through the streets in carnival time, he was assailed by six men in masks. He beat them off, and disarmed their leader, who proved to be his pupil. Crichton, perceiving who it was, presented him his own sword, on which the ungrateful wretch plunged it immediately into his heart. From the improbability of this story, many are inclined to disbelieve it, though many of Crichton's biographers relate it. It is very probable, however, that he fell in a midnight revel. This event happened in 1582. Crichton was blessed with the most extraordinary endowments both of body and of mind, and, though so young a man, had acquired a competent knowledge of twelve languages.

CROMWELL, OLIVER

WAS descended of an ancient and considerable family in Huntingdonshire, and was son of Robert Cromwell, Esq. by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Stuart, Knt. He was admitted, at the age of seventeen, of Sidney College in the University of Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Richard Howlett, who then observed

that he was not so much inclined to speculation as to action. Whilst he continued there, his father died, upon which he returned home, and fell into great irregularities of conduct, which induced his mother to remove him to Lincoln's Inn, in order to divert him from his extravagancies by the study of the law. But so sedentary an employment not suiting his disposition, he soon returned into the country, and continuing his former libertine course of life, spent a great part of his paternal estate. At last he thoroughly reformed his whole behaviour, and became equally remarkable for the strictness of his morals, and his punctual application to all the external duties of religion: and having an estate of four or five hundred pounds a year left him by Sir Robert Stuart, his mother's brother, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Boucher, of Essex. In 1628, being chosen a member of the third parliament of King Charles I. he was appointed one of the committee of religion; and in 1637, upon the severities inflicted on the puritan party, of which he professed himself, by Archbishop Laud, he resolved, with several other gentlemen, to remove into New England, but was prevented by a proclamation forbidding the disorderly transporting his majesty's subjects to the plantations in America, without a royal licence. The year following, by his opposition to the draining of the Fens in Lincolnshire and the Isle of Ely, he gained so considerable an interest in those parts, that he was elected burgess for the town of Cambridge, in 1640, to serve in the long

parliament, in which he vigorously promoted the grand remonstrance of grievances. Upon the breaking out of the war, he was made captain of a troop of horse, and secured the town of Cambridge, and took Sir Thomas Connesby, High Sheriff of Hertford, prisoner at St. Albans. In 1643, he was made a colonel, and, by his own management, raised a regiment of a thousand horse, with which he was very active for the service of the parliament. He was soon after appointed lieutenant general to the Earl of Manchester, and defeated the king's forces near Grantham, relieved Gainsborough, and, in 1644, advanced to the siege of York, and gained the important battle of Marston Moor. The Earl of Essex and the Scotch commissioners began now to entertain a jealousy of him and his designs, at the same time that he grew formidable to the king himself, whose person he endangered in the second battle at Newbury. However, in 1645, upon the new model of the army, he was advanced to the post of lieutenant general of the horse, and prosecuting the war with prodigious vigour and success, gained the battle of Naseby. This, with his other advantages, soon put an end to the war, the king being delivered up by the Scots into the hands of the parliament commissioners. Upon the establishment of the commonwealth, Cromwell was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the space of about nine months, reduced almost that country. In 1650 he was appointed general in the room of Lord Fairfax, and marching against the Scots, who raised an army in favour of King

Charles, entirely defeated them with a very unequal force, at Dunbar, on the 3d of September, 1651. The year following, his commission of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland expiring, he was made general of the forces there. In the beginning of the year 1653, he resolved to execute a design, which it is probable he had long meditated, of taking the government into his own hands; for which purpose, on the 20th of April, he dissolved the long parliament by force, and on the 4th of July called another, who, on the 13th of December, resigning their powers to him, he was on the 16th of that month installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. On the 3d of September, 1654, Cromwell called his second parliament, but this not complying with his designs, he dissolved it on the 31st of January, 1655; which, as it increased the indignation of the republicans, so it gave great encouragement to the royalists to pursue their designs; so that both parties were in rage and plots, and arms against him. But he soon suppressed them both; and to secure himself more effectually against such attempts for the future, established a new and extraordinary authority, which he invested in twelve major generals, who governed the nation in a very absolute manner, as so many prefects or governors of provinces. In 1655, he joined with France in opposition to Spain; and the year following took the interests of the protestants abroad under his protection, with zeal and success. In September, the same year, he called

his third parliament, who, with his consent, suppressed the authority of the major generals, and offered him the title of king, which he declared to several of them his resolution of accepting, but was diverted from it by Fleetwood, Disbrowe, and Lambert, who assured him that upon his acceptance of that title, they would withdraw from all public employments, and that their example would be followed by several other officers of rank, who had been engaged all along in the war. Besides, on the very morning the house expected him to come to give his consent to the bill, twenty six or twenty seven officers brought a petition to the parliament, desiring them not to press him any farther about the kingship. However, he was confirmed in his former title and authority of protector, in which he was solemnly inaugurated on the 26th of June, 1657, a year which was distinguished by his great successes both at land and sea. This great man, whose genius was awakened by the distractions of his country, was looked upon as one of the people till he was upwards of forty years of age. He is an amazing instance of what ambition, heated by enthusiasm, restrained by judgment, disguised by hypocrisy, and aided by natural vigour of mind, can do. He was never oppressed with the weight, or perplexed with the intricacy of affairs: but his deep penetration, indefatigable activity, and invincible resolution, seemed to render him a master of all events. He persuaded without eloquence, and exacted obedience more from the terror of his name, than the

rigour of his administration. He appeared as a powerful instrument in the hand of Providence, and dared to appeal to the decisions of heaven for the justice of his cause. He knew every man of abilities in the three kingdoms, and endeavoured to avail himself of their respective talents. He has always been regarded by foreigners, and of late years by the generality of his countrymen, as the greatest man this nation ever produced. It has been disputed which he deserved most, *a halter or a crown!* and there is no less disparity betwixt the characters drawn of him, and the reports propagated by his enemies and his friends. He died in his bed on the third of September, (a day which he had long esteemed fortunate) in the year 1658. When Mrs. Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, lay upon her deathbed, she upbraided him with the blood he had spilt. Such a remonstrance from a beloved child, in so affecting a situation, must have sunk deep into his mind; and it was strongly suspected that his conscience took the alarm, and was never at rest from that moment.

DANCER, DANIEL ESQ.

LATE of Pinner, Middlesex, a man not more remarkable for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. He was born about the year 1716, near Harrow on the Hill, in the county of Middlesex. His father had three sons and one daughter, each of whom was distinguished for certain peculiarities, either of mind or body. A penurious disposition was a common trait

amongst them ; indeed, it seems to have borne along with it a kind of infection, for it ran through the family. It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Mr. Dancer did not in his early years betray that excessive love of money for which he became afterwards celebrated. This disclosure of his soul was reserved for maturer years. When his father died he became independent, and then he began to act the part of the miser. So true, in some cases, is the observation of Burns, the poet, in his letters, "Wealth imparts a bird-lime quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted." Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessaries of life, he left property to the amount of 3000l. a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that, rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen ; of which he would swill so enormously as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep. He generally had his body girt by a hay band, to keep together his tattered garments ; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched, that hardly any of the original could be seen. In cold and dirty weather, however, they were thickly covered with ropes of hay, which served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, indeed, resembled that of a miserable mendicant. He had an old horse, but never would allow more than two shoes for his fore feet, deeming those for his

hind feet an unnecessary expense. Mr. Dancer would never take snuff, conceiving such an indulgence to be extravagant, but he always carried a snuff box: this he would probably fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others; when the box was full, he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighbouring chandler's shop: this candle served him till he had time to fill the box again, as he never suffered any light in his house, except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands; but when the sun shone forth he would repair to a neighbouring pool, and substitute sand for soap: when he had performed the operation of washing, he would lie on his back and dry himself with the solar beams; as he never used a towel, because it would wear out, and when dirty the washing would be expensive. Having come to London one day, for the purpose of investing 2000l. in the funds, a gentleman near the Royal Exchange observed him, and taking him for a wretched beggar, humanely slipped a penny into his hand, which the old man received with a degree of surprise; but instantly recollecting that "every little helps," he pocketed the affront, and walked on. This parsimonious man never had more than one shirt at a time, which, being purchased at an old clothes' shop, seldom exceeded half a crown in price; nor did it ever, after falling into his possession, undergo the operation of either washing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual slavery, till

it literally dropt in pieces from his back. Hence, it may naturally be supposed, that, though Mr. Dancer seldom associated with his neighbours, he was at all times attended by a very numerous company, whose personal attachment rendered mankind extremely cautious of approaching him. In the purchase of an old shirt, he once supposed himself cheated by a woman of the vast sum of three pence; in consequence of which, he commenced a suit against her in the Court of Conscience; the poor old man was, however, nonsuited: and, beside the original debt of three pence, he incurred the expense of near five shillings for costs. To add to his distress, he expended on the road from Pinner to London, and back again, three halfpence more. Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and, though she knew that she should share the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she endeavoured to persuade him to enjoy the good things of this life, but in vain. Once, indeed, she prevailed upon him to purchase an old hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a shilling; but to her great astonishment, when she called the next day, she beheld the old chapeau on his head. On inquiry, it appeared, that he had prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat of him, at the advanced price of eighteen pence, and congratulated himself on his dexterity in clearing sixpence by the transaction. One day, Lady Tempest sent him a

present of trout, stewed in claret, of which he was extremely fond; it was frosty weather, and the whole, from being kept all night, was frozen almost into ice: being much afflicted with the toothache, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive; therefore, as he generally lay in bed to keep himself warm in cold weather, he caused the fish and sauce to be put between two pewter plates, on which he sat till the rich repast was tolerably warm. Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavourable opinion. Sooner than have any connexion with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten." He seemed to have had something of the leaven of predestination in his composition, for, while his sister lay upon her deathbed, being importuned to call in medical assistance, he sternly replied, "Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence?" Perhaps, the dread of expense operated more powerfully upon him than his religious tenets. During his last illness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that "having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner." She then request-

ed him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Mr. Dancer's house, which is now in the possession of Captain Holmes, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be very rich within; Captain Holmes having at different times, found large bowls filled with guineas and half guineas, and parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. This singular man died in October, 1794. Since his death, large jugs of dollars and shillings have been found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose, even old Griffiths could not tell. It now appears, however, that he used to rob one jug, to add to the bowl, which was, since his death, found buried in the kitchen.

DANTE, JOHN BAPTIST

An excellent mathematician, of an Italian family, is memorable for having made himself a pair of wings, which so exactly fitted his body that he could fly with them. He made the experiment several times over the lake Trasimenus, and succeeded so well, that he was stimulated to perform before the whole city of Perugia. He directed his course from the highest part of the city over the square, to the admiration of the spectators; but part of the

mechanism of the wings at length giving way, he fell upon a church, and broke his thigh. He flourished towards the end of the 15th century, and died at the age of about forty.

DART, RICHARD

Was generally known by the name of Dicky Dart, the *wooden* grocer. He derived this title from his having apparently a very large stock of sugar, which, however, was well known to be nothing but blocks of wood, covered with paper, and corded. His habits were those of penury, and a sullen seclusion from all social intercourse. Although possessed of property to the amount of 3000*l.* in deeds, money, stock, &c. he was so miserably avaricious as to deny himself the common sustenance which nature requires, and the cleanliness which health and decency indispensably demand. His bedding was rotted with filth, vermin, and negligence. He had only two shirts, and those in a most tattered condition: there were no signs of any other linen about himself or his dwelling. His dress was distinguished by wearing all weathers five or six waistcoats, a close coat, and an old threadbare spencer. But with all this shabbiness of attire, he had some pretensions to *beauism*, for he constantly wore flour, as hair powder, which he put on with a sheep's tail instead of a puff. He was seldom seen to eat; and his food was never known to be any meat, or scarcely any thing else but dried crusts, biscuits, raw turnips, radishes, and such articles as required little or no cookery. Although he

would suffer no female to come near his house, he had a warm attachment towards the sex; and to indulge himself in this propensity, spent the greatest part of the night in walking the streets, in search of female companions, for several years. Many attribute this strange system of living to his having been early in life disappointed in his honourable overtures. From this moment he lost all his accustomed spirit, became sullen, retired and selfish, and abandoned himself to the lowest state of degraded humanity. He was found murdered behind his counter, at his shop in St. James' Street, Portsea, on the morning of April 21, 1800. It is supposed he was followed home by some person or persons, too well acquainted with his secluded situation and considerable property.

DE FOE, DANIEL

An English writer, born in 1660, equally famous for politics and poetry, was the son of James Foe, a butcher, in London. Why he added *de* to his father's name, does not appear. He was bred a hosier, and in 1688, was admitted a liveryman of London, at which time he kept a hosier's shop near the Royal Exchange. Being unsuccessful in business, he became a bankrupt, which probably induced him to apply to the pen for subsistence. In 1695, he was made accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, and continued in that office till the impost was taken off. He was the author of many publications, but the greater number of them were of a temporary cast. Tutchin,

having in 1700 written "The Foreigners," a satire on King William, and all his countrymen, De Foe produced "The True-born Englishman," in 1701. By this performance, he introduced himself to the notice of his sovereign, who liberally rewarded him. This poem has neither beauty or energy; but it breathes a kind of boldness, and was well adapted to please King William, by ridiculing the animosity which Englishman had conceived against foreigners. The next year he published "The shortest Way with the Dissenters," containing reflections upon some ecclesiastics in power, for breathing too much a spirit of persecution. Becoming obnoxious to the ministry on this account, he was obliged to explain himself explicitly, which he did with firmness and resolution; and when he was afterwards sentenced to stand in the pillory, for attacking some measures which he thought unjust, and unconstitutional, he cheerfully submitted to the punishment; and he immediately wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "A Hymn to the Pillory," as a defiance of their treatment of him. He was also sentenced to be fined and imprisoned, and continued in confinement till 1704. As soon as he had obtained his liberty, he retired to Saint Edmundsbury, where he continued to exercise his pen. He was instrumental in promoting the union of England and Scotland, and published some acute and elaborate tracts on that subject. Having written some offensive political pamphlets, in 1713, he was again committed to prison, but Lord Oxford procured a pardon

for him, and he was released. In 1715, appeared his "Family Instructor," a religious performance of merit; and, in 1719, the first part of "Robinson Crusoe," the work upon which his fame is principally founded. It is, indeed, an excellent romance, and has been read and admired by millions. The story is so natural and interesting, and the incidents so probable, that it has all the appearance and effect of a genuine history. If we except the Old and New Testament, and the Book of Common Prayer, no literary performance has, perhaps, gratified and amused so many readers. It seems to have been built on the story of Selkirk's being left on the island of Juan Fernandez; the narrative of which is given in Roger's Voyage, in 1712. This very ingenious and active man died at Islington, in 1731, and left a daughter, who married Mr. Henry Baker, the naturalist, and author of the "Microscope made easy," &c.

DIOGENES,

A CYNIC philosopher, born at Sinope, a city of Pontus, and expelled from thence for coining false money, as his father had been before. He retired to Athens, where he became the disciple of Antisthanes. He not only submitted to the severities peculiar to the followers of that founder of the Cynics, but added new degrees of austerity. He ordered a cell to be provided for him, but as a tardiness was shewn in the execution of his order, he grew impatient, and chose a tub for his habitation. He also subsisted by begging.

Yet with all this affected humility, he was insufferably proud, looked down with contempt on all the world, and magisterially censured the whole human race. When Alexander the Great visited him, he requested to know whether he could render him any service? "Yes," replied the Cynic, "by getting out of my sunshine." An expression which conveyed in concise terms the following import: "Do not deprive me of the benefits of nature; and those of fortune I leave to you." The conqueror, struck with the heroic spirit of independence in the philosopher, cried, "were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes." Our hero had a quick conception of things, and was excellent at repartee. Hence he was denominated by Plato, "The Mad Socrates." He died at Corinth, 324 years before Christ, aged about 76. But the time and manner of his death, is differently related. Some say he died of the overflowing of the gall, occasioned by his eating a neat's foot raw; others that he suffocated himself by holding his breath. Some affirm that he died of the bite of a dog; others that he threw himself down a precipice. Jereme supposes that he strangled himself, and his opinion is thought to be the true one.

DOGGET, THOMAS.

An actor and dramatic poet, formerly belonging to Drury Lane theatre, where he became joint manager with Wilks and Cibber: in which situation he continued till 1712, when Booth being forced on them as a sharer in the management,

he threw up his part in the property of the theatre in disgust, though supposed to have been worth upwards of a thousand pounds per annum. As a comedian he had great merit, and his cotemporary, Cibber, informs us, that he had more originality and nature in his acting, than any other performer of his time; he died in 1721. In his political principles he was a zealous whig; and so strictly was he attached to the interest of the House of Hanover, that he never let slip any occasion that presented itself of demonstrating his sentiments in that respect. One instance, among others, is well known. The year after George I. came to the throne, this performer gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for, by six water men, on the first day of August, being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne; and, at his death, bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually forever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for in honour of the day; which ceremony is every year performed on the first of August; the candidates setting out at a signal given, at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and rowing from the Old Swan near London Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea. Dogget wrote a comedy, which has not been performed in its original state for many years, called "The Country Wake," 1696, 4to. It has been altered however into a ballad farce, which often makes its appearance under the title of "Flora, or Hob in the Well."

DOMINICHINO,

An Italian painter, born at Bologna, in 1581. He studied in the school of the Caracchi, where his fellow pupils, on account of his slowness, called him in derision *the Ox*; but one of his masters told them, "I can assure you, this Ox will plough his furrow so well, that one day or other he will well fertilize the field of painting." Dominichino was a very modest lad. As Louis Caracchi was one day about to adjudge the prize for an academical drawing, Dominichino, in general held cheap by his companions, came up to him with a very timid air, and presented his drawing, while his hand trembled all the while, and his face was covered with that modest blush which often accompanies persons of merit, who are conscious how much better they ought to have done. The audience burst into a fit of laughter, but Caracchi immediately adjudged him the prize. Annibal Caracchi, coming one day by stealth into his apartment, found him painting with his face all red as if on fire, in an attitude of *fierté* and of menace, with his eyes flaming with anger. He was then at work upon his celebrated picture of the crucifix of St. Andrew, and was painting one of the executioners. Soon after, this picture which he was painting in competition with Guido, was carried to its place of destination, and placed by the side of that which Guido had painted. An old woman with her young son came to see it: "Do but observe," said she, pointing to the picture of Dominichino, "with what force

of rage the executioners are lifting up their arms to flagellate St. Andrew! See with what fury one of them threatens him! See how, with a degree of brutal force, another strains himself to bind tighter his feet with cords! Then observe the firmness of mind with which the venerable old saint appears to suffer his tortures, and how the constancy of his faith manifesteth itself in his eyes, with which he looks up to heaven!" The old woman then burst into tears, and went away, without looking at the picture of Guido. One of the friends of this great painter recommended him not to paint his pictures so highly, and not to take so much pains, was thus answered by him: "You do not know, my good friend, how much I wish to satisfy one person, who is extremely nice and difficult to please: that person is myself." The multiplied vexations which this great painter experienced from the intrigues of those persons who envied him, seem in some degree to have rendered his sensibility to them morbid; for in the latter part of his life he would taste no food, not even in his own house, and in the bosom of his family. He died in 1641.

D'URFEY, THOMAS

THOUGH generally spoken of by the most familiar name of *Tom*, was a facetious English poet, born at Exeter, in 1628. He wrote plays and songs in great abundance, all of which are tinged with the licentiousness of the reign of King Charles the Second. He often resided

with the Earl of Dorset, and Knole, where a painting of him is now to be seen. Here it may be necessary to remark that Tom's features were so much of the grotesque kind, that a transient glance of them provoked risibility. Of this Tom was convinced by the representation of his faithful mirror, and therefore he would never suffer his likeness to be taken when he was awake. His occasional songs, together with his natural vivacity and good humour, procured him the favour of persons of all ranks and conditions; and even of monarchs themselves. The author of the Guardian, who, in No. 67, has given a very humorous account of Mr. D'urfey, tells us that he remembered King Charles the second leaning upon Tom D'urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. Yet, at last, to make use of his own language, "After having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he found himself reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who of late years had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be put off with a song." His ballads, sonnets, &c. were printed in 6 vols. 12mo, under the title of "Pills to purge Melancholy." On a stone table at the west end of St. James's church, Westminster, is inscribed the following memorial: "Tom D'urfey, died Feb. the 26th, 1723."

ELWES, JOHN ESQ.

THIS gentleman, whose original name was Meggot, was born in 1712, and was the nephew of Sir Harvy Elwes, whose possessions at the time of his death was supposed to be at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. His father was an eminent brewer, in Southwark, which borough his grandfather, Sir George Meggot, represented in parliament. At the decease of the uncle, this large sum of money became the property of the nephew, who by will was required to assume the name and arms of Elwes. When he succeeded to his uncle's fortune, he had advanced beyond his fortieth year, and for fifteen years previous to that period he was known in the more fashionable circles of the metropolis. He had always a propensity for play, and it was late in life that he grew digusted at the practice. This arose from his paying always, and not being always paid. At an early period he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained ten or twelve years, and was allowed to be a good classical scholar, though it is confidently said that he never read afterwards. From Wesminster school, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he soon entered into pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding master of the academy, there, had then to boast, perhaps, three of the best riders in Europe; Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. The connexions which he formed at Westminster school, and at Geneva, together with his own

large fortune, all conspired to introduce Mr. Elwes (then Mr. Meggot) into whatever society he chose. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and many other fashionable haunts of the day. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, played deeper than himself, and with such various success; he once continued to play two days and a night, without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. The late Duke of Northumberland, who was no starter upon these occasions, was of the party. Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been much richer; but the sums which were owing to him, even by very noble names were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play; the theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly performed by the practice, and he never violated this feeling to the latest hour of his life. It is curious to remark that, even at this period of Mr. Elwes' life, how he contrived to mingle small attempts at saving, with objects of the most unbounded dissipation. After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the age, he would quit the splendid scene, and walk out about four in the morning to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Hayden Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man throw aside his habits of dissipation, and, standing in the cold or rain, haggle with a carcass butcher for a

shilling. When his cattle did not arrive at the expected hour, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has travelled on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole of the night. Mr. Elwes generally travelled on horseback, having first taken care to put two or three eggs boiled hard, into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread he could find; then, mounting one of his hunters, he made the best of his way out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the least numerous. Next, stopping under any hedge, where he saw grass for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his animal. From his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire, he went to reside at the mansion house of his late uncle, at Stoke, in Suffolk. Here he first began to keep foxhounds; and his stable of hunters, at that time, was said to be the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance, in his whole life, of his sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was conducted with the utmost parsimony. Mr. Elwes had an equal aversion to an inn on the road, and an apothecary's bill; therefore, when he once received a dangerous kick from one of his horses, nothing could prevail on him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was not till some days afterwards, when it was feared amputation would be necessary, that he consented to repair to London, and part with a few guineas for advice.

Though he made frequent excursions to Newmarket he never engaged on the turf. A kindness, however, which he performed there merits notice. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000l. which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Mr. Elwes, unsolicited, made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won the engagement. On the day this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment. After the bet was decided, Mr. Elwes still continued to ride about till the hour of four, at which time his reverence grew so impatient that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," replied Elwes, "so here do as I do;" offering him at the same time, from his great coat pocket, a piece of old crushed pancake, which he had brought from Marcham two months before, but, "that it was good as new." As Mr. Elwes knew little of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to his memory, and still more to the suggestions of other people. Hence he supplied every person who had a *want* or *scheme*, with an apparent high interest, whether the projector was knavish or honest. Hence are to be reckoned visions of distant property

in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, &c. by which he is supposed, in the course of his life, to have lost about 150,000l. Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Meggot, had inherited some property in houses in London: to this property he added greatly by building. Great part of Marybone soon called him her founder. Portland place, and Portland square, the riding houses and stables of the Life Guards, and houses too numerous to be mentioned, all rose out of his pocket. He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, he was chosen for Berkshire, having been proposed by Lord Craven. He did not object to the nomination, as he was to be brought in for nothing. All his expense consisted in dining at the ordinary at Reading, and he got into parliament for about eighteen pence. He now returned to his seat at Marcham, relinquished his hounds, and distributed them among some farmers. He was approaching the sixtieth year of his age when he thus entered upon public life. In three successive parliaments he was chosen for Berkshire, and sat about twelve years in the house. To his honour be it said, that, in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be an independent country gentleman, wishing neither post nor rank, wanting no emolument, and being perfectly conscientious. When Mr. Elwes quitted parliament, he was, in the familiar phrase, "a fish out of water." He had for some years been a member of a card club, at the Mount coffee house, and, by a constant atend-

ance on this meeting, he consoled himself for the loss of his seat. The play was moderate, and he enjoyed the *fire* and *candle* at a general expense. Still, however, he retained some fondness for play, and he imagined that he had a thorough knowledge of picquet. It was his misfortune to meet with a gentleman who thought the same of himself, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose the loser of three thousand pounds, which was paid by a draft on Messrs. Hoares. This was the last folly of the kind that he was guilty of. At length he retired to his seat at Stoke, where no gleam of favourite passion, or any ray of amusement, broke through the gloom of penury. His insatiable desire of saving was become uniform and systematic. He still rode about the country on an old brood mare, but he rode her very economically on the turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expense of shoes. In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up chips, sticks, or bones, and put them in his pocket to carry to the fire. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants. When he had his river drawn, though sometimes horse loads of small fish were taken, not one would he suffer to be thrown in again. Game, in the last state of putrefaction, would he continue to eat. In short, whatever Cervantes or Molier have pictured, in their most sportive moods, of avarice in the extreme, was realized or surpassed

by Elwes, though then supposed to be possessed of about a million. The 18th of November, 1789, closed the life of this extraordinary man, who left by will (of property and estates not entailed,) the sum of 500,000l. to his two natural sons, George and John Elwes.

EUGENE, FRANCIS

PRINCE of Savoy, was born in 1663. He was intended for the church, but on the death of his father, he resolved to follow a military life. This great general was a man of letters, and of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "That a good christian always made a good soldier." In all his military expeditions he carried with him Thomas a Kempis *de imitatione*. This prince was observed one day to be very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite aid de camp on what he was meditating so deeply, "My good friend," replied he, "I am thinking that if Alexander the Great had been obliged to wait for the approbation of the deputies of Holland before he attacked the enemy, how impossible it would have been for him to have made half the conquests that he did." Prince Eugene lived to a good old age, and being as much a scholar as a soldier, amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passionei, then nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon. When Prince Eugene besieged Belgrade in 1702, there was in that place a garrison of near 15,000 men.

At the same time he found himself besieged by an innumerable army of Turks, who advanced toward his camp, and entrenched themselves around him. Finding himself in the same situation as Cæsar at the siege of Alesia, he extricated himself in the same manner, by first beating the enemy in the field, and then taking the town. His army was now in the most imminent danger of destruction, but military discipline triumphed over superior numbers and undisciplined valour. This prince carried his glory to the highest pitch by the peace of Passerowitz, which gave Belgrade and Temeswaer to the emperor.

FARMER, DR. RICHARD

A LEARNED English divine and antiquary, master of Emanuel college, Cambridge, principal librarian to the university, &c. &c. was born at Leicester, in 1735. In 1775, he was chosen master of his college, and the same year served the office of vice chancellor, and had an opportunity of evincing his attachment to the court in a way which is supposed to have led to much of his subsequent preferment. The university had voted an address to the king, approving the hostile measures adopted against the colonies, which was in course opposed by Jebb and the patriotic party; and a number of the caput, from an academical dispute, actually refused his key of the place which contained the seal necessary on these occasions. The courtly zeal of Farmer, then vice chancellor, supplied the defect by means of a sledge ham-

mer, and he was in consequence soon after rewarded by the then premier, Lord North, with a prebend at Canterbury. This was afterwards exchanged by Mr. Pitt for a residentiaryship of St. Paul's; and, as a farther reward for academical influence, a bishopric is said to have been offered him, but the social delights of the pipe and a bottle, in Emanuel parlour, outweighed, in his estimation, the dazzling splendour of the mitre. He had some other church preferment, and was a fellow of the royal and antiquarian societies. Dr. Farmer, many years before his death, undertook to write the history of his native county, and had made some progress in the work, which he at length abandoned, and gave all the plates and materials to Mr. Nichols the printer, who is well qualified to complete the design. His pretensions to literature were confined to the English drama; and having a strong predilection for old English writers, he ranked high among the commentators upon Shakespere. His "Essay upon the Learning of Shakespere," dedicated to Mr. Cradock, has passed through several editions. This essay was, in fact, the first foundation of his fame; but the same indolence which prevented him from writing his History of Leicestershire, though announced for subscriptions, was a bar to the future exercise of his literary talents. Indolence and love of ease were his chief characteristics; and hence the want of propriety in his external appearance, and in the usual forms of behaviour belonging to his station. The prevailing features of his character distinguished them-

selves by several eccentricities. There were three things, it was said, which the master of Emanuel loved, viz. old port, old clothes, and old books; and three things which no one could persuade him to perform, viz. to rise in the morning, to go to bed at night, and to settle an account. When in Cambridge, if an old house were pulled down, the master of Emanuel was always there, in an old blue great coat and rusty hat. When in London, he was sure to be found in the same garb at an old book stall, or standing at the corner of a dirty lane, poring through his glass at an old play bill. With these singularities, Dr. Farmer possessed that species of generosity which results rather from inattention than from a knowledge of the use of wealth. As he obtained money easily, so he parted with it easily; and, to his honour be it spoken, many a person in distress has experienced his liberality; and his bounty was frequently bestowed in the patronage of learned men and learned publications. Dr. Farmer died January 8, 1797. At the time of his death, he was fellow of the royal and antiquarian societies, master of Emanuel college, residentiary of St. Paul's, chancellor of the diocess of Litchfield and Coventry, and prebendary of Worcester.

FELTON, JOHN

An Englishman, in a fit of eccentricity, conceived it would be doing God and the nation service to assassinate George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, which he did at Portsmouth, in

1628, as that nobleman was preparing for an expedition to Rochelle. For the murder he was tried, convicted, and executed. No attempt had ever been made to introduce the torture, which in other countries is called "Putting the question," till James I, when Felton was informed that he should be put to the rack, to compel him to confess his abettors or confederates in the murder he had committed. The culprit replied with great calmness, that, "he did not know which of the judges on the bench, he might possibly be induced to mention first." This declaration produced such an effect upon the court, that the intended experiment was entirely set aside, and the pernicious example avoided, so repugnant in its nature to every principle of humanity.

FERGUSON, JAMES

An extraordinary self taught philosopher and mathematician, was born in Bamffshire, in Scotland, in 1710. His parents being in low circumstances, he was placed out, when a youth, as a servant to a shepherd, with whom he continued about four years. In this situation he acquired an exact knowledge of the stars, by marking the position of them with a thread and a bead. He made a wooden clock, and afterwads a watch, only by examining one of each. He also became an adept in drawing, and maintained himself and family by painting portraits, which profession he followed both in Scotland and England. The rudiments of this art were taught him by Sir James Dunbar, to

whom his ingenuity had introduced him. At thirty years of age, he invented his astronomical rotula, a machine for shewing the new-moons and eclipses. About 1774, he went to London, where his uncommon abilities procured him many friends. By his delineation of the complex line of the moon's motion, he obtained the honour of being elected Fellow of the Royal Society, without paying for the admission. His dissertations and inventions in mechanics, and other branches of the mathematics, introduced him to the favour of George III. who conferred an annual pension of 50l. upon him, and used often to converse with him on philosophical and mechanical subjects. This very ingenious man died in 1776. He invented several useful instruments, and published many excellent books.

FITZMAURICE, HON. THOMAS

Was brother to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and had a peculiar turn for humour, which did not forsake him even in the most painful moments of the illness which terminated in his death. He enjoyed a joke, and the awful approach of dissolution could not restrain him from uttering it, when an occasion occurred. That we may not exceed our prescribed limits, we shall only relate one remarkable instance of his disposition, which happened almost at the very close of his life. This gentleman laboured under a complication of disorders, the most formidable of which was a dropsy. It was thought by some of his medical attendants, that

it was necessary for him to be *tapped*; a consultation was held upon this subject, to which the late Mr. John Hunter, Dr. Ashe, and some others were called. Dr. Ashe is not more remarkable for his professional knowledge, than the rotundity of his shape, insomuch that among his legal acquaintance he is named a *corporation sole*. The result of the consultation was communicated to Mr. Fitzmaurice, by Mr. Hunter, who told him with that honest bluntness, which was peculiar to him, that the proposed operation would serve only to give him agony, without affording him any material relief, and that the endeavours of surgeons or physicians would be wholly ineffectual. The patient heard this sentence of death pronounced without emotion or dejection; but on the contrary, preserving his usual disposition to create a laugh, or join in it, he thus replied to Mr. Hunter, with an affected air of gravity, "My dear sir, I am very sorry that you, who are so excellent an operator, should have had the trouble of coming so far (the long room at Hamstead) without having an opportunity of displaying your skill upon me; but since you think, that in my present emaciated and debilitated state, it would not be of service to me, I readily submit to your opinion: but it gives me concern that you should go away without having performed an operation; and, therefore, permit me to request that you will *tap* Dr. Ashe, as there can be no objection in that quarter on the score of emaciation. The doctor, who was a man of pleasantry and good humour, laughed heartily at the con-

ceit. Mr. Fitzmaurice seemed highly pleased; and no one could have imagined, for some minutes, that there was a person in the room who had just heard from authority, that he had but a very short time to live. He died October 28, 1793, aged 52.

FLETCHER, AUGUSTUS ROY.

THIS singular character was an inhabitant of Glenorchay, and principally supported himself by hunting and fishing. A faithful dog was his attendant; the gun and the dirk were his companions. Sometimes, indeed, he exchanged the gun for the fishing spear, but was never seen without one or the other of them. At a distance from social life, his residence was in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains, which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he erected his hut, where he passed the spring, summer, and autumn, and a considerable part of the winter. He had a few goats, which he occasionally tended on these cliffs. These, with his dog, gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid, hose, and brogs, constituted the whole of his property. While his goats fed among the rocks, and wide extended heaths, he ranged the hill and the forest in pursuit of game. He returned to his little flock in the evening, and conducted them to his solitary hut. He milked them with his own hands, and after making a comfortable meal, laid himself down to rest in the midst of them. By day they were his principal care, and by

night they were his only companions, except the dog. He wished not to associate with any of his own species, either male or female; and yet if the step of the wandering stranger happened to approach his little cabin, Augustus Roy was humane and hospitable in the extreme. Whatever he possessed, even to the last morsel, he cheerfully bestowed upon his guest; at a time too when he knew not certainly where to procure another morsel for himself. Strange, that a man, who apparently had no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its noblest virtues! Such was the manner in which this extraordinary man spent the greater part of the year; but when the chill blast of December returned, when the excessive coldness of the climate forced him to depart from the mountain, and to quit the solitary cell, he condescended to hold some intercourse with mankind, he repaired to the village; but he entered with reluctance into society, where no man thought as he did himself; where no man acted or lived in his peculiar manner. In this situation he discovered evident symptoms of uneasiness and disgust. To remove the languor of an intercourse in which he found no enjoyment, he went early every morning to the hill and the wood in search of game, and when returned he stole unobserved to rest. If he ever felt the force of love, it must have been in a very moderate degree, for he hardly ever displayed any propensity to that passion; and yet he dressed after the manner of the most finished coxcomb. The belted plaid and the dirk were

fitted out with a wild and affected elegance; and his bonnet, which was very small, was in a similar state. His hair, which was naturally curled, and very thick, was always tied with a silken or variegated cord, which he esteemed as one of the brightest ornaments. His look was lofty, though he condescended to be his own butcher, cook, and baker: and when he killed a hare, or game of any denomination, he prepared it himself for eating. Under all these circumstances, so seemingly depressing, he was haughty and high minded in the extreme. Were he starving for want of food, he would not deign to ask any person living to bestow on [illegible] onformity to [illegible] is bonnet to [illegible] e did it with [illegible] ch indicated contempt, rather than respect, for the person whom he addressed. Upon the whole, Augustus Roy Fletcher merited the appellation of a most singular character. In circumstances the most humiliating, he had hardly his equal among the proud and haughty. Among coxcombs, he would make a distinguished figure. He could neither read nor write.

FOOTE, SAMUEL.

An eminent dramatic writer and performer, was born at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1722. His father was a justice of peace for that county, and his mother sister to Sir John Dinely Goodere, of Herefordshire. Foote was educated at Worcester college, Oxford, from

whence he removed to the Temple, being intended for the bar; but as the vivacity and volatility of his genius did not accord with the dry profession of the law, he abandoned it, and had recourse to the stage. His first performance was in the character of Othello, but the plaudits he received upon that occasion were not equal to his expectations, he therefore struck out into a new and untrodden path, by taking upon himself the double character of author and performer. In 1747, he opened the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, with a drama of his own called, "The Diversions of the Morning," which was represented above forty mornings to crowded audiences. This piece was little more than the introduction of well known characters in real life, whose voice and manner he imitated with great facility and precision. He was, indeed, celebrated in the line of mimicry, or what is familiarly called *taking off*. The next season he produced another exhibition, called, "An Auction of Pictures," in which he took off some of the most remarkable characters of the day. Still he continued to play at one of the royal theatres every season as fancy or interest governed his choice, though generally only for a limited number of nights. In 1760, he produced "The Minor," at the Haymarket, and from that time that little house became a summer theatre. In February, 1766, when on a visit at Lord Mexborough's in the country, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his leg, in consequence of which he was obliged to have it amputated

The Duke of York was present when this accident happened; and it is generally supposed that this disaster facilitated the grant of a patent, which was obtained in July of the same year. In 1776, he wrote a piece, in which he attacked a lady of quality, then the subject of much conversation; but that lady had influence enough to hinder its representation. Some charges of a very serious nature were afterwards brought against him; and though the accusations are supposed to have originated from malice, and though he was honourably acquitted, they had a deep effect upon his mind, and the year following, he died at Dover, on his way to France. His remains were brought to town, and deposited in Westminster Abbey. Foote has justly been called the English Aristophanes; and no greater proof need be given of his comic powers, than the following anecdote, related by Dr. Johnson. "The first time," says he, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him, but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible." His dramatic pieces, which exceed twenty in number, have been published in four volumes, 8vo. The following anecdote will shew that Foote was fully entitled to the character given of him by Dr. Johnson. The

compiler of this article had it from the lips of the English Aristophanes; and, as nearly as he can reccollect, in the following words: "After an infinite number of pressing invitations from Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, to take a casual dinner with him, as I frequently passed his house, in the road to my little mansion at Elstree, I accordingly called, and had such a reception as I expected from an avaricious man. The door, in obedience to my knock, opened, when I saw the sheriff pop out of the hall back door into the garden. I then asked the servant if her master was at home? 'No,' said the tutored female. By your permission, then, my dear, I'll take a walk in your garden. 'By all means,' replied the obliging fair one. As soon as I entered the garden I saw the sheriff enter the temple of the goddess Cloacina, where I kept him close prisoner for upwards of an hour and a half. Determined, however, to let him know that I had seen him, and have the full enjoyment of my joke, I knocked at the door of the fragrant tenement, saying, with a loud voice, 'you may come out, Mr. Sheriff, for I am going.' At another time, Foote exercised his pleasantry on the same gentleman, and through him on the English Roscius. Foote was certainly generous, and delighted in lashing those of a contrary disposition. The following anecdote may be relied on. When Mr. Foote had a house at West End, Hamstead, he invited a number of friends in London to dine with him, twenty of whom obeyed the invitation, and fared sumptuously. The repast being over.

Dr. Hiffernan, who was one of the company, drew from his pocket proposals for a new translation of Horace; the conditions stating, that the price would be two guineas, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other half on the delivery of the book. Our Aristophanes threw down his guinea without delay, declaring himself a subscriber; and every person present instantly followed his example. But after Hiffernan had pocketed the twenty guineas, our host delivered the following remonstrance, addressing himself to the now affluent physician. "Hiffernan, this is about the thirty fifth time that I have subscribed to your Horace, but for Heaven's sake never think of printing it; it is hardship enough to be obliged to throw away a guinea: but the further punishment of reading your vile nonsense would be intolerable." The Doctor smiled, and implicitly followed his advice, for not a line of his Horace ever appeared. But, though Foote was generous upon this occasion, it may, perhaps, be deemed a breach of hospitality to levy a tax on his guests, at his own table, even though he had subscribed thirty five times himself. It seems clear to have been a concerted plan between the two dramatic authors. See GARRICK.

FORBES, HON. JOHN

WAS, at the time of his death, the oldest officer of the navy, and general of the marines. He was successively appointed post captain in 1736, rear admiral, 1747, and admiral in 1758.

In 1781, he was appointed admiral of the fleet. He was remarkable, above all other men, for his extensive and universal knowledge. To detail the meritorious deeds of the venerable character before us, would lead to a discussion too extensive ; but the writer of this tribute to departed greatness cannot conclude it, without a few anecdotes of him. When the warrant for executing the unfortunate Admiral Byng was offered for signature at the admiralty board, Admiral Forbes refused to sign it, at the same time humbly laying at his late majesty's feet his objections ; a copy of which may be seen in Smollett's History of England. They are well worthy the attention of all men of honour, as they contain, perhaps, the best specimen of an upright and independent mind, and an honest and benevolent heart, that is to be found in any language. During a late administration, it was thought expedient to offer a noble lord, very high in the naval profession, the office of general of the marines, held by Admiral Forbes, and spontaneously conferred upon him by his majesty, as a reward for his many and long services. It was signified to him by the ministers, that it would forward the king's service if he would resign ; and that he should be no loser by accommodating government, as they proposed recommending to the king to give him a pension in Ireland, of 3000l per annum, and a peerage to descend to his daughter. To this Admiral Forbes sent an immediate answer : he told the ministers, the generalship of marines was a military employment, given him as a

reward for his services; that he thanked God he had never been a burthen to his country, which he had served during a long life to the best of his ability; and he would not *condescend to accept of a pension, or bargain for a peerage.* He concluded, by laying his generalship of marines, together with his rank in the navy, at the king's feet, entreating him to take both away, if they could forward his service; and at the same time, assured his majesty, he would never prove himself unworthy the honours he had received, by ending *the remnant of a long life as a pensioner, or accepting a peerage* obtained by political *arrangement.* Such are the outlines of the public character of Admiral Forbes; and in private life he continued, to his last breath, an example of the brightest virtues that can adorn the human character.

FORSTER, ROBERT

THE flying barber, of Cambridge, who was many years hair dresser to Clare Hall. He was eccentric in his manners, but respected as an honest man. The gentlemen of the university, some years ago, bought him a silver bason by subscription; and it was no small honour for a stranger to say, that he had been shaved out of Forster's bason. He was humble in his character; we justify the assertion, that "the righteous shall be had in remembrance." The celerity with which he almost "annihilated both space and time," to attend his masters, which procured him his title, as well as the dispatch he made with their beards when he got at them, were very

extraordinary; and, in fact, in his walk, or rather run, his feet moved somewhat like the spokes of a chariot wheel. With the utmost glee this poor fellow follow a gentleman to his friend's rooms (the present Bishop of Cloyne's) to shew him the many comical letters that had been sent (but post paid) from London and elsewhere, addressed to *Robert Fly Forster, Esq.* and replete with fun and drollery, in verse and prose. But more particularly he brought him his famous silver Mambrino's helmet, decorated in its centre with *the barber's arms*, which were said to be the device of the late ingenious George Steevens, Esq. On showing this great curiosity, he said, "They tell me, sir, that I am to have a razor set in gold to shave his majesty when he comes to Cambridge; such fun do the gentlemen make of me, sir." In short, his meagre figure, his apology for a wig, his gait and shaving attitude, are admirably expressed in a humorous caricature print, published at Cambridge some years ago. This print consists of two compartments, which might very properly be intituled "Forster passant," and "Forster rampant;" the one representing him as scudding the streets, and the other as in the attitude of levelling the first stroke at a gentleman's beard. He died at Cambridge, January 25, 1800.

FREDERIC, COLONEL

THE unfortunate son of the wretched Theodore, King of Corsica. From his own account, it appears that he was born in Spain, where his

mother, who was of the noble family of Lucan, in Ireland, attended the person of the queen. He followed his father, as he himself relates, to share his misfortunes, and administer to his necessities. Having acquired a very liberal education, he entered on a military life with the most ample qualifications. Arriving in England about 1754, he undertook to teach the Italian language, by which profession he subsisted for some years. By a German lady, whom he married abroad, he had a son and a daughter; the former fell in North America, and the latter is still living. After an absence of some months on the continent, he returned with the brevet rank of colonel, from the late Duke of Wirtemberg, possessing, at the same time, the cross of merit. He acted as the agent of that prince, in England, and facilitated the disposal of a regiment of his subjects to the East India Company. In 1791, he went to Antwerp, to negociate for a loan for the Prince of Wales, and other branches of the royal family. This project getting wind before the negociator had made any successful efforts to procure a pecuniary advance, the measure was discountenanced by the king, and some portion of blame imputed by him to the agent. Had he succeeded, he would doubtless have been well rewarded; liberality would not have been wanting, if cash had been abundant. The finances of Frederic becoming daily more and more impaired, he formed the fatal resolution of destroying himself, which he accomplished with a pistol at the gate of Westminster Abbey, in the evening of Feb. 1, 1796.

He was a man of general knowledge, accomplished manners, and eminent literary talents. He wrote "Memoirs pour servir l'Histoire de Corse," 1768, 8vo.

FYFIELD, JOHN

Of Stanbridge, near Romsey, was born about the year 1716, and died the 23d day of February, 1796. He was a man of a most eccentric turn of mind, and great singularity of conduct. The manor of Stanbridge he inherited from his ancestors, who had been the possessors of it for many generations. He was of a penurious disposition, yet he would hardly ever suffer any of the timber on his estate to be felled, though it abounded with the finest in the country, a great deal of which was annually perishing: the price of fifty guineas had once tempted him to part with his far famed oak tree, but he repented of his bargain, and was happy to repurchase it, almost immediately after, at a higher price. All repairs of his mansion were prohibited, as an useless extravagance that would reduce him to poverty: and while such a superfluity of materials as would have paid his expenses, and rendered his habitation comfortable, were rotting at the door, he chose rather to reside in it with the roof open in many places to the heavens, with hardly an apartment that afforded shelter from the weather, and with the joists and floors rotting with the wet that entered. The out buildings were in a similar state, and the repair of them alike prohibited. He was totally blind for many of the latter

years of his life, when his chief enjoyment was a pint of strong beer, which he usually quaffed twice or three times a week, at the Duke's Head, at Great Bridge (about a mile from his own house) whither he was led by a boy who constantly attended him. For many years he had a strong antipathy to the making of a will, considering it as a prelude to a speedy death. But the arguments of a very amiable wife, who turned many of his singularities into an harmless channel, at length prevailed over his prejudices, and induced him to make and execute the solemn instrument, in which he amply provided for his younger children, &c. His landed estates, which were very considerable, devolved to the eldest son. With all his whims, he had a heart open to friendship, and has frequently given substantial proofs of his regard to those who could indulge him in his eccentricities.

FULLER, THOMAS

An English historian and divine, was born in 1608. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts. On entering into orders, he was presented to the rectory of Broad Windsor, in Dorsetshire. He successively enjoyed several other preferments in the church, and would, probably, have been raised to a bishopric, had he not been taken off by death, in 1661. He wrote "The History of the Worthies of England," a performance of great merit, and many other valuable works. Astonishing things are reported of

his memory. From once hearing a sermon, he could repeat the whole of it verbatim. He undertook, in going from Temple Bar to the farther end of Cheapside, to tell at his return every sign as it stood in order, on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards, which he performed exactly. He was a learned, industrious, lively writer, but rather too fond of punning. He was a very corpulent man, and once as he was riding with a gentleman of the name of *Sparrowhawk*, he could not resist the opportunity of passing a joke upon him: "Pray, what is the difference (said he) between an *owl* and a *sparrowhawk*?" The other answered this sarcastic question as follows: "An *owl* is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over.

GAGE, COUNT

Who, in the year 1719, acquired a fortune of 13,000,000l. in the Missisippi stock in Paris, which so much intoxicated him and his lady (who was sister to the Marquis of Powis) that they sent a gentleman to the then Augustus, King of Poland, to make him an offer of 3,000,000l. for that crown, which his majesty refused; after which he sent another person to the then King of Sardinia, to offer him a vast sum of money for the Island of Sardinia, which that monarch likewise rejected. Many of Mr. Gage's friends advised him to send 2 or 300,000l. to England, to purchase an estate to support him, in case the Mississippi scheme should prove a bubble, which in a short time it did, by

which Mr. Gage was utterly undone. This gentleman and his lady afterwards retired to Spain, where they went in search of gold in the mines of Austurias; but made but little advantage of this project. However, being persons of good address, they were well received at the court of Madrid, and had considerable employments given them.

GARRICK, DAVID

A CELEBRATED English comedian, was descended of a French family, who, being protestants, fled to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantz. His father was a captain in the army, and generally resided at Litchfield, though David was born at Hereford, in 1716, his father being then on a recruiting party in that city. He received his education partly at the grammar school, Litchfield, and partly under the celebrated Dr. Johnson, with whom he came to London, in 1735. He afterwards went into partnership with his brother in the wine trade, but shortly quitted that business for the stage. Having made his first attempt at Ipswich, under the assumed name of Lyddal, and having been received there with great applause, he ventured to make his appearance at the theatre in Goodman's Fields: and on the 19th of October, 1741, played Richard the Third, for the first time. His acting was attended with the loudest acclamations of applause; and his fame was so expeditiously circulated through the town, that the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane were quickly

deserted, and Goodman's fields became the resort of people of fashion, till that theatre was shut up, in consequence of which, Garrick entered into an agreement with Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane theatre, for 500l, a year. In June, July, and August, 1742, he played in Dublin to such full houses, and the playhouse was so crowded during this hot season, that a very mortal fever was produced, which was fatal to many, and was called Garrick's fever. In 1747, Mr. Garrick became joint patentee of Drury Lane theatre with Mr. Lacy; and in July, 1749, married Mademoiselle Viletti. In 1763, he and Mrs. Garrick undertook a journey into Italy, both of them being but in an indifferent state of health. After he had been abroad about a year and a half, he turned his thoughts homeward, and arrived in England in April, 1765. In 1769, he projected and conducted the memorable jubilee at Stratford upon Avon, in honour of Shakespere. On the death of Mr. Lacy, in 1773, the whole management of the theatre devolved on him; but, being advanced in years, and labouring under some afflictions, he finally left it in June, 1776, and disposed of his moiety of the patent to Messrs. Sheridan, Linley, and Ford, for 35,000l. He died at his house in the Adelphi. Jan. 15. 1779. He wrote several dramatic pieces, and a great number of prologues and epilogues. "Take him for all in all," Garrick is generally allowed to have been superior to any player that ever existed. He was fond of fame, and equally

fond of money, and no man had it more in his power to gratify both those passions. Foote, the comedian, sometimes threw out some pleasantries on Garrick's avaricious propensity. Being once in company with Mr. Garrick, in the lower part of his garden, at Hampton, Roscius, having a guinea in his hand, said, "I think I could throw this guinea to the other side of the Thames." The English Aristophanes expressed his doubts; "though I believe," added he, "that you can make a guinea go as far as any man." At another time, when Foote was in company with Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, who was much delighted in the practice of accumulation, he told the sheriff, that he "could have saved him the expense of the chain with which his neck was decorated." "How could you have done that?" replied the sheriff. "Why," retorted the other, "I could have borrowed Garrick's jack chain, he has no occasion for it." One of his great eccentricities was his partiality for criticising on himself, and thereby anticipating the criticisms of others. It is well known that several anonymous pamphlets came from his own pen, but with the view of exciting answers; and thereby raising his own fame. He was exceedingly jealous of a rival; and to this jealousy may be attributed the sorrows of Henderson, &c. Foote created much mirth by declaring he had a formidable rival to bring out against him at the Haymarket theatre. Garrick waited on him to know the rival's name, &c. Foote said he would introduce

him to him; and accordingly, by his desire, the servant brought in *Punch*, the hero of his puppetshow.

GASCOIGNE, SIR WILLIAM

CHIEF Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry IV. was born at Gawthrop, in Yorkshire, about the year 1350. He rendered himself illustrious by his equitable administration of the law, as will appear by the following instances. When the king required him to pass sentence on Scrope, Archbishop of York, he refused to obey him, being contrary to the laws of the realm at that time: and, in the other case, for committing the son of that sovereign to prison. The latter was occasioned by the following circumstance: A servant of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.) being arraigned for felony at the bar of the King's Bench, the news of it presently reached the ears of his master, who, hastening to the court, ordered him to be discharged, and even attempted to rescue him. In this he was opposed by the judge, who commanded him to leave the prisoner and depart. The prince was so exasperated at this conduct, that he rushed furiously up to the bench, and, it is generally asserted, struck the chief justice, then sitting in the execution of his office. After some expostulation with the rash youth, upon the outrage, indignity, and unwarrantable interruption of the proceedings in that place, he committed him to the King's Bench prison, there to remain till his majesty's pleasure should be known. The

prince submitted to this punishment, with a calmness no less sudden and surprising, than the offence had been, which drew it upon him. When all the circumstances of this transaction were communicated to the king, he was so far from being displeased with the chief justice, that he returned thanks to God, "That he had given him a judge who knew how to administer, and a son who could obey justice." This illustrious and eccentric prince, whose conduct as above related, was so justly reprehensible, afterwards wielded the sceptre of this kingdom, with great ability and justice, in the character of Henry V.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER

COMMONLY called Doctor, a celebrated writer, was born at Roscommon, in Ireland, in 1729. His father intended him for the church, a department which did not accord with his wishes, he therefore went to Edinburgh to study physic. Having become bound for the debts of a fellow student, he was obliged to save himself from imprisonment by flight. At Sunderland, in the county of Durham, he was arrested for one of these debts; but some gentlemen of the college, who admired his talents, relieved him, by paying the sum demanded. He then passed over to Rotterdam, and remained four years on the continent, where he encountered many difficulties, and experienced all the vicissitudes to which a pennyless wanderer must necessarily be subject: he had an opportunity, however, of en-

joying the scenes of nature, and of studying the human passions. In travelling over the continent, he subsisted chiefly by a little skill in music, which made him acceptable to the peasantry. He also frequently met with a kind reception at the religious houses, where his talents and acquisitions were much admired. On his arrival in England, in 1758, he was in the utmost distress, and could not for a long time get any employment in London: he was at last taken into a laboratory, and shortly after met with Dr. Seigh, one of the gentlemen who discharged the debt for him in Sunderland, who now assisted him till something eligible should present itself. Shortly after, he was engaged as an assistant at an academy, at Peckham. When his abilities were more generally known, he was retained as a writer in the Monthly Review, in which situation he was supposed to have given satisfaction to his employer, as he was an occasional assistant in that periodical performance for several years. During this period, the doctor's vanity (of which he had a sufficient share) brought him into a temporary difficulty: he received a letter from Sir Richard ———, extolling his abilities as a writer in the most exalted terms, and lamented that royal, or right honourable patronage had not been extended to him; at the same time, offering his best services to procure him a suitable reward. In order to consult on this business, he appointed to meet Goldsmith at Monday's coffee house, in Maiden Lane, at a certain hour. Enraptured at the golden prospect, the doctor entered the

place of rendezvous exactly at the moment fixed on, and, with great pomposity, inquired for Sir Richard; but, to the great surprise and confusion of the reviewer, Sir Richard came forward in the two fold character of a bailiff and his follower, and conducted him to a place of safety. The doctor easily became the dupe of any plausible pretext, and, upon many occasions, shewed much vanity and folly. He was very fond of cards, and belonged to a card club, which always kept him extremely poor, though he was constantly receiving very large supplies for the productions of his pen. Among his intimate friends, it was customary for him to exclaim, "I know that I can play the game of whist better, than any other person belonging to the club, and yet I always lose." When the production of any other author pleased him, the highest encomium he could pass upon it was thus expressed, "In truth it is very excellent, I should not have been ashamed of having been the author of this myself." In the winter of 1776, he ordered a coach from Covent Garden Piazza to the Devil tavern, at Temple Bar, at which place a weekly club was then held by the literati of the day: when the Dr. was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling: the doctor repaired to the clubroom; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived the mistake, and

related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. "I have brought your guinea back," said the coachman, "I know your honour made a mistake: now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter, but that's not my way, your honour: I thank God, if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wears well, as a body may say." "My dear friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I honour and admire your principle; you will please to wait here a few minutes." Upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments, which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generally complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the descendant of Phæton, poured it into his hat, and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable

and sublime satisfaction, which every man feels after the performance of a good action: he entered the room with triumph; his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter; alas, it was at the doctor's expense! The guinea which the the rascal had pretended to return, was a *counterfeit!* When the doctor commenced author, he gained a tolerable subsistance by writing essays for magazines, and other periodical publications. He also became a writer in the Public Ledger, in which his "Citizen of the World," originally appeared, under the title of Chinese Letters. About this time he emerged from very mean lodgings in Green Arbour Court, to Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street; and in 1762, took chambers in the Temple, where he made a more creditable appearance. His reputation continued to increase, and was fully established by the publication of "The Traveller," in the year 1765. In 1768, he commenced dramatic writer, and might, with a small attention to prudence and economy, have placed himself in a state above dependence. He is said to have acquired in one year no less than 1800l. and the advantages arising from his literary productions were very considerable for many years before his death; but these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing, properly, the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He, therefore, found himself, at times, as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was

in its lowest and most precarious state. One instance of his generosity, or rather his profusion, we shall just mention, as it manifests the goodness of his heart, though it demonstrates his want of discrimination. Passing along Fleet Street, in company with a friend, a female beggar accosted him, soliciting alms: the doctor, without hesitation, gave her a shilling. His friend reproved him for his conduct, alleging, that he knew the woman, and that she would instantly get intoxicated, in consequence of his misapplied bounty. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered." Beside the Traveller, abovementioned, Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village;" "The Vicar of Wakefield;" "The Goodnatured Man, a comedy;" "She Stoops to Conquer, a comedy;" &c. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions procured him many friends: but though simple, honest, humane, and generous, he was irritable, passionate, peevish, and sullen; and he has been so much under the influence of spleen, that he has been said to have often left a party of convivial friends abruptly, in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes. He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed to imbitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexation he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution,

on the 4th of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age. His remains were deposited in the burial ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument has since been erected to his memory in Westminster abbey, with an elegant epitaph, written by his friend Dr. Johnson.

GORDON, HON. GEORGE

Commonly called Lord George Gordon, a man of a restless spirit, was the son of Cosmo George, Duke of Gordon, and born in 1750. He entered into the navy when young, but quitted it during the American war, in consequence of an altercation with Lord Sandwich relative to promotion. He afterwards represented the borough of Ludgershall in parliament, and distinguished himself by some strange eccentric speeches against the king and his ministers. As he animadverted with great freedom, and sometimes with great humour, on the proceedings of both sides of the house, it was usual at that period to say, that there were three parties in parliament; "the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon." But what chiefly brought him into notice was his opposition to the bill for granting further toleration to Roman Catholics. His intemperance on this occasion proved the cause of the shameful riots in 1780, by his heading a popular association to oppose the measure. For this extraordinary procedure, Lord George was tried on a charge of high treason, but acquitted, on the ground that his intentions in assembling the people were not traitorous and malicious. In May,

1786, he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for contempt of court, in not appearing as a witness to a cause. In January, 1788, he was found guilty of publishing a libel on the French ambassador and queen, on which he fled to Holland. Some time after this, he returned to England, and was taken in the disguise of a Jew, which profession he had adopted, and committed to Newgate. In July, 1789, he presented a petition to the National Assembly of France, for its interference in his behalf; but Lord Grenville informed the French ambassador that such interference could not be admitted. From this time the dreary hours of his confinement were principally devoted to reading. His conduct to his fellow prisoners was beneficent, and his heart alive to the impressions of sensibility. Remembering the riots of 1780, and the eccentricity of Lord George's character, candour must admit, that such a person could not be at large without some degree of hazard to the good order of society. Lord George died in Newgate, Nov. 1, 1793. His last moments were imbittered by the knowledge that he could not be buried among the Jews, whose religion he sometime since had embraced, and to which he was warmly attached, rigidly adopting all their ceremonies and customs, as wearing a long beard, &c. He had been confined two years for his libel on the moral and political conduct of the Queen of France; three years more for a libel on the Empress of Russia; and ten months longer for

not procuring the necessary security for his enlargement.

GROSE, FRANCIS

An eminent English antiquary, a fellow of the Royal Society, and a captain in the Surrey militia. He illustrated the Antiquities of England and Wales, in four volumes; and of Scotland, in two volumes. He was executing a work of the same kind relative to Ireland, where he had been employed about a month before his death, which happened in Dublin, May 12, 1791, in the 52d year of his age. He was a very ingenious and pleasant writer; and beside his much admired "Antiquities and Views," published a treatise on "Ancient Armour and Weapons;" "A Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of local Proverbs and popular Superstitions." But his most eccentric performance is, "A Classical History of the Vulgar Tongue," in 8vo. He was a man of much humour, and remarkably familiar with his domestics. Though a military officer, his figure was so remarkably thick and short, that he was supposed, by many, a kind of burlesque upon the military character. He delighted much in punning upon his own figure, of which we shall mention an instance, as a proof of his familiarity and good nature. In a culinary tête a tête with his housekeeper, she thus expostulated with him: "Sir, as you are *inclinable to be fat*, you should not eat food of a nourishing kind; you should ——"—"You jade," replied he,

"I am *not inclinable to be fat;* that I am fat is wholly *against my inclination;* I consider it a *misfortune* to be fat. For the future, therefore, remember that I am *disinclined* to be fat." Mr. Grose also published "Rules for Drawing Caricatures, the subjects illustrated with four copperplates; with an Essay on Comic Painting."

GUY, MR.

THE founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in Southwark, was as remarkable for his parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth. It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to inquire for him, was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in the lines,

> "When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
> "The wretch, that living sav'd a candle's end."

"I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving*, than any man now living,

and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why, then we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

HAGEMORE, REV. MR.

THIS gentleman, who lived at Calthorn, Leicestershire, died the first of January, 1746, possessed of 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which, he dying intestate, devolved to a ticket porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in the evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life in the following extraordinary manner. Going one morning to let out his servants, the dog fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was breast high. The servants heard him call out for assistance, but, being locked up, could not afford him any, in consequence of which he was drowned. He had thirty gowns and cassocks, fifty eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of shoes, eighty wigs (though he always wore his own hair,) eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs (and used none,) fifty saddles, and fur-

niture for the menage, thirty wheelbarrows, and so many walking sticks, that a toyman in Leicester Fields, offered his successor eight pounds for them. He had also sixty horses and mares, three hundred pickaxes, two hundred spades and shovels, twenty five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.

HARVEST, GEORGE

MINISTER of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time. He was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony, very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, although he had received a very classical education in the university of Oxford. His fondness for dramatic compositions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of different provincial theatres; but his vivacity always getting the better of his judgment, and some mal entendre impromptu inadvertently popping out, he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement. Being posessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and regard, he, at the age of twenty four years, bid adieu to the Thespian mania, but not without leaving plenty of incidental anecdotes in the memory of his friends, who have, however, generously sacrificed them to oblivion; whilst the spirit of detraction has preserved his fame as an eccentric divine of no common abilities, but of extraordinary and singular conduct. He had at this time an estate of 300l. per.

annum ; and had got so far into the good graces of the bishop's daughter, that the wedding day was fixed ; but unluckily, on that day he forgot himself ; for being gudgeon fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour ; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He soon after this, commenced housekeeper, and saw variety of company. Among others who visited him, was Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, who lived at Ember Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This gentleman was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company, insomuch that he procured him the living of Thames Ditton, which he held during life. Lord Onslow, the speaker's son, was also so fond of his company, that he took him to Ember Court, where he lived more than he did at his own house. He suffered much from the abuse and dishonesty of his servants in his absence, who ran him so far in debt, that his circumstances became much embarrassed and confused. It is a fact, related by those who knew the case, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends, and her fellow, and other servants in the neighbourhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was made in the street, or was the effect of wind. His memory, if judged of according to his actions, seems to have been a perfect sieve, for any thing would fall through it ; and he has even been tried and found to have forgotten his own name. His ideas were so confused, sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a

third, who could not devise who it came from, because he had forgot to subscribe his name to the bottom of it. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, Mr. Harvest made him a low bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on. His reveries and distractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the Temple gardens, one evening, previous to the meeting of the club in Ivy Lane, to which they were going, called the beef stake club, to which Smollett, Johnson, and others belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what it was by the clock in the evening, to which, pulling out his watch, he answered that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he canted his watch away into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his look, put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least from out of his hands; it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned to fall: sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the parson was seen

drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, nor how he lost it. Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning at St. Mary's, in Oxford, an acquaintance, a wag, wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, and which being duly put forward, was read by him as follows:

I publish the marriage banns between
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glo'ster,
Both of a parish that is seen
'Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster;
Who, to keep out the wind and weather,
Hereafter mean to pig together.
So if you mean to put in caveat,
Now is the time to let us have it.

Mr. Harvest constantly thought of something else, than what he ought immediately to have considered: not only the office of his sacred function, but every other circumstance was forced to yield to his inadvertent way of acting. His distraction seemed to proceed from a certain vivacity and changeableness of temper, which, while it raised up an infinite number of ideas in the mind, continually pushed it on without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more incongruous, than the conceptions and thoughts of such a man; for he was never influenced either by the company he was in, or any of those objects which were placed before him; and while you might fancy him attending to your discourse, he was often, in thought, bobbing for eels, or studying the character of Chamont, the young soldier, in Otway's Orphan; and it was

far from being impossible, but he was building some castle in the air. Yet, amidst all these vagaries, Mr. Harvest was a man of good sense, and was every day doing and saying some things, which, though *mal a propos*, and undesigned, denoted his mind to be cast in no common mould. His want of attention to the present occasion, led him often into disagreeable as well as ridiculous mistakes. Once, when at a gentleman's house in the city, taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits, he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret: the maids, who by chance were ironing there, wondered what the plague kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to see what it was, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest, who, in the utmost confusion, told her, he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street door. Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm, to see what could have assembled the people there. Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil: he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber pot, make water in the basin or bottle, wipe himself with the sheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the sheets with his boots on. In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him, so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running: that he alone was drunk, and the rest of the company

sober, is not therefore to be wondered at. It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action had no effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his first affair with the bishop's daughter, one would think he would have taken better care the second time, and have been in the way when the parson was waiting, and the bride was willing: but no! Mr. Harvest was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridiculous this time as the first, and lost an amiable girl with a good fortune. In short, when the destined happy day arrived, on which he was to become a husband, and the coach called at his door to bring him to breakfast with his intended, and her father; Presto! pass! and begone! the gentleman was not to be found: he had taken himself off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him; and it was nearly dusk before he recollected any thing of the affair, when he took to his heels, from the company he was in, and ran like a madman all the way back, and such a dirty figure he was when he arrived, that he was scarce to be known: the truth was, that, being invited by the fineness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been hooked into company to dine, and upon the return of the coach to Thames Ditton, he accidentally bethought himself of this momentous busi-

ness; so, stopping the coach, he made all the haste possible, through thick and thin, to the place of assignation, to apologise, if possible, for his egregious piece of neglect; but this lady, like the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life. His figure was one of the most uncouth imaginable: he seldom had a clean shirt on; and when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots on, or perhaps two odd stockings instead of a pair; and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply, that, "Indeed he was not very exact." An equestrian expedition of his, to see the abovementioned lady, during the period of their courtship, must not be omitted here. Thinking it necessary to go on horseback, as it was winter, and the roads very dirty, he thought he might save the time of shifting himself, by doing it on the road upon his Rosinante; so providing himself with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceeded on until he came to the lane at the bottom of which the lady lived, when stripping himself, and laying the things before him on the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright, and ran with him quite to the door of the lady's house, where was to be found the Rev. Mr. Harvest without a shirt or hat, for all the things were, like Johnny Gilpin's wig and hat, on the road, and lay to be bleached in the mud, till the doctor and a servant came and collected

them together. He mostly travelled on foot, regardless of all weathers. His shoes and stockings were generally in a beastly pickle, for he never cleaned them, nor would he suffer them to be cleaned. The Surrey and Kent roads, forty years ago, were not so good as they are now; some of them were confounded deep then, and if they had been a fathom or more, it would have been just the same to Parson Harvest, for he never picked his steps, but waded through the middle of every thing, and had like to have been run over once or twice. To have robbed him of money to any amount would have been totally impossible, for he very seldom carried any about him, save a few halfpence, to buy some shrimps or gingerbread; a pennyworth of which he would put into his waistcoat pocket, and forget they were there, among tobacco and gunpowder, worms, gentles for fishing, and other articles. This rubbish he often carried about him till it smelled so as to render his presence almost insufferable. The late Lady Dowager of Pembroke once turned out such an heterogeneous conglomeration of stuff as filled the parlour dust shovel full. We have already observed his intimacy with the Onslow family, who lived at Ember Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This family was so fond of Mr. Harvest's company, that he had a bed there, and resided with them as long as he liked together. One day, Lady Onslow being desirous of knowing the most remarkable planets and constellations, requested Mr. Harvest on a fine evening to point them out to her, which he

undertook to do ; but, in the midst of his lecture, having occasion to make water, thought that need not interrupt it, and accordingly directing that operation with one hand, went on in his explanations with the other, pointing out the various constellations in the heavens. " The stream of light," said he, " madam, is the milky way : this planet is a capital one, and is attended by its guards or satellites ;" meaning the planet Jupiter ; the bilge water running all the while before him. His idea of propriety in discourse before the fair sex, may be taken from the following anecdote. One day, when Lady Onslow had a great deal of company, Mr. Harvest got up, and said, " Ladies, I am going to the Boguoy ;" meaning a certain place. Being jested and reproved for this indelicate piece of behaviour, in order to mend it, the next day got up, and desired the company to take notice, he was not then going to that place he called the Boguoy. The family had a private mode of warning him when he was going wrong, or into any impropriety ; this was by crying Col. Col. which meant fellow of a college ; those inaccuracies in his behaviour having been, by Lady Onslow, called, behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college. Mr. Harvest making one in a company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favourite passage in a Greek author, with such strange theatric gestures, that his wig soon fell into the water, when such was his impatience after it, that he jumped in to fetch it out, and from whence he was with difficulty fished out himself. Upon returning

into the boat, he only observed, that his Greek had never had such a wetting before His advance in years did not cure him in the least of his thoughtless inadvertency. When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. One day at dinner there in a large company, my lord jesting with Harvest on their boyish tricks, the parson suddenly exclaimed, "Apropos; whence do you, my lord, derive your nickname of JEMMY TWITCHER?" "Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow." "No," replied Harvest, "it is not from some, but every body calls you so." On which his lordship, to end the disagreeable altercation, being near the pudding, put a large slice on the doctor's plate, who immediately seizing it, stopped his mouth for that time. On another occasion, having accompanied my lord to Calais, they walked on the ramparts. Musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of that town. Mr. Harvest could not speak a word of French; but recollecting my lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant. After exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac, escaped from his keepers. The doctor was a great lover of pudding, as well as argument. Once at a visitation, the archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, among which he enumerated many partic-

culars, such as health, beauty, riches, and power: the doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help himself to a slice of pudding, found it was all gone, on which, turning to the reverend moralist, he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of transitory things, would not forget to insert a *pudding*. His fondness for theatric performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onslow one day took him to accompany her to see Garrick play some favourite character: they took their seats in the front row of the front boxes. Mr. Harvest, knowing he was to sleep in town, literally brought his nightcap in his pocket: it was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came out with it, and fell into the pit. The person on whom it fell, tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his conveniency, got up, and, after hemming three times to clear his pipes, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with his cap, to restore it when they had had enough fun with it; for he observed it was a very serious thing to die without a nightcap: "And please to restore it to me, who am the owner of it;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declaring, "I shall be restless to night if I have not my cap." The people struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, thus putting the doctor out of fear of a restless night.

His abruptness to the ladies has been already remarked: another instance of it, and no more. Once he was sitting among a company, mostly of the fair sex, at Lady Onslow's, a large fly which had buzzed about him a long while, at last settled upon the bonnet of one of the ladies, which the doctor observing, got up, and with a formal look and accent, pronounced very loud, to the fly, "May you be married;" and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand, and gave the lady such a slap upon the head as quite deranged her attire, and confused the company so, that, had not Lady Onslow entered the room at that moment, and made an apology for the rudeness of the doctor's conduct, the whole company would have retired quite affronted. But, upon Mr. Harvest begging pardon of the offended lady, and confessing he did not know what he was doing, it ended in a hearty laugh, and was the general discourse of the whole company. His ideas were so confused, sometimes, that he performed actions equal to those done by the effect of Somnambulism. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at Ember Court, he, in the way of joke only, locked them in, and put the key in his pocket: when soon after being called down about some business, he forgot what he had done by the time he came to the foot of the stairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was near dark before the two prisoners could be set at liberty. Another time, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened

to stand open ; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where was an old lady ill in bed of a quinsy, he stumbled over the night stool, threw a clothes horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, and finding Dr. Harvest in the room instead of the apothecary, who was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who by this time was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsy in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr. Harvest for his lucky mistake. Having to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had provided himself with three sermons for the purpose, which he had in his pocket. Some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. The doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse : he grew confused, but still persisted and went on, and actually preached out first, the clergy who had met on the occasion ; next, the churchwardens ; and lastly, the congregation ; nor would he yet have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty ; for they declared to his reverence, " they were all gone out." Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life ; yet he was an amusing companion ; and if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar ; but in his person he was the most beast-

ly sloven alive. He died at Ember Court in August, 1789, aged 61.

HASTINGS,

An original character, was son, brother, and uncle to the Earl of Huntingdon. In 1638, he resided at Woodlands, in the county of Dorset. The mansion house stood in the middle of the park, surrounded with deer, fish ponds, and plenty of hares and rabbits. He kept all sorts of hounds for buck, fox, otter, hare, and badger; long and short winged hawks. The great hall was filled with all kinds of dogs and cats in great plenty; gamekeeper's and hunter's poles; with a vast number of hawks, perches, terriers, hounds, spaniels, and marrow bones. The walls of the house were covered with the skins of foxes and pole cats. The great parlour windows were filled with cross bows, stone bows, and arrows. His old green hats were full of pheasants' eggs and litters of young cats. Tables, dice, cards, and books were not wanting. The pulpit in the chapel was well stored with gammons of bacon, roast beef, venison pasties, and large apple pies. His pulpit door was always open, which made him much caressed. His cellar, in which was plenty of strong beer, was always open to his neighbours. He dived into the secrets of a great majority of the maids, wives, and widows in his neighbourhood. He lived a century and died in 1650. He was always very temperate at meals, when he only drank one pint of small beer, stirred with rosemary, and one or two glasses of wine, with syrup

of gilliflowers. His dress was always green cloth, with a green hat. He ate oysters twice a day throughout the year, and rode to the death of a stag when near 90 years of age.

HASTINGS, THOMAS

A CURIOUS character, long known as an itinerant bookseller and pamphleteer. He was a native of the bishoprick of Durham, and was patronised in his youth by the noble family at Clifton Hall, in Yorkshire. He served his apprenticeship to his uncle, who had a share in Lord Lyttelton's vast erection at Hagley, in Worcestershire. After visiting most parts of the kingdom, he came up to London, and worked for a while as a carpenter in the new buildings at Mary-le-bonne. Mr. Fox's memorable election for Westminster, when the support of the Devonshire and Portland family awakened every interest in his favour, gave Mr. Hastings an opportunity to exert himself in the popular cause; and he produced a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "The Wars of Westminster." This was followed by others in the style of oriental apologues; and he got considerable sums by hawking them about the town. From this period it is believed he wrought no more at his trade. For many years he had been in the habit of publishing a voluntary ode on the Prince of Wales' birth day, from which he annually received some small emolument at Carlton House, but this he had discontinued some time by order. His last publications were, "The Devil in London," 12mo. and "The Regal Rambler,

or Lucifer's Travels," 8vo. He was a constant attendant on the popular Sunday orators; and in his habit very much adumbrated a clerical appearance. His travelling name was *Dr. Green;* and he was near 60 years of age, when he was found dead in his bed, at his lodgings in New Court, Moor Lane, Cripplegate, August 12, 1801.

HEIDEGGER,

THE famous master of the revels in the time of George II. a most eccentric man, who furnished the wits of his time with considerable entertainment. The following account will give our readers some idea of his character. The facetious Duke of Montague (the memorable author of the Bottle Conjurer at the Haymarket,) gave an entertainment at the Devil tavern, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner, was so drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed: a profound sleep ensued, when Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris: from this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade, at which the king promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth, the duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what sort of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions. On the

evening of the masquerade, as soon as his majesty was seated (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and by the officers of the court, though concealed by his dress from the rest of the company,) Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play 'God save the King;' but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to play 'Over the water to Charley.' The whole company were instantly thunderstruck, and all the courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being suborned to ruin him. The king and the countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, 'God save the King' was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepped forwards, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just before the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, saying they were blockheads, had not he just told them to play 'Charley over the water?' A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew his character, in their turn, thought him either drunk or mad: but as he continued his vociferations, Charley was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the

then Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed. The company were thrown into the greatest confusion; 'Shame! shame!' resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montague artfully addressing himself to him, told him, 'the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards discharge them.' Almost in the same instant he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then humanely whispered in his ear the sum of his plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask. Here ended the frolic; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement, if the wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

HILL, ROBERT

Son of Robert and Phœbe Hill, was born January 11, 1699, at Miswell, a little village of only three or four houses, near Tring, in Hertfordshire. His mother's maiden name was

Clark; she lost her husband within the year, returned to her own family at Miswell, and about five years after, was married to Thomas Robinson, a taylor at Buckingham. On her going thither, she left Robert, the only son of her first marriage, with his grandmother at Miswell; who taught him to read, and sent him to school for seven or eight weeks to learn to write, which was all the schooling he ever had. In the year 1710, she removed with her family from Miswell to Tring Grove, where little Robert was employed in driving the plough, and other country business for his uncle; but they finding this rather too much for his constitution, which was but weakly, thought an easy trade would be better for him, and so bound him, in 1714, apprentice to his father in law, Robinson, the taylor at Buckingham. It was about two years after he was apprentice, that he first happened to get an imperfect Accidence and Grammar, and about three quarters of a Littleton's Dictionary, into his possession. From the first moment of so great an acquisition, he was reading whenever he could; and, as they would scarce allow him any time from his work by day, he used to procure candles as privately as he could, and indulge himself in the violent passion he had for reading, for good part of the nights. He wanted greatly to learn Latin, that he might be able to read a few Latin epitaphs in the church: but this pursuit of his was soon interrupted (1717) by the small pox coming into Buckingham, and growing so violent there, that his friends sent him to Tring Grove; and in the

hurry his books were left behind him. At the Grove he was employed in keeping his uncle's sheep, in which occupation he was very happy, as he could lie under a hedge and read all day long. His study here consisted only of the Practice of Piety, the Whole Duty of Man, and Mauger's French Grammar. These he read over and over so often, that he had them almost all by heart. He staid there a year and a quarter, and on his return to Buckingham, (1719) he was highly delighted at seeing his old friend the Latin Grammar again, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with it. In this second attempt of his for Latin, he was assisted by some of his playfellows among the boys at the free school at Buckingham; and, by such means enabled himself to read a good part of a Latin Testament, which he had purchased, and a Cæsar's Commentaries, that had been given him, before he was out of his apprenticeship. Soon after he was out of his time, he married (1721) and had Horace and a Greek Testament added to his books, by the goodness of a gentleman for whom he was at work. As he could not bear to have a book in his hands that he could not read, he no sooner received the latter, than he resolved to learn Greek, and that very evening communicated his design to a young gentleman, with whom he was acquainted, who gave him a Greek Grammar, and promised to assist him as far as he could in his design. In the mean time, as his wife proved a good breeder, he found it necessary to do something to add to his income, and therefore set up for a

schoolmaster, (1724) as well as a tailor; and he had so good success, that he had generally upwards of fifty scholars, for the six or seven years that he practised it: however, there were some difficulties that he met with in this new employ. He had scarce been in it half a year, when a lad, well advanced in another school, returned home to Buckingham to go to his. In the first conversation, Mr. Hill found that this new scholar of his was got to decimal fractions, whereas he himself was but lately entered, and that but a little way, into division. This was a terrible embarrassment at first, but Mr. Hill took the following method of disentangling himself from it: he set his young man to copying out the tables of decimal fractions from Wingate, which engaged him for about six weeks; and in the mean time he himself applied so hard to his arithmetic, that he made himself master of decimal fractions before that time was expired; but to do this, he was forced to sit up the greatest part of every night, in the interval. About two years after Mr. Hill had lost his first wife, (1730) he married his second. She was a widow, and was looked upon as a fortune, for she brought him a great many goods; but she was a bad woman in all respects; and he suffered so much from her and her extravagancies, that before they had lived two years together, the debts she had brought upon him obliged him to resolve to quit Buckingham, and to travel and work about the country in his business, as tailor and staymaker. Some time before he set out, he was seized with a violent passion for learning

Hebrew; a pursuit so tedious, and so often baffled, at last quite tired out even his patience; and one day, in a mixture of passion and despair, he parted with the books he had hitherto used to assist him, (1735) as weak and insufficient friends. However, this proved only a sudden gust of passion, and his settled eagerness for conquering the Hebrew language soon returned again, and grew as strong as ever upon him. All the while, it was necessary that the places of his residence should be concealed, which prevented his keeping up any correspondence with his friends at Buckingham; so that death had been so good as to ease him of his greatest embarrassment, his wife, two or three years before he heard of it. She had, as he himself allowed, one child, and, as she used to affirm, two by him; but the parentage of the latter was very equivocal: however, they both soon died after their mother. On the news of this his relief from a consort, who did nothing but add to his unhappiness and difficulties, while she lived, he returned, January 31, 1744, to Buckingham: there he settled himself again in his first occupation of tailor and staymaker, which answered all his purposes very well for four or five years; in which space he procured books for his use, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. But marrying a third wife, (1747) who proved as good a breeder as his first, he began to be involved again in difficulties, whereupon he commenced author, and wrote "Remarks on the Essay on Spirit;" "An Essay setting forth the absurdities of the Church of Rome;" "The Character of a Jew;"

and "Criticisms on Job." He died at Buckingham, in 1777. He was seven years learning Latin, fourteen years learning Greek, and only six weeks learning Hebrew.

HOGARTH, WILLIAM

A CELEBRATED English artist, was born in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate, in 1698, and bound apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble, an engraver of arms upon silver plate. He began business on his own account about 1720, and his first employment appears to have been the engraving of arms and shop bills. He next undertook to design and engrave plates for booksellers, the chief of which are a set of prints to illustrate Hudibras, in 1726. The first piece in which he distinguished himself as a painter, was a representation of Wanstead Assembly, the portraits taken from life, but without burlesque or caricature. In 1730, he married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill; and soon after, having summer lodgings at South Lambeth, he embellished the gardens of Vauxhall with some excellent paintings, for which Mr. Tyers, the proprietor, complimented him with a golden ticket of admission for himself and friends. In 1733, his talents became more generally known and acknowledged. His Harlot's Progress introduced him to the notice of the great, and at once stampt his reputation. This set of prints was soon followed by other moral histories, most strikingly executed. Soon after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapel, he went over to France, and was taken into custody at Calais,

while he was drawing the gate of that town: after some time, however, he obtained his discharge, on condition that he continued a close prisoner to *Grandsire* his landlord, on his promising that Hogarth should not go out of his house till he was to embark for England. This circumstance gave rise to his piece of "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England;" and it is observable, that he never after exhibited a Frenchman but in caricature. In 1753, Hogarth appeared in the character of an author, and published his Analysis of Beauty, in a quarto volume, in which he was assisted by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, Mr. Ralph, and Dr. Morell. Hogarth had one failing in common with most people who attain wealth and eminence without the aid of a liberal education; he affected to despise every kind of knowledge that he did not possess. His vanity was unbounded, and no man was more ductile to flattery. A word in favour of his favourite daubing of "Sigismunda," might have commanded a proof print, or forced an original sketch out of our artist's hands. Hogarth was also one of the most absent of men; to one instance of which we must limit our relation: Soon after he had set up his carriage, he paid a visit to the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford) and having protracted his visit for a considerable time, till a heavy shower came on, he was let out by a different door from that by which he entered. Unmindful of his own carriage, he called for a hackney coach, but could not procure one; he therefore set off through the rain, and got home dripping wet. Mrs. Hogarth

very naturally asked him where he had left the carriage? "Why, really," replied he, "I had entirely forgot it." The last memorable event in our artist's life, was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes, in which, if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities, he at least obliquely gave the first offence, by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. Being appointed serjeant-painter to his majesty, he thought he should shew his gratitude for that favour by attacking the opposition gentlemen. He began with a caricature of Mr. Wilkes. Mr. Churchill, the poet, soon after published the "Epistle to William Hogarth," in which that artist was most unmercifully lashed. Hogarth's revenge against the poet terminated in vamping up an old print of a pug dog and a bear, which he published under the title of "The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the reverend) in the character of a Russian Hercules." Thus retaliating by representing the satirist in the form of a bear, dressed canonically, holding a pot of porter in his paw. At the time these hostilities were carrying on, Hogarth died, October 26, 1764, and was interred in the churchyard of Chiswick.

HOPKINS. *See* GUY.

HOPKINS, MATTHEW

OF Manningtree, in Essex, was witch-finder for the associated counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire. In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, and accompanied by

one John Stern, he brought many to the fatal tree as reputed witches. He hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that frequently grow large and pendulous in old age; but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this experiment, was deemed a sufficient proof of guilt; for which King James (who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it) assigned a ridiculous reason; that "as some persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices, were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond: "If they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent they were only drowned." The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event condemned, and, as it seems, executed as a wizzard. Dr. Zach. Grey says, that he had seen

an account of between three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft in the king's dominions, from 1640 to the restoration of Charles II. In a letter from Serjeant Widdrington to Lord Whitlock, mention is made of another fellow of the same profession as Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and thereby obtained rewards amounting to thirty pounds. Dr. Grey supposes, with great reason, that Hopkins is the man meant in the following lines by Butler:

"Has not the present parliament
"A ledger to the devil sent?
"Fully empower'd to treat about
"Finding revolted witches out?
"And has not he within a year,
"Hang'd *threescore* of them in one shire?"*
Hud. Part II. Cant. 3.

HOUSE, SAMUEL

A PUBLICAN, who lived in Wardour Street, Soho, and rendered himself famous particularly at elections. His eccentric behaviour brought him numerous customers; those who were of his opinion he freely entertained, but none of his opponents would he serve with liquor, even for money. His negligent dress and uncouth manners rendered him universally known. He died April 23, 1785.

HOWARD, DOCTOR

OF pleasant memory, was chaplain to the last Princess Dowager of Wales, and rector of

*In Essex.

Saint George, Southwark. Delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he found himself much in arrear to many of his trading parishioners. Fortunately for him he lived in the rules of the King's Bench, which shielded him from the rude intrusion of clamourous creditors. The Doctor, however, was a man of humour, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them, from the following text: "Have patience and I will pay ye all." He expatiated at great length on the virtue and advantage of *patience*. And now, my brethren, said he, I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is, "And I will pay you all:" but *that I shall defer to a future opportunity*. One other anecdote of him may tend to elucidate his character. Passing by a peruke maker's shop in Leicester fields, he saw a canonical wig in the window, which took his fancy, and entering the shop, he gave orders for one in the same pompous style, and of the same colour. In order to obtain credit, he informed the master that he was rector of St. George's Southwark, and chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Happy in the acquisition of such a customer, the hairdresser finished the peruke with the utmost dispatch; but before he sent it home, he had heard some whispers about the reverend Doctor which did not perfectly please him, and therefore ordered his journeyman, whom he sent with the wig, not to deliver it without the money. "I have brought your

wig, sir," said the journeyman to his reverence. "Very well, put it down." "I can't, sir, without the cole." "Let me try it, however, to see whether it will fit me." This he thought so reasonable a request, that he consented to it. The consequence was, that the Doctor ordered him instantly out of the room without the peruke, protesting that if he touched it after he had sold and delivered it, he would prosecute him for a robbery; a regular transfer had been made, and it was now his property. The Doctor, when collecting a brief with the parish-officers of St. George, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he inquired if he was not some trifle in his debt: on referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman. The Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulled out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea; the grocer eying the latter, with a degree of surprise exclaimed, "Good God, sir, you have got a *stranger* there;" "Indeed I have, Mr. Brown," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

HUDSON, JEFFRY

A FAMOUS English dwarf, was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided

at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffry was served up to table in a cold pye, and presented by the dutchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty, he never grew taller, but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffry became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem called Jeffreidos, on a battle between him and a turkeycock; and in 1638, was published a very small book, called a New Year's Gift, presented at court by the lady Parviula to the lord Minimus (commonly called Little Jeffry,) her majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphilus, with a little print of Jeffry prefixed. Before this period, Jeffry was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to procure a midwife for the queen; and on his return with a lady of that profession, and her majesty's dancing master, together with many rich presents for the queen, from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffry being thus become a man of consequence, began to think himself so in reality. He had frequently been chagrined with the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the queen's gigantic porter: at length being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued, and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real

duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put him more on a level, Jeffry, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. Jeffry was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold in Barbary. In 1644, he attended the queen to France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he ended his days in the 63d year of his age.

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL

ONE of the most celebrated writers his country has produced, was born at Litchfield, in 1706. His father was a bookseller in that city, and had no other child, except Nathaniel, who died in 1737. Samuel was educated partly at the freeschool of Litchfield, and partly under Mr. Wentworth, at Stourbridge. On the 31st of October, 1728, he was entered of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained till 1731, when his poverty obliged him to quit the university. Soon after he lost his father, at whose death he found himself possessed of no more than 20l. He then accepted the place of usher of the school at Bosworth, but disliking the behaviour of the principal, he soon relinquished his situation, and removed to the house of a printer at Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's Account of Abyssinia. In 1735, he married Mrs. Porter, a widow lady of Birmingham,

and in the same year opened a school at Edicel, near Litchfield; but this scheme proved unsuccessful, as he obtained only three scholars, one of whom was David Garrick. About this time he began his tragedy of Irene: and in 1737, he set out for the metropolis, accompanied by Mr. Garrick. On his arrival there, he formed a connection with Mr. Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, for which miscellany he continued to write several years: his principal department being that of furnishing an account of the parliamentary debates. But the names of the speakers were not at that time announced, initials being all the publishers ventured to display. It is said, indeed, that the Doctor penned many of the senator's speeches without attending St. Stephen's chapel to hear them delivered, or without going out of his apartment. The members, however, lost no reputation by them. Whether he anticipated, as Mr. Tickel has lately done, does not appear. About this time he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Savage; and Johnson has immortalised the name of that unfortunate wanderer by a very eloquent piece of biography. In 1738, appeared an anonymous poem of his, under the title of "London," being an imitation of Juvenal's third satire. This was well received by the public, and commended by Mr. Pope. He made an attempt to get elected master of a free-school in Leicestershire, the salary of which was 60l. a year; but the statutes of the school, requiring the person who should be elected to have taken the degree of Master of Arts, he

could not be admitted a candidate. He was now compelled to adopt the profession of an author for his subsistence. In 1747, he published proposals for an edition of Shakespeare, and the plan of his English Dictionary, for the latter of which, the booksellers had agreed to pay him 1675l. viz. 1500 guineas ; and the work was countenanced by the Earl of Chesterfield. In 1749, Garrick brought his friend's tragedy of Irene on the stage at Drury Lane ; but, though it is an excellent composition, and affords great pleasure in the closet, it wants dramatic ease and effect. In 1750, he commenced "The Rambler," a periodical paper, which was continued till 1752 ; soon after the close of which he lost his wife, a circumstance which greatly affected him. In 1755, appeared his Dictionary, previous to which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of M. A. Lord Chesterfield endeavoured to promote the sale of this elaborate work, by writing two papers in its favour in the World ; but as he had neglected to do any thing till the eve of its publication, Johnson treated his lordship with indignant contempt. The money received for this great work did not relieve him from his embarrassments, for in the following year he was arrested for five guineas, which sum was discharged by Mr. Samuel Richardson, the printer. In 1758, he began the Idler, a periodical paper of great merit. On the death of his mother in 1759, he wrote the Romance of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," to defray the expenses of her funeral. Dr. Johnson's style

in prose is nervous, and classically correct; in verse, his numbers are harmonious and musical, yet bold and poignant; and though he has favoured the world with but little in verse, yet that little, like diamonds of the first water, will ever be held in the highest estimation, whilst gems of larger bulk, with less intrinsic worth, are scarcely looked upon. When Mr. Pope had read his "London," and received no satisfactory answer to repeated inquiries concerning its author, his observation was, "It cannot be long before my curiosity will be gratified? the writer of this poem will soon be *deterre*." In short, while the name of Juvenal shall be remembered, Johnson's improved imitation of him, in his two satires, entitled, "London," and, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," must be read with delight. His imagination is amazingly extensive, and his knowledge of men and manners unbounded, as may be plainly traced in his Eastern Stories in the Rambler, in which he has not only supported to the utmost, the sublimity of the eastern manner of expression, but even has greatly excelled any of the original writers in the fertility of his invention, the conduct of his plots, and the justness and the strength of his expressions. In 1762, his majesty settled on him a pension of 300l. per annum, without any stipulation, with respect to his future literary exertions. Johnson had the honour of a conversation with the king in the library of Buckingham house, in February, 1765, when his majesty asked him if he intended to publish any more works? The Doctor answered

that he thought he had written enough. "I should think so too," said the king, "If you had not written so well." In 1771, his friend Mr. Strahan, attempted to bring him into parliament, but without success. In 1773, he travelled with Mr. Boswell to the Western Islands of Scotland, and published an account of his journey after his return. In 1775, the university of Oxford sent him the degree of LL. D. by diploma, which had before been conferred upon him by the university of Dublin. In 1779 he began his Lives of the English Poets, which work was not completed till 1781. Though he was now seventy two years of age, we perceive no decay of intellect, nor abatement of his wonted vigour. This, however, was his last performance; soon after which nature began to give symptoms of failure, and to warn him of his dissolution. This event he had always looked to with a degree of horror; but, towards the close of his life, his gloomy apprehensions vanished. He died, with appropriate resignation, December 13, 1784. His remains were interred in Westminster abbey, close to those of his friend Mr. Garrick; and a statue has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral. In his person he was large, robust, and rather unwieldy; in his dress singular and slovenly; in his conversation, violent, positive, and impatient of contradiction; yet with all his singularities, he had an excellent heart, full of tenderness and compassion, and all his actions were the result of principle. Our author, indeed, was formed to sustain the character of an

exalted moralist; and never was known to descend from himself, till he became a political writer, and had a pension. When talents designed for the support of religion and truth, are prostituted to the defence of royal and ministerial errors, the possessor of them could not be said to have been perfectly immaculate. The following particulars respecting Johnson, are extracted from Sylva, or the Wood. "The late Dr. Samuel Johnson was a man of great parts, and was indisputably a great man, if great parts, simply, can make one: but Dr. Johnson was the meanest of bigots, a dupe and a slave to the most contemptible prejudices; and, upon subjects the most important, is known to have held opinions which are absolutely a disgrace to human understanding. Let us hear the testimony of those who have always known him personally, and intimately. Bishop Newton speaking of his *Lives of the Poets*, says, 'that malevolence predominates in every part; and that, though some passages are judicious and well written, yet they make not a sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour." The following curious account of his journey with his wife to church, on the nuptial morn, was given to Mr. B——, by the Doctor himself:—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastic notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained I lagged behind. I was not to

be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end: I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges: as I was sure she could not miss me, and I contrived so that she should soon come up with me; when she did I observed her to be in tears." The following are his meditations on a pudding, in playful fancy. "Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank of the dews of the morning; of milk, pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milkmaid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow creatures. Milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation: an egg contains matter within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider, can there be more wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding! if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putre-

faction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."

JOHNSON, SAMUEL

An eccentric dramatic writer, was a native of Cheshire, and bred to the profession of a dancing master, which he afterwards followed. He found leisure, however, to write several pieces for the stage; the first of which, entitled "Hurlothrumbo," had an amazing run, occasioned by the whimsical madness and extravagance of the whole composition. It is said that Sir Robert Walpole promoted the success of this piece as far as it lay in his power, making it serve to engage the attention of the public from some state designs of his own. Soon after the exhibition of this whimsical drama, he formed a meeting called the Hurlothrumbo Society. A list of its members was printed, with a frontispiece representing the monster in the first lines of Horace's Art of Poetry. Johnson was supposed to have been infected with a strong tincture of insanity, in consequence of which it is probable he met with little encouragement in his business, yet, as his flightiness was accompanied with flashes of wit and humour, and not of a dangerous or mischievous turn, his acquaintance was sought by most of the gentlemen of fortune in that country, at whose houses he used to reside alternately for a considerable time, in such a manner as to render the pursuit of business unnecessary to him. The following humorous anecdote may serve to give the reader some

idea of his manner. Mr. Johnson having been invited to pass some months at the country house of a gentleman, where he had never been before, he accepted the invitation, and was for some time treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But at length having shewn great extravagance, wildness, and oddity in his expressions and actions, the lady of the house, who happened to be rather in a low spirited way, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehended he might do a mischief to himself or others. On this subject she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, entreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, unwilling to be guilty of a breach of hospitality, commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to him. This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned, by way of vindication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and gaiety of temper, peculiar to himself, replied, "That he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. ——'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; and that he also entertained the highest respect for his lady; and therefore, as he was the innocent cause of her distress, he would never again trouble her house *whilst living*, but, as a testimony of his sincere esteem, she might depend upon it, that *after his death*, she should be the very person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should pay his respects." This message being delivered to the lady, who

was before of a hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before. She requested the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, for that with all his wildness and eccentricity, she had much rather see him *alive* than *dead*." Johnson died a few years ago. In his Hurlothrumbo there are some beauties, in the midst of numberless absurdities, that would do honour even to our first rate geniuses. This will appear from the following quotation, which is Delegodelmo's curse upon Hurlothrumbo: "May heaven pour down upon him the bitter blessing, the honey curse, the gilded pill that satifies desire, and infects the mind; give him riches, and make him love them; then will he be abhorred of men, the spirits, the angels, and the gods; may a proud sign appear in his face, that he may be a tavern, for the devils to riot and banquet in; let him pamper nature, feed high to destroy his taste, and so blind all the beauties of his mind; then will his hungry pleasure devour up all the eternal treasure of his soul."

LAVATER, JOHN CASPAR

Who in religion, though a stumbling block to thousands, was the idol of tens of thousands.; and if not always a light to the world, was the centre of an invisible church, whose members extending from Naples to Copenhagen, never failed in respect to their founder and prophet. His constant struggle against every kind of tyranny and intolerance, and his undaunted integ-

rity, were such that he thought no sacrifice too great to attain these objects. He wrote three thousand letters and notes every year, besides those he dictated to his secretary. For a long time he kept a kind of journal, of which above fifty copies were made and sent to all his partizans abroad, who distributed them to others. The evangelical moral of brotherly love was always the object of these apostolical epistles. With a hatred to tyrants he began and finished his course. The strong contest in which he, with his friend Fuseli, the celebrated English painter, engaged when a youth, against the venality of M. Grebel, bailiff, of Grüinghen, so as at length to brand him with infamy, will never be forgotten. While every one was trembling under the late oppressions of Switzerland, under the French proconsuls, Rapinat Schaumburg, and their associates, who, protected by the director Rewbel, insulted humanity, Lavater wrote his celebrated appeal to the French government; and even while the sword of death seemed hanging over him, he preached the rights of his countrymen; nor did he cease till he was torn from his congregation as a preacher of sedition and disorder. He was sent to Schaffausen, as an hostage, but returned home soon after, without any impediment, through the French army. Lavater was first appointed preacher to the Orphan House, and afterwards, in 1778, deacon and pastor of the principal church of St. Peter at Zurich; and he continued to fill that office till his death, labouring so zealously by example and precept, by

writing, and by verbal exhortation, that in this respect also, and as the chief of a school of his own, he deserves the notice of posterity. The principal source of his eccentric visions and marvellous narrations, which appear in his sermons on the existence of the devil, and his belief of miracles, from which he, however, seceded in the latter part of his life, arose from his deficiency in the ancient languages. Yet no one was more open to a sense of his own weakness, than Lavater, and no man was more eloquent in recommending to the young persons who constantly surrounded him, the study of those languages, which he himself had neglected. His own spiritual and well digested writings of this class, his View of Immortality, his Messiah, his Pontius Pilate, his Observations on important passages in the Evangelists, and his Pocket Bible, evince a prodigious knowledge of mankind, and deep penetration into the human heart. He was accidentally led to turn his attention to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame; in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes; in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived, that in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations in his way, much farther than any other person had before advanced. Success inflamed his imagination, and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions rela-

tive to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observations, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every one was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater. His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. In the enthusiasm with which they were studied and admired, they were thought as necessary in every family as even the bible itself. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language; and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows. Two well executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language. The multitude run ever in extremes: and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a disregard that does injustice to

their genuine merits. But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task. His character has recently been drawn by the German Professor Meiners, in his Letters on Switzerland. "Lavater," says Professo. Meiners, "is one of the few men whom I have been acquainted with, who is little solicitous to hide his faults, and still less anxious to make his merits known. With regard to his moral character, it is impossible to speak too highly of it, as his very opponents, those at least with whom I am acquainted, allow that his life and manners are blameless. A warm desire to advance the honour of God, and the good of his fellow creatures, is, without a doubt, the principal feature in his character, and the leading motive of all he does. Next to these, his characteristic virtues are an indefatigable placability, and an inexhaustible love for his enemies. I have often heard him talk of the talents, merits, and good qualities of his opponents with the same warmth as if he had been talking of the virtues of his greatest friends: nay, I have been a witness to his excusing his enemies, and uttering wishes for their welfare in such a manner, as to me,

and I am persuaded to every unprejudiced person, carried not the smallest mark of affectation along with it. I am persuaded, too, that these sentiments cost him very little, but are more the fruit of his nature, than of any troublesome exertion. Not a blameable word of any kind, not a single expression of impatience of the numberless afflictions he has struggled, and still has to struggle with, ever escaped him in my presence; on the contrary, he is persuaded that all these trials are for his good, and will terminate in his happiness. Of his talents and merits of all kinds he thinks much more modestly, than his ridiculous admirers. He freely confesses that his want of the knowledge of ancient languages, and several other useful branches of knowledge, has been a great hindrance to him, for which reason no person more warmly recommends the study of them. In all my conversations with him, I found so few symptoms of the secret vanity of which he is accused, and of which I myself suspected him, that I could not help blaming myself for my suspicion. I was still more surprised not to see, either in his person or conversation, any of that affected unction which is common to weak minds. Every part of him bespeaks the man of genius, but not of that fiery and uncontrollable genius, which has often led him to advance extraordinary and indefensible opinions in his works. The abuse which has been thrown upon him for giving young men a greater opinion of their talents, than those talents would justify, and by that means leading them into absurdities, has

made him change his conduct towards them. He is shy of admitting them into his society, and when he does, it is rather reserved and cold, than over communicative. He speaks quickly, and seems interested in what he says, but is not too hot, nor does his action pass the bounds of moderation. He hears contradiction, and will bear it very patiently, and answer quietly whatever objections are made to what he says. Though he has no extensive knowledge of any kind, his conversation is rendered extremely interesting by his great abilities, and his knowledge of human nature, which his very early, and ever increasing connection with men of all ranks and orders has given him. This explains how it comes to pass, that notwithstanding his various weaknesses and wanderings, so many young people, as well as the greatest part of the inhabitants of Zurich and the country round, are so firmly attached to him as they certainly are. His sermons are more followed than those of the most popular among the other preachers (of whom there are many,) though they are seldom carefully laboured compositions, and not always very orthodox. Their principal merit consists in the pathos of his voice, action, and general elocution, which for the most part captivates those who are not able to judge of any other merit. A great proof of the general esteem he is held in, appeared on my walking out with him: almost all those who met us accosted him with the greatest respect, and many of the common people kissed his hand with a kind of filial reverence. It is indeed inconceivable what num-

bers of persons, of all ranks and orders, both citizens and strangers, apply to him to be the judge of their controversies. When one sees the number of affairs which he is almost constantly immersed in, one is surprised how he can find so much time to write, and very ready to admit what he asserts is the case, that is writing is only a relaxation from his other employments. Amidst all his singular opinions, there is none he is so jealous of, and sticks so warmly to, as his own skill in physiognomy, by which he pretends to be able to discern the characters of men as well as he could do by their actions or conversation. As, however, this is the subject which he never touches upon before those who do not believe in his tuition, we had no conversation about it. Indeed it would have been to no purpose, for he could not have convinced me, and I should certainly have made no impression upon him. What he has written or thought upon miracles heretofore I do not know, as I have not read all his writings; but it is certain, that at present he does not affirm either that he ever did or ever saw a miracle. All he contends for, which the warmest opposers of miracles will not contest with him, is, that men of uncommon powers can do things which those of common powers cannot, and which appear contrary to the common course of nature." He died at Zurich, Jan. 2, 1801.

LITHGOW, WILLIAM

An extraordinary person, was born in Scotland. He was famous for his travels on foot, over Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and of course had a number of singular adventures. While he was at Malaga, the Inquisition laid hold on him, and he underwent extreme tortures at the hands of those dæmons. He obtained his deliverance, however, and on his arrival in England, was presented to James I. on a featherbed, being so mangled as to be incapable of standing. By great care he recovered his health, and on application to Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, he was promised a reparation for the damages he had sustained. The count, however, deceived him, which so provoked Lithgow, that he attacked him in the court, and they came to blows. For this he was sent to the Marshalsea, where he remained a prisoner nine months.

LOOKUP, MR.

Was a North Briton by birth, but served an apprenticeship to an apothecary in the north of England, and acted in that profession, as a journeyman in the city of Bath. Soon after the death of his master, he paid his addresses to the widow, and prevailed on her to favour him with her hand. From his infancy, he had a strong propensity for play; and living constantly in that seat of gaiety and dissipation, he had frequent opportunities of indulging it. As

he grew older, he gave a greater latitude to his inclinations, and became very expert at several games, being endowed with a very good understanding, and a penetrating genius. Finding himself by his connubial alliance master of about five hundred pounds, he presently shut up shop, and turned his application from pharmacy to calculation. He became a first rate picquet player, a very good whist player, an excellent backgammon player, and a tolerable billiard player. In a short time, by his incessant industry, he greatly increased his capital. About this time, Lord Chesterfield particularly distinguished Mr. Lookup, and from his patronage, people of the first rank did not think Mr. Lookup's company beneath them; so true is the observation, "that he who plays as deep as any man, is company for any man." His lordship and Mr. Lookup were, for a long time, a constant match at picquet, his lordship playing the game more than tolerably well; but Mr. Lookup's superior skill at length prevailed, and the latter was a very considerable gainer by the party. His lordship sometimes amused himself at billiards with Mr. Lookup; and it was upon one of these occasions that his lordship had the laugh against him, from a *finesse* of his antagonist. Mr. Lookup had met with an accident, by which he was deprived of the sight of one of his eyes, though to any cursory observer, it appeared as perfect as the other. Having been the conqueror on even terms against Lord Chesterfield, Lookup asked how many his lordship would give him if he put a patch upon one eye.

Lord Chesterfield agreed to give him five, and Lookup beat him several times successively. At length his lordship, with some petulance, exclaimed, "Lookup, I think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it," replied Lookup, "for I have seen only out of one for these ten years." With the money he won of Lord Chesterfield, he bought some houses at Bath, and jocularly named them *Chesterfield Row*. After accumulating a considerable sum by play, he repaired to the capital; and having buried his wife, married another widow with a very large fortune. His plan of operations was now very much enlarged, and though he played occasionally for his amusement, or when he met with what is termed a *good thing*, he did not now pursue gaming as a regular profession. He struck out several schemes, some visionary, and others advantageous; among the foremost of these was a project for making saltpetre, for which extensive buildings were erected at Chelsea. So sanguine were his hopes of success, that he persuaded a particular friend of his to become a partner, and the loss of many thousands was the consequence of pursuing his project. He was concerned in many privateers at the beginning of the war, and at the close of it he engaged in the African trade. His darling passion would, however, sometimes predominate, and he has been known to sit up whole nights, playing for very considerable sums, within a few weeks of his death: nay, it was averred that he died with a pack of cards in his hand, at his favourite game, *humbug*, or two

handed whist; on which Mr. Foote facetiously observed, "That Lookup was *humbugged* out of the world at last." The affair for which he was on the point of suffering a disgraceful punishment, made a great noise in the world, we shall therefore briefly state it. Meeting with Sir Thomas F——, they agreed to repair to a tavern, to play at cribbage: they played very deep, and Mr. Lookup won between three and four hundred pounds, which he received; but it having been hinted to Sir Thomas that Lookup must have had a pull upon him, the baronet commenced an action to recover double damages, according to the statute. In defending this action, by the blunder of Lookup's attorney, he swore to a circumstance which was proved to be false. Lookup was hereupon imprisoned and prosecuted for perjury, and would have stood on the pillory if a flaw had not been discovered in the indictment, which opened a door for his escape. Mr. Lookup, upon the whole, was almost as extraordinary a character as has been seen for many years. He possessed a considerable share of good sense, cultivated by a long acquaintance with the world: he had a smattering of learning, a retentive memory, a fluency of words, and a vivacity of imagination. We cannot add that he was generous, grateful, or courageous. He ended his days in Holland, whither he went to settle some commercial affairs. We cannot positively ascertain his age, but we think he must have been bordering upon seventy.

LYON, WILLIAM

An itinerant player, who performed at Edinburgh, and was particularly excellent in the part of Gibby the Highlander, possessed a most astonishing memory. One evening, over a bottle, he wagered a crown bowl of punch, (a liquor of which he was very fond) that he, next morning at the rehearsal, would repeat the whole contents of a Daily Advertiser, from the beginning to the end. At the rehearsal his opponent reminded him of the wager, imagining, as he was intoxicated the preceding night, that he must certainly have forgot it, and rallied him severely on his boasting of his memory. Lyon pulled the paper from his pocket, and desired the other to decide whether he did or did not win the wager. Notwithstanding the want of connexion of the paragraphs, the number and variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which appears in the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from the beginning to the end, without making a mistake. Lyon died at Edinburgh about the year 1748.

LYTTLETON, THOMAS LORD

A young nobleman of great parliamentary talents, but of dissipated manners, was cut off from a race of luxury and sensuality under circumstances peculiarly impressive. His death is said to have been preceded by a very extraordinary circumstance: he saw in a dream, or otherwise, a young woman clad in white, who warned him of his dissolution in three days from

that time. His lordship, however, was not so far intimidated by this summons as to be induced to banish conviviality. On the third day he had a party of friends to spend the evening with him, and about the time predicted, said, "he believed he should jocky the ghost;" but a few minutes afterwards he was taken faint, and carried to bed, from whence he rose no more. His lordship was born January 30, 1744, and died November 27, 1779, aged upwards of 35 years.

MACKLIN, CHARLES.

THIS stage veteran was born in 1699, in the barony of Innisheven, the northernmost district of Ireland. His name was M'Laurin; the change to Macklin was ludicrously related in a farce, first acted 1763, in Dublin. Macklin's origin was of the humblest description; it is believed that he had been what is called a skull, synonimous to the Oxford term *scout*; or a common servant in the university of Dublin. Self taught, he had acquired a competent portion of polite literature, when he early engaged with a company of strollers at Chester, and appeared first in 1725, on the London theatre. Before his celebrated performance of the Jew, in 1731, he was limited to subaltern representations. In 1733, a fatal accident had nearly crushed his rising hopes; from a foolish quarrel behind the scenes of Drury Lane theatre, about a [illegible]ig, and its temporary use in a perfo[illegible] A stroke from Macklin's cane entered the right eye of Mr. Hallam, his opponent, penetrated to the brains, and occasioned his death. For

this offence Macklin was tried at the Old Bailey, on a charge of murder; and, though it was a chance blow, in the heat of passion, it appears from the Sessions Paper that he barely escaped condemnation. In 1741, he established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," for his own benefit, and restored to the stage a play which had been forty years supplanted by Lord Landsdowne's "Jew of Venice," which was a miserable alteration of the above. Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he exclaimed, "This is the Jew, which Shakespere drew." It has been said, that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Landsdowne. The characters of the "Merchant of Venice" were thus cast: Antonio, Mr. Quin; Bassanio, Mr. Milward; Gratiano, Mr. Mills; Launcelot, Mr. Chapman; Gobbo, Mr. Johnson; Solanio, Mr. Berry; Morochius, Mr. Cashell; Lorenzo, Mr. Harvard: Prince of Arragon, Mr. Turbutt; Duke, Mr. Winstone; Tubal, Mr Taswell; Polarino, Mr. Ridout; Portia, Mrs. Clive; Nerissa, Mrs. Pritchard; and Jessica, Mrs. Woodman. The manager and performers having now disagreed, Macklin and several of the most eminent of the company revolted, among whom was Mr. Garrick: and a formal agreement was signed, by which they obliged themselves not to accede to any terms which might be proposed to them by the patentee, without the consent of all the subscribers. The contest

between the manager and the seceders became soon very unequal. The latter found all applications for a new patent ineffectual. There was now no remedy left, but to agree with the manager upon the best terms that could be obtained. Some of the principal actors, and such as were absolutely necessary to the conducting of the theatrical machine, were admitted to favour upon equal terms, and were allowed the same annual stipends which they enjoyed before the secession; others of less consequence were abridged of half their income. The manager ascribed this revolt of the players principally to Mr. Macklin; and him he determined to punish for his ingratitude. To the rest he was reconciled; but eternal banishment from his theatre was the doom which he pronounced on the man, who had been once his favourite adviser, and his bosom friend. Macklin had no inclination to become the 'scape goat in this business, and he urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of their agreement, by which it was covenanted, that neither of the contracting parties should accommodate matters with the patentee without a comprehension of the other. Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge the justice of Macklin's plea; he declared that he was ready to do all in his power to fulfil his agreement; but as the manager continued obstinate in his resolution to exclude Mr. Macklin, it could not reasonably be expected that he should, by an obstinate perseverance in a desperate contest, greatly injure his own fortune, and absolutely be the means of starving eight or ten people,

whose fate depended on his accommodating the dispute with Fleetwood. He offered Mr. Macklin a sum to be paid weekly out of his income, for a certain time, till the manager could be brought into better temper, or he should have it in his own power to provide for himself suitable to his rank in the theatre. He obtained a promise of Mr. Rich to give Mrs. Macklin a weekly salary of 3l. These proposals were strenuously rejected by Mr. Macklin, who persisted in his claim of Mr. Garrick's absolutely fulfilling the tenor of their compact. Mr. Garrick, notwithstanding the perseverance of Macklin, accepted Fleetwood's proposals, and entered into covenant with him, for that season, at a very considerable income. His reception, however, in the part of Bays (Rehearsal,) was very disagreeable. When the curtain drew up, the playhouse shewed more like a bear garden, than a theatre royal. The sea in a storm was not more terrible and boisterous, than the loud and various noises which issued from the boxes, pit, and galleries. Garrick, as soon as he entered, bowed very low several times, and intreated to be heard. Peas were thrown upon the stage, and he was saluted with loud hisses, and continual cries of *Off! Off!* This theatrical tempest lasted two nights. At last, the ardour of Macklin's party began to relax, and Garrick recovered the public favour. James Lacey, however, who succeeded Fleetwood in the management, brought about a revolution in the theatre, in 1747-8. He forgot all former disputes, and engaged Macklin and his wife at a

very considerable salary. At this time he produced his first play of "Henry the Seventh; or, the Popish Impostor;" afterwards, "A Will or no Will; or, a New Case for the Lawyers," farce, 1746; "The Suspicious Husband criticised; or, the Plague of Envy," do. 1747; and "The Fortune Hunters; or, the Widow bewitched," do. 1748. In the spring of 1748, Sheridan, the then manager of the Dublin theatre, offered him and his wife 800l. per. year, for two years, which he accepted, and they soon after landed in Dublin to perform their engagements. But Macklin's disposition to jealousy and dissatisfaction still prevailed, for scarcely had he been a month in Dublin, when he began to find out that the manager chose to perform tragedies as well as comedies at his theatre; that his name stood in larger characters in the playbills; and a variety of such grievous matters; not considering that he and his wife's salary was fixed at all events for two years, and that any reasonable arrangement which the manager might adopt for his own emolument, would the more enable him to perform his contract; but consideration was lost upon a man of Macklin's temper, when once resolved; he therefore gave a loose to his passions, which at last became so intolerable, that, according to the language of Trinculo, "though Sheridan was king, Macklin would be viceroy over him;" which the former not agreeing to, determined him to shut the doors of his theatre against both him and his wife. This, however, so far from bringing him to reason, provoked him

irritabilities the more. He several times presented himself at the stage door; no admittance. He then sent the manager an attorney's letter; no answer. He then commenced a chancery suit; and, after waiting the whole winter unemployed, he returned to England with several hundred pounds minus, and a snug law suit upon his shoulders into the bargain. On his return to England, he commenced manager at Chester for that season, and in the winter was engaged at Covent Garden theatre, where he performed Mercutio, during the celebrated run of "Romeo and Juliet" between the two houses. How Macklin could have been endured in a character so totally unfitted to his powers of mind and body, is a question not easily resolved at this day, particularly as Woodward played this very character at the other house, and played it in a style of excellence never, perhaps, before or since equalled; yet what is still more strange, Macklin always spoke of Mercutio as one of his favourite parts, and enlarged upon it in full confidence of his power. He produced at this theatre a dramatic satire, called "Covent Garden theatre; or, Pasquin turned Drawcanser," 1752: and towards the close of the year 1753, having obtained from Mr. Garrick the use of his theatre for that night, took a formal leave of the stage, in a prologue written on the occasion, in which he introduced his daughter, as an actress, to the protection of the public. What induced him to quit the stage in the full vigour of fame and constitution (as he was then, according to his

own calculation, but fifty four) was one of those schemes which he long previously indulged himself in, of suddenly making his fortune, by the establishment of a tavern and coffee house, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, to which he afterwards added a school of oratory, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, founded upon the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian societies, under the title of "The British Inquisition. The first part of this plan was opened on the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shillings) where every person was permitted to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he should choose; a bill of fare, we must confess, very encouraging, even in those times, and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company for some time. Dinner being announced by public advertisement, to be ready at four o'clock, just as the clock had struck that hour, a large tavern bell, which he had affixed to the top of the house, gave notice of its approach. This bell continued ringing for about five minutes; the dinner was then ordered to be dished, and in ten minutes afterwards it was set upon the table; after which the outer room door was ordered to be shut, and no other guest admitted. Macklin himself always brought in the first dish, dressed in a full suit of clothes, &c. with a napkin slung across his left arm. When he placed the dish on the table, he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the sideboard, which was laid out in a very superb stile, and

with every possible convenience that could be thought of. Two of the principal waiters stood beside him, and one, two, or three more, as occasion required them. He had trained up all his servants several months before for this attendance; and one principal rule, which he had laid down as a *sine qua non*, was, that not one single word was to be spoken by them whilst in the room, except when asked a question by one of the guests. The ordinary, therefore, was carried on by signs, previously agreed upon; and Macklin, as principal waiter, had only to observe when any thing was wanted or called for, when he communicated a sign, which the waiters immediately understood, and complied with. Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb shew. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped "that all things were found agreeable;" after which, he passed the bell rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and, making a low bow at the door, retired. Though all this had the shew of a formality seemingly touching too much on the freedom of a social meeting, it appeared to have a general good effect: the company not only saw it as a thing to which they had not been accustomed, but it gave them by degrees, from the example of taciturnity, a certain mixture of temper and moderation in their discourse; and it was observed, that there were

fewer wrangles and disputes at this ordinary, during the time Macklin kept it, than could well be expected in places which admitted of so mixed an assembly of people. The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, templars, and lounging men of the town. Of the other part of this plan, which he called "The British Inquisition," it is impossible to think, without ascribing to the author a degree of vanity almost bordering on madness. By this plan, he not only incited a discussion on almost the whole circle of arts and sciences, which he was in a great measure to direct, but took upon himself solely to give lectures on the comedy of the ancients, the use of their masks, flutes, mimes, pantomimes, &c. He next engaged to draw a comparison between the stages of Greece and Rome. To conclude with lectures upon each of Shakespere's plays, commenting on the different stories from which his plots were taken, the uses which he made of them, with strictures on his fables, morals, passions, manners, &c. In respect to his knowledge of ancient comedy, and his attempt to draw a comparison between the Greek and Roman stage, he must have obtained it (if he made any literary inquiry at all) from Dryden's prefaces, and other detached English writers on the subject, as he was totally unacquainted with either the Greek or Latin languages, and did not understand French well enough to avail himself of their criticisms. As to the original of Shakespere's stories, and the uses he made of them, &c. he was still in a worse predicament, as this

required a course of reading in the cotemporary writers of Shakespere's age, too multifarious either for the grasp of his mind, or for the time which, from other avocations, he could bestow on it, so that to every body but himself, Macklin stood in a very ridiculous point of view, under the responsibility of large promises, with very little capital to discharge them. Of his illustration of Shakespere's plays, we believe there are no records, as he was not quite fool enough to print them, nor has even ridicule consigned them to memory: but as a proof of what he was capable of doing as a critic in this line, we subjoin the following proposal he made to Garrick, as a kind of grateful compensation to him, for giving him the use of his theatre for one night, and for writing a farewell epilogue for him on the same occasion. In his conversation with the manager about the great run of Romeo and Juliet, he told him, that as the town had not properly settled which was the better Romeo, Barry or him, he meant ultimately to decide that question in his next lecture on that tragedy. Garrick, who was all alive to fame, instantly cocked upon his ear, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Mac, how will you bring this about?" "I'll tell you, sir; I mean to shew your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that, by G—, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, sir, after having fixed my au-

ditors' attention to this part, then I shall ask, But how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him *just like a thief in the night.*" At this Garrick could hold out no longer; he thanked him for his good intentions, but begged he would decline his purpose, as, after all, he thought it a question better left to the opinion of an audience, than the subject of a lecture. With these qualifications as a critic, much success could not be augured from the lectures. The event turned out so, as, in a little time, the few who resorted to his rooms gave up all ideas of improvement, and the whole assumed an air of burlesque, which was still heightened by the gravity of Macklin, who, trusting to the efficiency of his own powers, appeared every night full dressed, dictating to the town in all the airs of superior intelligence. Foote stood at the head of the wits and laughers on this occasion. To a man of his humour, Macklin was as the dace to the pike, a sure prey. He accordingly made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and, by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a continual roar. Macklin sometimes made battle, but it was Priam to Pyrrhus: he now and then came out with a strong remark, or bitter sarcasm, but in wit and humour Foote was greatly his superior. Foote likewise had the talent of keeping his temper, which still added to his superiority. One night as Macklin was

preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism; he therefore cried out with some authority, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," says Foote; "Pray, *do you?*" The ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew on such a burst of laughter, as silenced the lecturer for some minutes, nor could he then get on, till called upon by the general voice of the company. Another time, Macklin undertook to shew the causes of duelling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation, than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order. "Well, sir, what have you to say on this subject?" "Only to crave a little attention," says Foote, with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words." "Well, sir, go on." "Why, then, sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?" "O'Clock," says Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?" "Pray, sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin, on this, pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half

past ten." "Very well," says Foote; "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling, duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment, and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon. Another night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford, one of the company was praising Macklin on the great regularity of his ordinary, and in particular his manner of directing the waiters by signals. "Aye, sir," says Macklin, "I knew it would do. And where do you think I picked up this hint? Well, sir, I'll tell you: I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke of York, who, you know, sir, first invented signals for the fleet." "Very apropos, indeed," says Foote, "and good poetical justice, as *from the fleet* they were taken, so *to the Fleet* both master and signals are likely to return." All this, though galling to Macklin, was fun for the public; and if it ended here, would, perhaps, have served Macklin in a pecuniary way, as much as it hurt his feelings in another; but Foote did not know when he had enough of a good thing: he introduced him into his theatre at the Haymarket, where neither cut so good a figure as they did in the British Inquisition; and Macklin, in return, retorted in all kind of abuse and calumny. The public at last grew tired of the controversy,

topics, when the baronet took this opportunity to praise Miss Macklin in the highest strains of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At last, after a short pause, (arising, as Macklin thought, from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets,) the baronet began the following curious conversation: "After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible of her merits. I mean to be her friend, not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage; I mean to be her friend for life." "What do you allude to, sir?" says Macklin, roused at this last expression. "Why," said the other, "I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life; and as you are a man of the world, and 'tis fit you should be considered in this business, I now make you an offer of four hundred pounds per year for your daughter, and two hundred pounds per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates, during both your natural lives." "I was at that time," says Macklin, "spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the baronet, desired him instantly to quit my apartments, telling him at the same time, that I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy, in thus attempting the honour of a child through the medium of her parent. He affected not to mind me, and was

proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprung from my seat, and holding the knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bid him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument into his heart, as the due reward of such base and infamous proposals. Sir, (continued the veteran) I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time. By G—, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down the stairs as if the d—l was in him. He ran across the garden in the same manner, thinking I was still at his heels: and so, sir, I never spoke to the rascal since." He now joined Barry in founding a new theatre in Dublin, and in the spring of 1757, Macklin went to Ireland along with Barry and Woodward, who was admitted as partner, and was present at laying the foundation stone of Crow Street theatre. About the September of the same year, Barry having obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to his new theatre, and arranged every other matter relative to his great design, returned to London, leaving Macklin as his *locum tenens*, who, to do him justice, was so very vigilant and industrious in all the departments of his trust, that, upon Barry's return to Dublin, towards the close of the summer of 1758, the theatre was nearly ready for their performance. Mrs. Macklin died about this time, before her husband could receive any benefit from her engagement, and he seemed much afflicted at her loss, as her judgment and good sense often kept him within the pale of propriety. This was his first wife.

She was the widow of a respectable hosier in Dublin, of the name of Grace, where the marriage took place, about 1731-2. She made her debut at Chester in the "Nurse," in "Romeo and Juliet." She was esteemed an excellent actress in the walk of her profession, a very considerable reader, and possessed the accomplishments of singing and dancing to that degree, as would have enabled her to get her bread in these lines, was not her acting considered as the most profitable employment. She had been some months before her death in a declining state, but her dissolution is said to have been hastened by her husband's losses and bankruptcy. Crow Street theatre opened on the 23d of Oct. 1758, with an occasional prologue, spoken by Barry, after which was performed the comedy of "She Would and She Would Not; or, the Kind Impostor." Macklin joined this corps as soon as decency for the loss of his wife would admit; but such was the versatility of his temper, that he not only quitted his engagements with Barry and Woodward, and returned to London the middle of December, 1759, but made an engagement to perform at Smock Alley (the opposition house) towards the close of that season; which, however, he did not fulfil. Macklin now had greater projects, than joining the Irish theatres: at this time he got an engagement at Drury Lane, at a very considerable salary; and, besides, had it in meditation to bring out his farce of "Love-a-la-Mode," which, though it met with some opposition in the beginning, afterwards received

such applause, both in London and Dublin, as made amends for all his former dramatic miscarriages, and crowned him with no inconsiderable share of reputation. This farce was first acted at Drury Lane, 1760, and afterwards he brought out at Covent Garden "The Married Libertine," comedy, 1761; "The Irish fine Lady," farce, 1767; and "The true born Scotchman," comedy, which was afterwards acted under the title of "The Man of the World," 1781. In 1774, he attempted the character of "Macbeth," which met with a most violent opposition. The ground of complaint against this actor was changed after his second appearance in the character, and from a critique upon his acting, his antagonists attacked him with regard to his conduct: this arose from a speech which he then made, wherein he asserted that Mr. Sparks and Mr. Reddish had hissed him in the gallery on the first night of his appearance. These gentlemen made affidavits to the contrary, and, during the whole week, the papers were filled with squibs on both sides. On his third appearance in Macbeth, previous to the play, he came on in his own character, with a manuscript in his hand, and after much contest, was allowed to read a part of it, which contained the proofs of his former assertion. He then went through the character with some applause. The second address to the public, produced a letter from Mr. Reddish to Mr. Macklin, to which the latter published an answer. An account having appeared in one of the papers of a tumult that occurred upon his

fourth appearance in the character, in which it was said, "Mr. Smith's friends openly avowed the cause," this gentleman applied to the printer, and finding Mr. Macklin to be the author of that declaration, addressed a letter to him the next day in the same paper, positively denying the charge. These altercations created a very strong party against Mr. Macklin, Nov. 18, when he was to have played Shylock. They had stationed themselves in proper places of the pit and balcony boxes, for the better application to the managers. When the curtain drew up, the cry was general for Mr. Colman to make his appearance; but Bensley being sent to learn the sense of the house, he was not suffered to speak. Macklin then advanced in the dress of Shylock from behind the scenes, and humbly supplicated to be heard; but a general uproar took place, and he was forced to retire. He next appeared in his own clothes, but the attempt was fruitless. Messrs. Miles and Sparks seemed to be the leaders of the opposition, and the latter stood up upon his seat with a written paper, anxious to communicate its contents to the house, but he was not suffered to read it. During this time, successive embassies were dispatched from the manager, in the persons of Bensley, Woodward, Reinhold, and Clark, but all to no purpose: nothing would satisfy but the appearance of Mr. Colman. Macklin was on and off the stage every two minutes, but could not get leave to speak. He soon learnt, by the delivery of a written paper, that it was the sense of the company he should never play there again. This

he received with an affectation of contempt, at which the house was exceedingly incensed, and declared, unless Mr. Colman would come forth, they would tear up the benches. Soon afterwards Mr. Bensley brought in a board, on which was written in chalk in large characters, "At the command of the public, Mr. Macklin is discharged." A roar of applause ensued. An attempt was then made to perform "She Stoops to Conquer;" but the cry was still for Mr. Colman, to confirm the written declaration in person. To pacify them, Mr. Fisher made his appearance, but was hooted off. Matters now became very serious. The ladies were desired to withdraw; and the gentlemen in the pit and boxes united. On their beginning to tear up the seats, Mr. Colman advanced. The house became quiet; and the manager began with observing, that, "as this was his first appearance on any stage, he hoped for their indulgence." This seasonable piece of wit conciliating the general favour, he told them with an audible voice, that "it was the intent of the proprietors of that theatre to comply with the commands of the public, even to the minutest particulars, and asked them if it was their pleasure that Mr. Macklin should be discharged?" The whole, as with one voice, cried "Yes." Mr. Colman replied, "he is discharged;" and begged to know, "whether it was their pleasure that the play of "She Stoops to Conquer," should be performed?" "No, No, No," was the universal cry. "Since this is the case," replied Mr. Colman, "the money must be re-

turned, for it is not in our power to perform any other," and then retired. However, the house still seeming dissatisfied, a fresh attempt was made to perform it, but in vain; the clamour continued, and nothing remained but Mr. Lewis to give out the play for the next day, which he did with, "Gentlemen, (for the ladies were gone) tomorrow will be performed Love in a Village." This ended the altercation of the evening about eight o'clock. Macklin now went to law with his adversaries, Lee, James, Aldus, Miles, and Clarke, and substantiated his losses, May 11, 1775, the court proceeded to state the judge's report, in order to pronounce judgment against the offenders; and after it was determined that they should make Macklin a reasonable compensation in damages for two year's salary, at one hundred pounds each, two benefits at two hundred pounds each, and the whole of his expenses out of pocket, Macklin generously relinquished the whole of his damages, upon the following terms: "To have his law expenses reimbursed him; the gentlemen to take one hundred pounds worth of tickets for his daughter's benefit, one hundred pounds worth of tickets for his own benefit, and one hundred pounds worth of tickets for the benefit of the theatre, on the first night of his being reinstated in his employment." After this he occasionally performed, and paid a visit to Dublin during Mr. Daly's management. November 27, 1788, while representing the character of Sir Pertenax Mac Sycophant, in his own comedy, (The Man of the World) he suddenly lost his recollection, and addressed the

audience, informing them, that unless he found himself more capable, he should not again venture to solicit their attention. After this, however, he appeared again, and in the middle of the character of Shylock, for his own benefit, May 7, 1789, his memory failed him in the same manner, and the part was finished by Mr. Ryder. Finding himself now wholly incapable of performing, he retired with regret from the stage, and about four years after, by the advice of his friends, his two pieces, "The Man of the World," and "Love-a-la-Mode," were, under the superintendence of Mr. Murphy, first printed, and offered to the public by subscription, when the large contributions of several distinguished characters amounted to upwards of 1500l. which, under the direction of Dr. Brocklesby, John Palmer, Esq. and Mr. Longman, trustees, was laid out (agreeable to the proposals) in purchasing an annuity of 200l. for Mr. Macklin, and of 75l. for Mrs. Macklin (his second wife) in case she survived him. This great Nestor of the stage, who latterly became very languid and defective in memory, died July 11, 1797, and his remains were interred in a vault at the north side of Covent Garden church. The following gentlemen attended the funeral: Mr. Hull, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Kirkman, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Atkipson, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Davies, Mr. Ledger, and Mr. Munden. The corpse was taken into the vestry, and prayers read over it by the Rev. Mr. Ambrose, who came from Cambridge on purpose to perform

this last act of kindness to his tutor; and a great number of spectators were assembled, among whom were many of the deceased's theatrical friends. His son, John Macklin, who died at not above the age of 34 or 35, was a character equally eccentric. He received from his father a most excellent education, who intended him for the law, and accordingly entered him in the Temple, having furnished him with chambers, a library, &c. The first book he made him study was the Bible, for he concluded if he understood the *law of Moses* he must be an *honest* lawyer: he had, however, the early dissipations of his father about him, though his education ought to have taught him better. Left to his own government in the chambers, he soon gave up what is called the dry study of the law for the more flattering amusements of Covent Garden; and, after a certain time, the only use it appeared he made of his books, was, to give them a better chance of being better used by somebody else. In short, he not only run out the little money his father gave him, but sold his library, and every thing else he could lay hold on, apologising to his father, "that the study of the law was not suited to the versatility of his temper; but that if he would get him any situation in the army, he would use his utmost endeavours fully to atone for all past miscarriages." The fondness of a father accepted this apology, and Macklin using his interest with the Marquis Townsend, got him upon the establishment at Woolwich, where he soon distinguished himself in the several branches of

mathematical knowledge preparatory to a mil
tary life, and for which this academy is so just
distinguished. When he had finished his stu
ies at Woolwich, he was appointed a cad
and was sent out to India in this capacit
where, soon after his landing, he obtained
commission in the army. He was now on th
high road to preferment, at a time of life be
calculated to lay the foundations of a fortun
and with an appropriate education to further
to any extent which reasonable hopes migl
expect; but all these availed him nothing (t
speak figuratively) *whilst Mordecai stood at th
gate*; his passions stood in the gate of his re
son, before him and his fortune, and turned asid
every thing which talents, education, and hig
recommendations might naturally lead him t
expect. Many are the mad and unaccounta
ble frolicks told of this unhappy young ma
whilst in India: the following, however, wi
serve to shew the strange eccentricity of hi
temper. In the course of some convivialitie
with his brother officers, he happened to have
quarrel with one of them, which was taken u
so high on both sides, that nothing less than
duel was to determine it. Accordingly, it wa
agreed the parties should meet the next morn
ing, at an appointed place, with seconds an
pistols. When Macklin came upon the groun
he appeared wrapped up from head to foot in
loose great coat, that no part of his figure cou
be distinguished but his head. This was thoug
an odd dress for a man to fight a duel in; ho
ever, it passed without notice till the grou

was measured out, and the antagonists were desired to take their different stands; when, to the surprise of all, Macklin throwing off his great coat appeared in a perfect state of nature, without any other article of dress about him, than a pair of morocco slippers. His antagonist, alarmed, asked him the cause of so odd an appearance. "Why, sir," says Macklin very coolly, "I will tell you with great candour, that in order, if you please, you may take the same advantage yourself. It is this; I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen, which a man generally carries about him in these encounters, being forced into the flesh along with the ball, and which occasions, in this very hot climate, a speedy mortification. Now, in order to avoid this, I am determined to fight quite naked, just as you see, that if I should have the misfortune of being wounded, I shall have at least a better chance of recovery." The firmness of this declaration, and the savage figure which presented itself before him, deterred his antagonist from proceeding any further, his second declaring they were not on a par for safety, and the alternative of fighting a duel naked was neither agreeable to the laws of honour or of decency. Thus ended this strange affair, which, with many other pranks of a more serious nature, obliged Macklin to leave the army; and soon after, finding himself deserted by his friends, he set sail for England, where he died, 1784.

MADAN, MARTIN

An eccentric English divine was born about 1726, and educated for the law, but quitted the bar for the pulpit, though he obtained no preferment in the church. He greatly contributed towards building the Lock Hospital, and officiated as the chaplain there for many years, without any emolument. He brought upon himself some considerable obloquy, for defending the conduct of Mr. Haweis, his assistant, who retained the rectory of Aldwinkle, as was said, contrary to agreement. The case is thus related: The patron of that living being poor, and the last incumbent dead, the former found a purchaser for it, to whom he had agreed to sell the advowson, with immediate presentation, for 1200l. but the sum could not be immediately raised, therefore Mr. Haweis permitted himself to be inducted into the living to prevent the next turn from lapsing to the bishop of the diocess; with a faithful promise to resign at the patron's pleasure. Soon after, the sum of 1200l. was tendered to be paid; but Mr. Haweis refused to resign, alleging that such an act would be downright simony; he therefore was determined to keep possession of the living. The matter certainly depended upon the honour of Mr. Haweis, for such is the law, in this case, that a promise or a bond could not be enforced. But why did Mr. Haweis accept of the living upon conditions which he forfeited? and why did Mr. Madan commend his conduct? The patron, however, was reduced to great distress by

this transaction. The reputation of Mr. Madan also suffered greatly on another account. He published a famous book called "Thelypthora; or, a Treatise on Female Ruin." In this performance he maintained the lawfulness of polygamy in cases of seduction. He afterwards published a translation of Juvenal and Persius. As a preacher he had distinguished talents. He died in 1790.

MAGLIABECHI, ANTHONY

A LEARNED Florentine, and librarian to the grand duke of Tuscany, was born in Florence, October 29, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day, "What he meaned by staring so much on printed papers?" He said, "that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." The bookseller was astonished, and yet pleased with his answer; and at last told him, that he should not be disinclined to take him into his shop, if his master would be willing to part with him.

Magliabechi thanked him with tears of joy in his eyes; and his happiness was highly increased, when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go where he pleased. He went therefore directly to his new and much desired business; and had not been long it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller could himself. Some time after this he learned to read, and, as soon as he had, was always reading when he could. He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A passion for reading was his ruling passion; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as they happened to come into his hands: he read them with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words and the very manner of spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any author. His extraordinary application and talents, soon recommended him to Ermini, and Marmi, the Great Duke's librarians. He was by them introduced into the conversation of the learned, and made known at court, and began to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, particularly for his vast and unbounded memory. It is said, that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi; and, some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of

some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and intreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he read was already very great, to try to recollect as much as he possibly could, and write it down for him, against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word, or even varying any where from the spelling. By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, "An universal index both of titles and matter." He was so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common among the learned to consult him, when they were writing on any subject. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such also as had touched upon it only accidentally, in writing on other subjects, both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle, for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions, that were proposed to him, in any faculty or science whatever. It was his great eminence this way, and his vast knowl-

edge of books, that induced the Great Duke, Cosmo the third, to do him the honour of making him his librarian: and what a happiness must it have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as in reading, to have the supreme command and use of such a collection of books as that in the Great Duke's palace! He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany; and yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite. To read such vast numbers as he did, he latterly made use of a method as extraordinary as any thing hitherto mentioned of him. When a book first came into his hands, he would look the title page all over, and then dip here and there in the preface, and advertisements if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the different sections, or chapters, and then he would be able forever to know what that book contained; for he remembered as steadily as he conceived rapidly. It was after he had taken to this way of reading, that a priest who had composed a panegyric on one of his favourite saints, brought it to Magliabechi, as a present. He read it over the very way above mentioned, and then thanked him very kindly for his excellent treatise. The author in some pain asked him, "Whether that was all he intended to read of his book?" Magliabechi coolly answered, "Yes, for I know very well every thing that is in it." Magliabechi had a local memory too of the places where every book stood, and

seems to have carried this farther than only in relation to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the Great Duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him, whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over, to the poor. He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly in his dress. His appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his face in particular, as appears by the several representations of him, whether in his busts, medals, pictures, or prints, would rather have prejudiced his suit, than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him in any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner, though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical, or contemptuous smile, which scarce rendered his look the more agreeable. In his manner of

living, he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When any one went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all around him: and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books, by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance he commonly used to call out to them, "Not to hurt his spiders." An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed clothes at night: he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he continued fixed among his books till he was overpowered by sleep. The life of this extraordinary man is somewhat similar to that of *Robert Hill*, which see.

MANLY, GEORGE

A MURDERER, who was executed at Wicklow, in Ireland, 1738; and having behaved in a strange and undaunted manner, made the following curious speech at the tree: "My friends, you assemble to see—What? A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf to save his country from destruction. What then will you see of me? You say, that no man without virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You'll say, I have killed a man; Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and

Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men: but I killed one solitary man; ay, that's the case; one solitary man! I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries; they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale wife; I must be hanged! Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived and myself; but these were men of former days. Now I'll speak a word of some of the present days. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a king in Poland! But both sides could not be in the right: they are great men; but I killed a solitary man, I'm a little fellow. The King of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? what he does is good; he's a great man; he is clothed in purple; his instruments of murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison. Now I would fain know, what authority there is in scripture for a rich man to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family. But bring the matter closer to our own country: what is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? yet the one

shall thereby obtain a coach, and honours, and titles, &c. the other—what? a cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who I hope will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the deceased. Take warning, my dear comrades: think! O think! What would I now give, that I had lived another life!"

METCALF, JOHN

A BLIND sportsman. This extraordinary person was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717, and lost his sight when he was four years of age. Being instructed to play on the violin, he attended as a musician at the Queen's Head, High Harrogate, for many years, and was the first person who set up a wheel carriage for the conveyance of company to and from the places of public resort, in the neighbourhood. In 1745, he engaged to serve as musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. He was afterwards taken
h spy, tried by a court martial, and
Being soon released, he returned to
h, and commenced common car-
hat town and York; frequently

acting as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. No person was more eager of the chase, which he would follow either on foot or on horseback with the greatest avidity. This very singular character has been present at many of the most remarkable chases in that part of the kingdom, and has generally ranked among the number of those who were first in with the hounds. Strange as this may appear to those who enjoy the sense of seeing, the employment he followed for more than thirty years past, is still more extraordinary, and one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention, that of projecting, and contracting for, the making of high roads, building bridges, houses, &c. With no other assistance, than a long staff in his hand, he has been known to ascend the precipice, and explore the valley, and investigate the extent of each, its form and situation. His plans and estimates were made in a method peculiar to himself, and which he found it impossible to convey a proper idea of to others. In 1795, he dictated the occurrences of his life to a friend, who published them under the title of "Blind Jack of Knaresborough; or, the Life of John Metcalf." He was then seventy eight years of age, and resided on a small holding at Spofforth, near Wetherby, with his daughter and son in law.

MICHAEL ANGELO DA CARAVAGGIO,

A FAMOUS Italian painter, born in 1569, was in the early part of his life no other than a day labourer; but having seen some painters at work on a brick wall, which he had assisted in raising, he was so delighted with their art, that he immediately applied himself to the study of it. His progress was so rapid, that, in a few years, he was admired in Venice, Rome, and other parts of Italy, as the author of a new style in painting. His pieces are to be met with in many of the cabinets in Europe; and one of them is to be seen in the Dominican church at Antwerp, which Reubens used to call his master. It is said of this painter, that he was as singular in his disposition as in his gusto of painting. Detraction and contention were his delight, insomuch that his pencil was no sooner out of his hand, than his sword was in it.

MILBOURNE, THOMAS

A MAN whose singular disposition and manner of life, render him worthy a place in our Eccentric Biography. During the former part of his life he was a farmer's servant, in which honest and laborious vocation he contrived to save 200l. With this sum he purchased a small farm at Carnbridge (borrowing such a sum, as, added to his own, made up the purchase money,) and thenceforward resided upon his little estate. He never married, nor hired a servant into his house, but lived alone, and principally cultivated his land with his own hands. Thomas's great

object was to save money; and, to that end, he denied himself not only the conveniences, but what, by most people, are considered the necessaries of life. His food was of the most homely kind, and used sparingly: the scanty contents of his wardrobe were hardly sufficient to cover his shivering limbs, or to hide has nakedness; and being covered with dirt and vermin, were consigned to the flames immediately after his death: a razor had not been applied to his face for many years, nor a brush nor broom to his house. His bed, half filled with chaff and straw, had a poor covering, and a fleece of wool supplied the place of a pillow. This, with the few remaining miserable articles of household furniture, when drawn from the wilderness of streaming cobwebs, which had been accumulating for the last twenty years, were sold at a public sale for less than ten shillings. By a continued observance of the most rigid parsimony, old Thomas soon cleared himself of his pecuniary incumbrances, and, in the end, had scraped together property in land, money, and cattle, to the amount of near 1000l. His love of money did not desert him even on his death bed; where, lying in a very languid state, while his friends, by his desire, were searching for some concealed treasure, and drew forth a large bunch of promissory notes, he exerted his remaining strength in a loud exclamation of "There, you see now!" But, although Thomas was the great banker of the neighbouring villages, he had no idea of usury; and few of his neighbours, who deserved any

credit, asked his assistance in pecuniary matters in vain: sometimes even his too great confidence in the honesty of others was imposed on by the artful knaves. He died at Carnbridge, in the parish of Cumwhitton, near Carlisle, 1800, aged between 70 and 80.

MONSEY, DR. MESSENGER

MANY years physician to Chelsea Hospital, a man of very comprehensive understanding, genius, and wit, and of infinite whimsicality, all which he preserved in full force to his death, at the age of ninety six, in December, 1788. He was by nature what Swift was from affectation and spleen. Dr. Monsey was particularly blunt in his humours, and "gave his worst of thoughts the worst of words;" but those thoughts were never malignant: his openness of manner, and severity of language, proceeded entirely from a love of truth, and a disdain of every thing that savoured of affectation and foppery. With an appearance of rigour and parsimony, he was really tolerant to natural failings, and possessed a very benevolent heart, always ready to promote patronage for distress, and to set a liberal example. This gentleman entertained the highest admiration for Mrs. Montague, (the worthy patroness of chimney sweepers) and considered her as one of the first intellectual characters he had ever known in his long and large intercourse with mankind. The following extract of a letter of pleasantry, from Mrs. Montague to Dr. Monsey, in January, 1785, when the doctor was ninety three years of age, points

a reciprocity of friendship. "My dear doctor, I flatter myself you do not love me less vehemently at ninety, than you did at eighty nine. Indeed, I feel my passion for you increases yearly. A miser does not love a new guinea, or an antiquary an old one, more than I do you. Like a virtuoso, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and set a higher price on your affection every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleasant as the winter of your age, I should have called on you at Chelsea before this time, but it has been so harsh and severe that I durst not venture myself abroad under its influence," &c. The following anecdote of Dr. Monsey is well attested. He lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea Hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the place had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. Looking out of his window one day, the doctor saw a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had just got a reversion of the place; he therefore came out to him, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*; and I will assure you, they are both very pleasant and very convenient: but I must tell you one circumstance; you are the *fifth man* that has had the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all! and, what is more (says the doctor, looking very scientifically at him) there is something in your face, that tells me I shall bury you too." The event justified the doctor's prediction, as

the gentleman died a few years after; and at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, no person had the promise of a reversion. Dr. Monsey, by will, directed that his body should be anatomised, and the skeleton preserved in Chelsea Hospital.

MONTAGUE, E. WORTLEY, ESQ.

THIS celebrated gentleman was remarkable for the uncommon incidents which attended his life, the close of which was equally marked with singularity. He had been early married to a woman, who aspired to a character no higher than that of an industrious washerwoman. As the marriage was solemnized in a frolic, he never deemed her sufficiently the wife of his bosom to cohabit with her; but she was allowed a maintenance. She lived contented, and was too submissive to be troublesome on account of the conjugal rites. Mr. Montague, on the other hand, was a perfect patriarch in his manners, and had wives of almost every nation. When he was with Ali Bey in Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females. At Constantinople, the Grecian women had charms to captivate this unsettled wanderer. In Spain, a Spanish brunette; In Italy, the olive complexioned females were solicited to partake the honours of the bridal bed. Mr. Montague was continually shifting the place, and consequently varying the scene; but he never permitted his wives to travel with him, considering them as bad travelling companions, and therefore left them behind him. It happened, however, that intelli-

gence reached his ears of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman. Mr. Montague had no issue by her; and without issue male, a very large estate would revert to the second son of Lord Bute. Wortley, owing the family no obligations, was determined, if possible, to defeat their expectations. He resolved to return to England and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and commissioned that friend to advertise for any young decent woman, who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted shortly after in one of the morning papers, and consisted of the following words: "Matrimony. A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass, if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polished manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to ——— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's coffee house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secresy, and every possible mark of respect." Several ladies answered this advertisement, one of whom was selected as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom from Venice; but, while he was on his journey, death arrested him in his career. Thus ended the days of Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. a man who had passed through such variegated

scenes, that a bare recital of them would savour of the marvellous. From Westminster school, where he was placed for education, he ran away three several times. He exchanged clothes with a chimney sweeper, and followed for some time that sooty occupation. He then engaged with a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe. He afterwards sailed as a cabin boy to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules. After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the consul, who returned him to his friends in England, by whom he was received with joy equal to that of the prodigal son in the gospel. A private tutor was employed to recover those rudiments of learning, which a life of dissipation and vulgarity might have obliterated. He was sent to the West Indies, where he remained some time, and when he returned to England, acted according to the dignity of his birth, and was chosen a member in two successive parliaments. His expenses exceeding his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued to the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine, a great deal of coffee; wore a long beard; smoked much; and even while at Venice, he was habited in the eastern stile. He sat cross legged, in the Turkish fashion, through choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages, he

was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces; one on "The rise and fall of the Roman Empire," another, "On exploration of the Causes of Earthquakes." He had great natural abilities, and an abundant portion of acquired knowledge.

MONTAGUE, HON. WILLIAM

WAS the second son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbrooke, who was eldest son to Edward, third Earl of Sandwich. Having betaken himself to the sea service, he was appointed a lieutenant in the navy, under Captain Long. This gentleman observing in him a too gallant spirit, which at times rose to an appearance rather romantic for a moderate and prudent man to display, distinguished him, on all occasions by the familiar appellation of his dragon. He was successively promoted to be captain of the Mermaid, the Prince Edward, and the Bristol. Hitherto he does not appear to have had any opportunity of manifesting that natural intrepidity, which all who knew him, admit him to have possessed; but in the following year, he commanded the Bristol, as indeed he continued to do during the remainder of the war. He was present with Mr. Anson at the defeat and capture of De la Jonquire's squadron, and contributed all that was possible for him towards the glorious success then obtained. He afterwards, on the 27th of February, 1747, captured a very valuable French register ship, having on board 360,000 dollars, beside a valuable cargo of cochineal, cocoa, and other commodities. He

was snatched from the service at a very early period of his life, on the 10th of February, 1757. The whimsical eccentricities which pervaded the general conduct of this gentleman, procured him, both in and out of service, the familiar appellation of *Mad Montague*. Some of these anecdotes are almost too extravagant for belief, one or two of which we shall venture to relate. In coming up the channel, during the time he commanded the Bristol, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward bound Dutch merchantmen: he fired at several, in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorised by custom and his general instructions. The Dutch aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way. Captain Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction, than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which they are accustomed to ornament the extremity of their rudders. When those were brought on board, he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humour could invent, and writing under them the names of the twelve Cæsars. Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got into a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black eye. On the following day, previous to his going on

shore, he compelled each of his boats crew to black, with cork, one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury ; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the cockswain both : the whimsical effect may be easily conceived. When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town. The admiral informed him, that " the complexion of affairs were so serious, that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge could carry him." Mr. Montague is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge, having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had actually been coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him his permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper. A variety of well authenticated anecdotes equally ludicrous might be adduced, but the foregoing specimen may perhaps be deemed sufficient.

MOSSOP, HENRY

A CELEBRATED tragedian, was born in 1729. His father, a clergyman, was rector of Tuam, in the province of Connaught, in Ireland, where he chiefly resided, universally beloved. Young Mossop, as well as his father, was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, where he pursued his studies with diligence and credit, and at the regular time obtained his degrees. His first appearance on the stage was at Smock Alley, Thursday, November 28, 1749, in the part of Zanga, which he played three successive nights, in which he displayed an astonishing degree of beautiful wildness; and, at times, such extraordinary marks of genius broke forth, as evidently indicated his future greatness. His next character was Richard, after which he took occasion to quarrel with the manager, and went to London: he made his debut there in Richard with distinguished advantage. Mossop had a strong and harmonious voice, which could rise from the lowest note to the highest pitch of sound; and was, indeed, one of the most comprehensive ever heard. He excelled most in parts of turbulence and rage, of regal tyranny, and sententious gravity; and though as an actor he had many defects, Mossop was in London, after Garrick and Barry, the most applauded and valuable actor. He continued acting with success in London, and sometimes in Dublin, till 1761, when he commenced manager of Smock Alley, in opposition to Barry and Woodward, which ended in his ruin; and though he

could not wrest the sceptre from them, he paved the way for their destruction also. After much solicitude, and various turns of fortune, finding himself shut out both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, he died at Chelsea of a broken heart, in November, 1773, having for some time been in want of the common necessaries of life. It is said he had but one halfpenny in his possession at his decease. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expense, but Mr. Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from taking place. Thus we may apply to poor Mossop, what was said of another unfortunate genius, Butler, "He asked for bread and he received a stone." Mossop was remarkable for a pompous gravity, even upon the most trifling occasions; he did not affect it, for it belonged to his nature; and he was insensible to the ridicule his stiff solemnity frequently inspired. When he was much embarrassed in his circumstances, the frequent conversations he was necessarily obliged to hold with the lawyers, had given to his language, a kind of legal twist. Mr. ——, having occasion to pay him a visit, was followed into the room by a strange dog, with which Mossop seemed to be much pleased; and when he understood that he was at liberty to keep him, he turned to his man, and said to him, in his grave way, "John, I desire you to *retain* that dog." One of his actors (Holycomb) having been arrested for debts, which the manager's tardiness had obliged him to contract, Mossop had applied to his friend the sheriff "for the loan of him for his business in the evening," and promised, "upon

his honour, that he would return him at night." When the man was out, however, he refused to go back. "Won't you (says Mossop, stalking majestically towards him); then know, fellow, I'll forfeit you." He was haughty, and much offended, at times, if a favour was offered him; often ridiculously so, as in the case of a major now living, who, at the time the circumstance happened, was devoted to the interest of the tragedian; and, though Mossop was at that period in great distress, he wanted to fight his friend, only because he used to go to every door in the theatre, and pay at each, when he perceived the receipt of the house was inconsiderable. He was particularly attached to various foods according to the line of character he had to represent: broth for one; roast pork for tyrants; steaks for Measure for Measure; boiled lamb for lovers; pudding for Tancred, &c. &c.

MOZART, W. A.

A CELEBRATED musician, was born at Salsburg, in 1756. His father was a musician of considerable merit, and observed, at a very early age, an extraordinary love of harmony in his son; for when only three years of age, he would sit and listen to his sister, as she practiced on the harpsichord, with great attention, for a length of time: when she left it, he would endeavour to find out the chords, and would express the greatest joy at his success. He soon acquired a variety of airs, and performed them in so charming a style, that his father began to

form the most agreeable expectations of his future celebrity. Before he reached his sixth year, he had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, although it is said he was unable to commit them to paper, which deficiency was supplied by his father. Morning, noon, and night found him at his harpsichord, or occasionally at the violin, on which, though self taught, he made no mean progress. All his soul seemed absorbed in this delightful study. In the year 1762, when only six years old, he performed a concerto before the elector at Munich, which astonished the whole court. From hence his father carried him to Vienna, when he played before the emperor, who, willing to try the child's abilities further, hinted that he could not play so well if he did not constantly look at his fingers. The little fellow, fired at the insinuation, requested the keys might be concealed from his sight, and exerted himself with increased effect: in short, his execution and music appeared so wonderful, that his imperial majesty was beyond measure delighted, and bestowed on him an appellation of *the little sorcerer*. In 1763, he visited Paris, where he performed before the court, and was thought greater on the organ, than on the harpsichord. London, the centre of liberal patronage, heard his amazing powers, where he and his sister performed to the most fashionable audiences. His present majesty is said to have been his auditor, when a *bass* was given him as a *ground*, upon which he *immediately* raised the most exquisite melody. From London he passed into Holland and

France, and from thence to his native place. After a year spent in study, and in the examination of the compositions of Emanuel Bach, Handel, and the old Italian masters, he paid a second visit to Vienna, in 1768, when he composed, at the express desire of Joseph II. his first comic opera, *La Pinta Semplice*, which gained the unqualified applause of the best judges: about this time, also, he composed the music for the consecration of the church of Orphans, which he himself conducted. In 1769, Mozart returned to Salsburg, where he was appointed *Maitre de Concert*. Some time after, he set off for Italy, the school of taste and enthusiasm. Bologna admired and applauded genius so unrivalled, and Florence extolled him to the skies. At Rome he wished to have taken a copy of the celebrated Miserere from the Pope's chapel, but this being refused, he examined it with a quick eye, and afterwards, in his chamber, wrote out the whole of the numerous parts from memory only. The Pope bestowed on him the order of the Gilt Spur, and Bologna complimented him with the title of Member and Master of the Phil-Harmonic Academy. The probationary exercise for which honour, a fugue for four voices, he wrote in half an hour. He afterwards visited Naples. He generally wore a fine diamond ring when he performed in public. Some of the Neapolitan ladies observed to him, that his music must be the effect of magic, and that it lay in his ring. Taking that in the literal sense, which was meant only as a compliment, he immediately took off his ring,

and soon convinced them that the magic lay only in his own unrivalled genius. In passing, on his return, through Rome, the Pope presented him with a very valuable crucifix. At Milan he composed his opera of *Mithridates*, which was much admired, and again went back to Salsburg. In 1771, he made a second excursion to Paris, where, however, his stay was short. In 1773, he composed *Lucio Sulla*, by request, for the carnival. In 1781, being now twenty five years of age, he composed, at the desire of the Elector of Bavaria, the celebrated opera of *Idomenio*, for the carnival of that year also, which has merit enough in itself to have rendered the author illustrious. He was now invited to Vienna, where his merit soon outshone the most brilliant of his rivals. The rapidity of his exquisite taste and feeling, were beyond all praise. His compositions were circulated far and wide, and every where astonished by their originality, expression, and energy. His next work was *L'Enlevement du Serail*. During the composition of this opera, he married Mademoiselle Weber, a lady of great musical talents and genius: and to this circumstance has been attributed that peculiar tone of tender passion, for which this piece is so remarkable. The story of the *Marriage of Figaro*, which filled at this time most of the theatres, was converted into an opera, and composed by Mozart, at the instance of the emperor; the songs of which were vociferated in the streets, the gardens, and the taverns; and it was performed at Prague during the greater part of the winter.

Here the manager of the theatre agreed with him for the composition of *Don Giovanni*, one of the most astonishing efforts of science and imagination, fire, and feeling ; the overture to which, after having been from home till midnight, he composed in his chamber in a few hours, the very night before the first performance of that opera. The health of Mozart began rapidly to decline : however, he was not idle, for in the few last months of his life he composed those three great works, *The Enchanted Flute*, *The Clemency of Titus*, and *The Requiem*. Some have called these his *chef d'œuvres*. Nothing ever had a greater run, than the first of these. It was performed at Vienna one hundred nights in less than twelve months, and on the hundredth night the theatre overflowed as much as on the first. The second was composed at the desire of the Bohemian states, for the coronation of Leopold. It was begun in his carriage on the road to Prague, and finished in eighteen days. The history of the last is singular : A stranger called on him, and requested he would compose as speedily as possible a requiem for a catholic prince, in order to sooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching dissolution. Mozart demanded 200 ducats, and the stranger, in order to promote dispatch, deposited 400. The composer began the work, in the progress of which he felt his mind unusually raised and agitated. He employed not only the day, but much of the night in the composition of it, with which he seemed to be infatuated. He told his wife he was composing

it for himself, and she prevailed upon him to give her the score, and endeavour to cheer his spirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, she returned it, but he soon relapsed into despondency; and having finished it on the day of his death, he again reminded her that he had previously informed her it would be composed for himself. In the year 1791, and in the 35th year of his age, just after he had received the appointment of Maestro di Capella, in the church of St. Peter, he departed this life, leaving the world to admire the brilliancy of his powers, and to lament the shortness of the period allotted to their display.

NASH, RICHARD

COMMONLY called Beau Nash, a singularly eccentric character, was born at Swansea, in South Wales, in 1674. He was educated at Caermarthen school, from whence he was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, but was obliged to quit that seminary on account of an intrigue. He then went into the army, as an ensign, but soon becoming disgusted with that profession, he entered himself a student at the Temple, where he had the honour of conducting a pageant for King William. His heart seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest, benevolent mind, with the vices which spring from an excess of good nature. He was happy in relieving the distressed, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors accused

him of want of justice. He forgot the well known golden maxim, "Be just before you are generous." About 1703, Bath became much frequented by persons of distinction; several learned physicians having passed high encomiums on the salubrity of its waters. In 1704, Nash repaired to that city, which he contrived to make a still more fashionable place of resort, by instituting public amusements. He was chosen Master of the ceremonies, a situation for which he was admirably qualified, and which he discharged with so much propriety, that he was pronounced the father of the city. By his means a noble hospital was erected there; and in the severe winter of 1739, his charities were incredible. His equipage was sumptuous, and he usually travelled in a postchariot, with six grays, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of extravagant parade. How he became enabled to live in so much splendour, we cannot precisely determine. Bath swarmed with gamesters, and among this class Nash was certainly to be numbered at the beginning; with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients, for he was generous, humane, and honourable, though a gamester by profession. Though in his youth he had been an universal gallant, when he came to his office at Bath, he relinquished his practice of betraying and seducing innocence, and commenced the guardian and protector of virtue. He not only defended the ladies from the insults of the gentlemen, but guarded them from the

slander of each other. He endeavoured to render scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy, accompanied with folly. Though much addicted to gaming, he amassed no riches, and was reduced at last to such a state of poverty, that he wanted that relief, which he had never refused to others. Incapable of giving or receiving pleasure in the evening of his life, he became poor, old, and peevish; and, indeed, a variety of causes concurred to imbitter his departing days. He died in 1761, sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so great a benefactor. His remains were interred in the abbey church at Bath.

O'BURNE, JAMES

A FAMOUS ventriloquist, was a native of Ireland, though he resided many years in England. He delighted in an itinerant life, and playing a number of extraordinary pranks, which the peculiar faculty he possessed enabled him to do. As a specimen of his ability as a ventriloquist, we shall only mention a single instance. Meeting a farmer's servant on the highway, driving a waggon laden with trusses of hay, he so exactly imitated the cries of a child, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the hay, that the astonished countryman stood aghast; and the noise being several times repeated, O'Burne prevailed upon the driver, to unload the waggon, and tendered his service in assisting him. While they were thus employed, the cries became louder and more pitiable; nor was the delusion discovered by the affrighted country-

man, till the hay was all taken out; when the ventriloquist, after indulging himself in an outrageous laugh, left him to reload his team.

O'LEARY, REV. FATHER ARTHUR

WAS a native of Ireland, whence, when young, he embarked for France, studied at the college of St. Malo, in Britanny, and at length entered the Franciscan order of Capuchins. He then acted for some time as chaplain to the English prisoners, during the seven year's war, for which he received a small pension from the French government, which he retained till the French revolution. Having obtained permission to go to Ireland, he gladly exchanged the filthy habiliments of a Capuchin friar for decent clothes and clean linen; and obtained by the mere becoyancy of talent, the notice and recompense of the Irish government. His company was courted by both the grave and gay, for to the profound scholar he added the cheerful companion, and tempered the solemnity of wisdom with the vivacity of wit; and these qualities were so well mixed up in him, that Mr. Pratt has made use of them in his novel of "Family Secrets," under the character of Father Arthur; the portrait of whom being acknowledged to be a striking likeness of the mind and person of the excellent O'Leary, we have great pleasure in copying. "This distinguished friar was descended from an ancient and once powerful family in the kingdom of Ireland; but, in the revolution of that country, had long been deprived of hereditary property.

The personal fortune, however, of his parents enabled them to give their son a private education, and to send him into foreign countries to extend his knowledge, as the possibility of further improvement was denied him in his own, through the despotism of penal laws. Having completed his studies, he discovered in his mind a strong bias to a religious life, and indulged it by entering into the communion of the holy order of St. Francis. On his ordination, he was appointed chaplain to a regiment, but was removed, and forfeited a pension, because he would not comply with the requisitions of a foreign sovereign, to enlist in his service the subjects of the king of his own country; a practice which had continued since the formation of a code of statutes, which prohibited them from the military service of their own monarch. Father Arthur connected the wisdom of the world with the innocence of pastoral, and even of primitive, manners. His benevolence was of the most unaffected kind; his piety fervid and sincere; his manners the most winning and artless, anticipating his good will and urbanity before he opened his lips; and when they were opened, his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before ensured. And you had a farther earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile, that it at the same time invited to confidence, and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed. But if his smile beckoned the worthy to approach, his frown struck terror into the heart of the guilty, and made him dread to

advance. Sir Guise had more than once felt its potency. His voice was sonorous, bold, and nervous, corresponding with the manly and sterling sense it imparted. He had studied with labour, and written with ease and energy. His reasoning was sound; and his love of liberty a steady light, rather than a transient blaze; rather the vital principle of an honest mind, conscious of its rights, than the ravings of a factious spirit, infected by popular phrensy. All he said, and all he did, was genuine, even to his most trifling sports. The reader will therefore prejudge the zeal of his devotion; it was glowing, without papistic rage; and earnest, without catholic prejudice. Our respectable Franciscan discovered the cloister in his dress and deportment; not that first exhibited his gown of coarse serge, his cord, or his rosary, but that his out of fashion suit of sables hung upon him somewhat monastically; and the latter was stately and inflexible enough to have characterised the fellow of one of our colleges. He was nearly six feet high; a perfect perpendicular, with a kind of rigour in his muscles that seemed to suffer from bending; there was, of course, a formality in his bows, and this, in some measure, extended to his address; but an original vein of humour, and quaint jocularity, rendered him gay with the sprightly, in the same proportion that his more solid powers made him sedate with the grave. It was scarcely possible to meet a person so universally acceptable to all ranks of people; his society was sought and appreciated by men and women of

all persuasions, and his life, in all its changes, from the monk in his cell to the man of the world, from the social friend to the solitary recluse, had been so unspotted and blameless, that to boast an acquaintance with Father Arthur was an honour, and to possess that honour without love and veneration impossible." In a word, this venerable man not only deserves the character here given of him in the body of the work above quoted, but also what is farther said of him in the following passage of the fourth volume: "Such was the blameless priest, who is known to have long considered himself as an advocate pleading for the protestant in France, and for the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the catholic in Ireland; the patriot, whose loyalty is sound; the philanthropist, who, clothing humanity in the robes of eloquence, employed his voice and pen in exhorting mankind to lay aside all religious distinctions, since it was equal to the Israelite, released from bondage, whether his temple was built by Solomon or by Cyrus, provided he had liberty to pray unmolested, and to sleep under his own vine." He was a man singularly gifted with natural humour, and possessed of great acquirements. He wrote on polemical subjects without acrimony, and on politics with an unprecedented degree of conciliation. As an instance of his humour, it may be quoted, that an Irish bishop once challenged him to prove the existence of purgatory. "The question," said the meek friar, in his answer, "is not capable of demonstrative proof. Let the affair remain as it is.

Your lordship may go farther and fare worse." He died at his apartments in Portland Street, January 8, 1802, aged 73.

OLIVER, JOHN

THE eccentric miller of Highdown Hill, in Sussex, was born in 1710, and died in 1793, aged 83. His remains were interred near his mill, in a tomb he had caused to be erected for that purpose, near thirty years before, the ground having been previously consecrated. His coffin, which he had for many years kept under his bed, was painted white; and the body, which was borne by eight men, clothed in the same colour. A girl, about the age of twelve years, read the funeral service; and afterwards, on the tomb, delivered a sermon on the occasion, from Micah, c. vii. v. 8, 9, before at least 2,000 auditors, whom curiosity had led to this extraordinary funeral.

OVERS, JOHN.

BEFORE there was any bridge built over the Thames, the conveyance was by a ferry, which used to carry passengers, &c. from Southwark to the city by boats; which ferry was rented of the city by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. This man, though he kept many servants, was of so covetous a mind, that he would not, even in his old age, spare his own weak body, nor abate any thing of his unnecessary labour, only to save expenses. From his first increase of wealth, he always put his money out to use, which in time grew to such a

mighty increase, that it was almost equal to the first nobleman's in the land; notwithstanding, in his habit, housekeeping, and expenses, he expressed nothing so much as miserable poverty. This Charon had one daughter both pious and beautiful; and he took care enough to see her liberally educated; but when she grew up and fit for marriage, he would suffer no man (by his good will) to have any access to her. However, a young gentleman took the opportunity, when he was picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well, the second better, and the third concluded the match. In all this interim, the silly, rich ferryman not dreaming but things were as secure by land as they were by water, continued in his former course, which was as follows: He was of so poor and wretched a disposition, that, when he would not be at the charge of a fire, he has roasted, or at least heated, a black pudding in his bosom, and eat it: and has given his servants some of the pudding out of his bosom, which has been heated by his rowing over the water. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarce afford a poor neighbour the lighting of a candle, lest they should in some part impoverish him, by taking some of the light. He has also in the night gone to scrape upon the dunghill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and

instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse meal, and with this make the poor servants their broth. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices, and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go further in the family; and when his dog has refused it, he said, he was a dainty cur, and better fed, than taught, and then eat it himself. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left his house, as there were no crumbs left by his servants to feed them. It is farther reported of him, that, to save one day's expenses, he first counterfeited himself sick, and the next day to die, and his body to be laid out, for no other purpose, than to save one day's provisions; apprehending that, whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humour. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet (for he would not be at the expense of a coffin); he was laid out in his chamber, with one candle set burning at his head, and another at his feet; which was the custom of the time. His apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, hoping to be rid of their penurious servitude, came to see the joyful spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began

to dance and skip about the corpse. One run into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetched out the cheese; and a third drew a flagon of beer, and began filling their empty bellies, (being almost starved) and rejoicing among themselves, thinking they were in expectation of future help and comfort, and to be freed from the hard usage they had endured. The old man lay quaking all this while to see the waste, and thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no longer, but stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to route them for their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned his own death in earnest; and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime occasion of his own death. The daughter's lover, hearing of her father's death, made all possible haste up to London; but, alas! with more haste, than good speed, for in riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death, had such an effect on her spirits, as bereaved her of her senses. The father, who, for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, therefore was not allowed christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed on the friars of Bermondsey abbey, in the absence of

the abbot, to get him buried; when the abbot came home, and seeing a new grave, inquired who, in his absence, had been buried there? on being truly informed, he caused the body to be taken up, and commanded it to be laid on his own ass's back, (for it was the custom of the times for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses) then making a short prayer, he turned the beast with his burden out at the abbey gates, desiring of God, that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent Street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and then shook him off, just under the gallows; where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, he was tumbled in, and covered with earth. This was the remarkable end of his infamous and abominable avarice. These disasters on the daughter coming one upon another, and being troubled with a number of new suitors, she resolved to retire into a cloister of religious nuns: and determined, that whatsoever her father had left her by his death, she would dispose of as near as she could to the honour of her Creator, and the encouragement of his religious service; and caused, near to the place where her father lived, and she was born, the foundation of a famous church to be laid, which at her own charge was finished, and by her dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary; in memory of which pious act, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people

added her name also to that given by her, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it in general bears even to this day. London Bridge originated from the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs. Before, there had been a ferry, left by her parents to their only daughter, Mary, who founded a nunnery, and endowed it with the money received from the profits of the boats. This house was afterwards converted into a college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair: but it must be understood, that the first bridge was of timber, the materials at hand, and most probably rudely put together.

PETER THE GREAT,

Czar of Russia, born in 1672. Upon the death of one of his brothers, in 1682, he ascended the throne in conjunction with his brother John, who was weak both in body and mind. In 1696, he became sole ruler. The history of this monarch borders on the romantic; indeed, almost every event of his life partakes of the marvellous. He raised an army by the assistance of foreign officers, serving in it himself as a drummer, or private soldier, and visited England and Holland *incognito*, in order to inform himself in the art of ship building. As early as in 1700, he got together a body of 30,000 standing forces, and displayed a project surprising in all its parts. He sent his chief nobility into foreign countries, to improve their knowledge, and invited foreigners, distinguished for talents, to his own dominions, for the improvement of those

of his subjects who could not leave their homes. Having made an alliance with Augustus, King of Poland, he declared war against Charles XII. of Sweden ; and though he had very ill success at first in conducting it, yet he was so far from being discouraged that he said, " I know my armies must be overcome for a while, but it will teach them to conquer." He founded Petersburg, in 1703, and in 1709, obtained a complete victory over the Swedes. (See Charles XII.) It would far exceed our limits to enumerate his extraordinary adventures. The history of the Czarina, Catherine his wife, is equally remarkable. The Czar, who always observed the strictest secrecy in his travels, on his second journey to Holland, in 1716, entered Nimeguen, with his little suite, at the close of the day. He went to an inn, and wishing to go to bed early, that he might set off at break of day, ordered a few eggs and some butter and cheese for supper. A few bottles of red wine were drank at table, and his suite retired to rest. The following morning the horses were ready at dawn of day ; but before the Czar made his appearance, his purveyor, Andreitch Chapeloff, called for a bill. The innkeeper's demand was an hundred ducats. Chapeloff, astonished, thought it necessary to remind the landlord that their supper had only consisted of a dozen eggs and a little butter, cheese, and bread. " It does not signify," answered mine host, " I must have an hundred ducats before you leave the house." Chapeloff's rhetoric was thrown away ; he would make no abatement. That officer, afraid

to insert so weighty an article in his disbursements, without his master's knowledge, went and informed the emperor. Well persuaded he was not known, he came down, as if accidentally, into the court yard, the gates of which he found shut by the innkeeper, whom he asked in Dutch, in his way, how he could presume to ask so large a sum for such slender fare? "An hundred ducats a large sum!" said the landlord; "if I was Emperor of Russia I would give a thousand." On hearing this, the Czar turned his back, without saying a word, made a sign to the purveyor to pay, and walked away. The Dutchman would not open the gates of the yard till he had received his hundred ducats, and wished the gentlemen a good journey. He died, in 1725, of the strangury, occasioned by a tumefaction of the bladder.

PIVETT, CHRISTOPHER

An excellent carver and gilder in York, was born in the year 1703, and died in 1796, aged 93 years. He was formerly in the retinue of his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland. He fought under the Earl of Stair at the battle of Dettingen, and under the Duke of Cumberland in the battle of Fontenoy; was at the siege of Carlisle, and at the battle of Culloden. He went to York at the latter end of the year 1746. His habitation having been burnt down, he took the singular resolution of not lying in a bed, which he had not done for the last thirty eight years of his life. He used

to sleep upon the floor, or upon a chair, or chairs, with his clothes on. During the whole of this period he lived alone; cooked his victuals; and seldom admitted any person into his habitation, carefully concealing the place of his birth, or to whom he was related. It is supposed he was born in or near London, and that his relations reside there. He appeared to have had a liberal education; and was fond of having receipts for money in the name of *Sir Christopher Pivett*. He was also remarkable for many singularities. Among other uncommon articles which composed the furniture of his apartment, were a human skull, and some old swords and armour on which he set great value. He retained his faculties to the last; declined being indulged with a bed, or even a mattress, and refused all medical assistance. He was an ingenious artist, and an honest man.

POPE, BENJAMIN.

THIS gentleman was nearly as remarkable a character as that of Mr. Elwes, of usurious and penurious memory. He was originally a tanner in Southwark, and dealt so extensively in this branch, that his stock in trade was, for many years, supposed to be worth sixty or seventy thousand pounds. He had long been in business, and was reputed to be worth a *plumb*. He at length became a money lender, and launched into discounting and buying annuities, &c. He was not, however, so successful in this branch of business as he had been in his

former dealings; for the name of POPE, the *Usurer*, frequently appears in the proceedings of our courts of law, when the venerable sages on the bench thought very differently from Mr. Pope, in their opinion of his practices in this line of business. The most remarkable, and the last instance of this sort was, when he was cast in 10,000l. damages for some usurious or illegal practices, in some money transactions with Sir Alexander Leith. This was generally thought a severe sentence, and, perhaps, the well known character of the man contributed not a little towards it. Mr. Pope himself thought it so oppressive and unjust, that he complained of it without ceasing, and even printed a case, setting forth the particulars of his grievance. To be even with his plaintiff, Mr. Pope went abroad to France with all his effects and property; where a man of his advanced age, ample fortune, without any family but his wife, who was a most worthy woman, might certainly have lived very comfortably, but Mr. Pope abroad, was removed from his friends and customers; and his money being idle, which was always considered by him as a great misfortune, he resolved to return home, and to shew his resentment to his oppressors, he preferred a prison, to the payment of the money. This he performed most heroically, and actually suffered confinement for eleven years and a quarter. He died in the Fleet prison in July, 1794, in the 67th year of his age. Mr. Pope, at one time, might have got his liberty for a thousand pounds, but he remained

inflexible, and said, that would be acknowledging the justness of their debt, sooner than do which, he would forfeit his life; and he resolutely kept his word. Mr. Pope, in prison, had many opportunities of indulging those propensities he had ever been remarkable for; he looked always at the pint pot of small beer, before he paid for it, to see that it was full; for this he was in some degree excusable, as the pint generally lasted him two days, water being his constant beverage. He has indeed been known to drink a little strong beer, with some of his fellow prisoners at their apartments, but this was very rarely practised, and he never ordered any for himself. He purchased his three-farthing candle by weight, and chose the heaviest of six, eight, or ten for his money. During the whole of this time (upwards of eleven years) he never had a joint of meat on his table; a fourpenny plate of meat from a cook's shop, was his greatest luxury, and that generally served him for two meals. But his family, though living at a distance, frequently sent him a comfortable and proper supply; and on these occasions, Mr. Pope, sometimes, gave some leavings to his errand girl, or some distressed object. It must, indeed, be admitted, that Mr. Pope, upon some occasions, sometimes so far departed from himself, as to be liberal. When young in trade, he gave away upwards of a stone of meat every week, among his workmen and poor neighbours; and this practice he never discontinued, not even when he was every day weighing his candle, or look-

ing after the measure of his small beer. In money transactions he suffered great frauds and impositions in prison; as he had not that scope of customers in his confined state, and always endeavoured to make the most of his money, he was more easily imposed upon. By such means, he is supposed to have lost more money, than would have paid his whole damages and costs.

POWELL, FOSTER

A CELEBRATED English pedestrian, whose extraordinary feats of walking almost exceed credibility. His travels on foot between London and York were the occasion of very large sums being won and lost. He certainly had many opportunities of appropriating to himself the advantages which have been gained by those acquainted with his astonishing power and resolution, yet he himself was generally in very low circumstances, and died in indigence, April 15, 1793. The remains of this extraordinary pedestrian were interred in St. Paul's church yard, agreeable to his own request. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New Inn through Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill. The followers were twenty on foot, in black gowns, and after them came three mourning coaches. He was buried nearly under the only tree in the church yard. His age, as inscribed upon his coffin, was fifty nine.

PRATT, EDWARD

THE hero of these memoirs, was an officer in the service of the East India company, and half brother to a late venerable and illustrious peer of the same name. This singular character is introduced as a remarkable instance of unconquerable taciturnity, and tenacious accuracy of memory. Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a house for his residence, on account of its tranquillity; and regularly, while on shore, dined in a room by himself at a tavern, where he daily drank a solitary bottle of wine, without intoxication. He seldom was heard to speak, but no circumstance, however urgent, could prevail on him to *break silence at whist*, the favourite amusement, or rather occupation, of his life; and, at the conclusion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards in the exact order in which they were played, and enumerate various instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks. But taciturnity was the favourite, the habitual, or the affected pleasure of his life: he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts, rather than be at the trouble of asking for them. The endearing chit chat of friendship or affection, the familiar small talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the sons of solitude sometimes relish, he sedulously avoided. In his voyages to the east, he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips. On a certain occasion, the

ship had been detained by a long and troublesome calm, more distressing to a British sailor, than a tempestuous sea. The anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished for breeze springing up: a shabby seaman at last proclaimed the welcome tidings of land from the topmast. While the officers and ship's company were congratulating each other on the approaching comforts of *terra firma*, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed somewhat to alter, and unbend. "I knew," said he, "you would enjoy the sight of land; I saw it an hour before the careless raggamuffian aloft." And these were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage. This unsocial and reserved behaviour probably originated from ill treatment on his first voyage, a hasty, unfavourable opinion of his associates, the boisterousness of the waves, or an ill founded and ungenerous prejudice, in which he was supported by a learned writer. "I prefer a prison to a ship," said Dr. Johnson, "for you have always more room, and generally better company." This illiberal sarcasm, from a man who knew and taught better things, seems highly reprehensible.

PRICE, CHARLES

ALIAS the social monster, was descended from a ——— salesman in Monmouth Street. The father, presaging, perhaps, that his son Charles was designed to make a conspicuous figure in the world, placed him under the tuition of a French teacher. But, at that early period, he

gave many proofs of those great talents, which afterwards rendered him so eminent ; for, stealing a strip of old gold lace from the shop, he artfully dressed himself in his brother's clothes, and sold it to a Jew ; in consequence of which, the robbery was afterwards fixed on the innocent youth, for which he suffered a severe flaggellation. We cannot, however, progressively give a detail of all the villanies which are placed to the account of our hero, as some are not perfectly ascertained, and others are not sufficiently interesting. In the engraved likeness, with which this article is embellished, he is represented in the character of a gentleman, a part which he often performed with considerable success. At the age of twenty five, he had been a barker in Monmouth Street ; servant to a hatter and hosier in St. James's Street ; clerk to a city merchant, of extensive foreign connexions ; and engaged in the same capacity to a diamond merchant in Amsterdam, whose daughter he debauched ; and, lastly, manager to the gentleman who conducted his Majesty's small beer brewery at Weovil, in Hampshire. At intervals, this great man sometimes engaged in lottery offices, and at others in advertising for wives with such and such fortunes, qualifications, &c. and thus obtaining considerable sums from unthinking youth, to procure them what never existed but in idea. But this hero's grand and most successful scheme was to appear in different characters to one person, by which means the injured party, more than once, employed Mr.

Price, to detect Mr. *Patch*, for in this latter habit, he generally placed a black patch over one of his eyes. Thus disguised, he is said to have actually received money from the bank directors, in order to discover *himself*. Having, under the name of *Wilmot*, paid Mr. Spilsbury for some medicines (and received the change) with a forged note, that gentleman one day related the circumstance at the Percy coffee house, in the presence of the culprit, who kept frequently crying out, "Lack a day! Good "God! who could conceive such knavery "could exist! What, did the bank refuse "payment, Sir?" "O yes," said Mr. Spilsbury, "and yet the bills were so inimitably "well done, that the nicest judges could not "distinguish them!" "Good God! lack a "day," said Price, "he must have been an "ingenious villain! What a complete old "scoundrel!" Price had often been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer, in Oxford Street. Here he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of shewing his importance. One day he called there in a hackney coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few things. In a day or two afterwards he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was from home, he went again, with his face so painted, that he seemed diseased with the yellow jaundice. The shopman, to whom he enumerated his complaints, gave him a prescription for that disorder, such as had cured his father of it. Price gladly accepted of the receipt, promising

that if it succeeded, he would very liberally reward him for his civility. In a few days, he called again, when he appeared perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman, to whom, after he had expatiated on his affluent circumstances, the short time he had to live in the world, and the few relations he had to leave any thing to, he made a present of a ten pound bank note. The reader need not be told it was a counterfeit one ; but, at the same time, he said, that he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound note, and the obliging shopman got change for it of an opposite neighbour. The next day, in Mr. Roberts' absence, he called again, and entreated the lad to get five other fifty pound notes changed for small ones ; who, telling him his master was not in the way, Price begged he would take them to his master's banker, and there get them changed. This request the servant complied with. The bankers, Harley, Burchall, and Co. complied with Mr. Roberts' supposed request, changed them without suspicion, and small notes were that day given for them to Mr. Price. Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions in the person of Mr. E. who was an eminent merchant in the city ; and having traced his connexions at Amsterdam, even to the obtaining a letter which came from a merchant there to Mr. E. ; he began his attack on that gentleman as follows : accosted him on the 'Change in another disguised character, and told him, that he had received a letter from a correspon-

dent of theirs at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, which informed him that a person of the name of Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defrauded the Dutch merchant out of one thousand pounds, and that the latter requested Mr. E's assistance in the recovery of the whole, or any part of it he could get. Having thus opened the business, he then produced the letter to Mr. E. who having read it, did not entertain the least suspicion but it was the hand writing of his Amsterdam correspondent: he therefore offered his assistance most readily, in any plan that might be pursued to favour his Dutch friend. After thus paving the way, he began to advise Mr. E. how to manage the matter. "Tomorrow," said Price, "Trevors most likely will be upon 'Change; "he always frequents the Dutch walk, and "is dressed in a red surtout, with a white "wig; he has also square toed shoes, and very "small buckles. Your best way will be to ac- "cost him, get into a conversation with him, in- "troduce the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, "and, by pretending that he can be of service "to you, invite him home to dinner. You "may then mention the business, shew him "the letter, and inform him, that unless he re- "funds the whole, or part of the money, imme- "diately, you will expose the matter to the "merchants. By such a step, you may, prob- "ably, procure a return of the greater part of "the property, as he is rich, and has always "cash or notes about him, and will rather pay, "than be exposed." Mr. E. highly approved

of this plan, and was very much pleased with an opportunity of doing, as he thought, such an essential service to his Dutch friend. The next day appeared our hero on the Dutch walk, and in the dress he had so minutely described the day before. Mr. E. followed the advice he had received; the result of which was, an invitation to dinner, and an acceptance on the part of our great man. When the cloth was removed, and the family retired from table, Mr. E. begged to open to Mr. Trevors, in as delicate a manner as he could, the purpose of the invitation. Our hero acknowledged the charge in part, affected great remorse, declared his intention was to pay, begged he might not be exposed on 'Change, and offered to pay five hundred pounds down, if Mr. E. would bury the matter in oblivion. This being readily promised on Mr. E.'s part, Mr. Trevors then produced a thousand pound note, which he said he would give to Mr. E. if the latter would return to him the other moiety. Not having sufficient cash and notes in the house, Mr. E. gave him a draft for five hundred pounds on his banker, soon after which our hero took his leave. The next morning Mr. E. discovered that the thousand pound note he had received was a forged one, and ran to the bankers to stop the payment of his draft; but unfortunately too late; for a porter, who seemed to have been followed by a tall thin woman into the banking house, had obtained notes for the draft four hours before Mr. E.'s application to stop payment. The depredations of this monster on society, amounted in the whole to

upwards of one hundred thousand pounds; and yet, before he hung himself in Tothill Fields prison, he wrote a letter to a gentleman whom he had defrauded of more than two thousand pounds, recommending his wife and eight children to his protection. Price's disbursements must either have been great, or the prudence of his female coadjutor excessive; for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper, and printing bank notes; the plates for which were also engraved by this ingenious villain. Being thus papermaker, engraver, printer, and circulator, we need not be surprised that he contrived to spin out existence to the age of fifty five; six years of which were passed in hostilities against the Bank Directors, whose emoluments by fire, shipwreck, and other accidents, Mr. Price conceived were much too enormous.

PUGATSCHEW, JEMELJAN

A RUSSIAN rebel, who assumed the title of Peter the Third, in 1774. This extraordinary man was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks, on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct in the wars between Peter the Great and Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden. He died, as he had always desired, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle between the Russians and Turks, near Bucharest, the latter end of the year 1784, leaving Jemeljan, his only son, then an infant,

under the care of his mother: who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and lived in the family of a nobleman, where he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and was remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukrain. Jemeljan, upon the death of his uncle, became a chieftain among these erratic people, and from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependents, who lived, like most of the Cossacks, on the banks of the Don in continual warfare with the neighbouring Tartars. Among the strangers which belonged to the troop Jemeljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprise, had accompanied him from Poland; the one Boispré, a Norman; and the other Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage associates. In one of their excursions, Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off a considerable booty, and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jemeljan soon after became so fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people. The charms of this woman made an impression upon our chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing

any probability of succeeding to his wishes from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villany. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and, not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party. One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party, under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and, in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that, while Capelini should

feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred. The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the villain, who, through a thicket behind which he was posted, observed all their movements, notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure insensibly advance towards the place which was to secrete the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; when he arrived within a few paces of the two unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pommel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and, without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern which was not twenty paces distant. His first care was to recover the unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief for a considerable time, refused to take any nourishment; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated, than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her.

At length Capelini arrived, and threw this unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavoured to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruellest kind; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of his prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner. The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villany being discovered. As one crime leads to another, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate; but Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying this unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, like a second Iago, after many intreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that during his absence his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which

at the same time were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate. Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispré, who had for some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the plausible tale he had recited to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispré and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at this detection, fell at the feet of this brave man, who had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, or liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispré ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately dispatched one of them to Pugatschew, with the news that he had discovered Marvea, whom he continued with and endeavoured to administer comfort to in her expiring moments. The chief of the Cossacks immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troop, when Boispré, taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini, 'See there,' says he, 'the ravisher of thy wife.' Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispré and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of

these unpolished people with grief and horror. Our gallant Cossack, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but from the strength of his constitution and the cares of his friends. The odious Capolini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski, and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature, under this dreadful circumstance, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had been suspended according to his sentence. We have no further account of this extraordinary man, till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lascy, in the month of October, 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behaviour during the siege recommended him so much to the favour of general Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the first cause of his, some years after, assuming the title of Peter the III. and of the rebellion of Orenburgh.

The anecdote is as follows: when Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had shewn, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the general remarking he might be taken for the emperor's brother from the extraordinary likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him, whether 'his mother was ever at the court of Holstein,' (the birth place of Peter the Third) 'No, and please your excellency,' returned Pugatschew with great readiness, 'but my father has often been there.' The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talents for a repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lascy, thus proceeded: 'But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and, if by an unfortunate event (which Heaven forbid!) we should lose our monarch, as the Portuguese formerly did their king, Don Sebastian, this Jemeljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire.' This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regard as a presage of the part which would be pla some years after by Pugatschew, made a d impression upon the mind of the latter, solemnly declared, previous to his executi

that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and that, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter the III. he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an Oracle which called him to empire, and to glory. While this singular character was in the Russian service, he lived in a strict intimacy with his old friend Boispré, who had left the Ukrain with him, and been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by this friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received without suspicion into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young countess of C—— shewed him so much partiality, that Boispré encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe an alliance with count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be a very advantageous one. In short, after some time, this adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp. Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians supposing their rights infringed by the

imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surprised at hearing count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that family had been long extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was, no doubt, lucky for him, that, at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some days with the old count, at the castle near Neuhausel. Boispré immediately posted to the last mentioned place, and acquainted his friend with the dangerous ground he stood upon. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and the count, that one of his particular friends had in an affair of honour dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian ambassador: 'I must depart immediately,' said he, 'for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither, as to a place of greater security.' This reason satisfied the count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues from the count's estate: when they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father in law's palace, and possessed himself of a considerable quantity of jewels and plate which they immediately sold to some Jews, and, quitting Vienna, took their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, having eluded the search of the count, who had become outrageous at discovering the

base trick, which had been played him. The particulars of the rebellion fomented by Pugatschew near Orenburgh, with the signal exploits of that distinguished impostor, his defeat and apprehension, far exceeds the limits of this book; suffice it to say, that at Moscow, January, 23, 1775, he and four of his accomplices were executed according to their sentences. Pugatschew and his principal associate named Perfilieff were beheaded; the three others were hanged; eighteen were knouted and sent to Siberia, amongst whom was an officer who had been instrumental in fomenting the rebellion. As soon as Pugatschew was brought upon the scaffold, the detail of his crimes and his condemnation were twice deliberately read; he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and declared to the people, in a short speech, that he was not the person he had given himself out to be, but that he was a Don Cossack, by name Pugatschew. His head was fixed on an iron spike over a wheel, on which his body and Perfilieff's were placed; and his limbs were exposed in four different parts of the town, where they remained till the next day; when all the bodies were burnt, together with the scaffold.

QUIN, JAMES

A CELEBRATED English comedian, born in London in 1693. His father married a supposed widow, by whom he had a son, the subject of these memoirs. After this second marriage,

the real husband, who was supposed to have been dead many years, returned from abroad, and claimed his wife. Our hero therefore lost his father's estate, being considered as illegitimate. He was intended for the law, but studied Shakespere more, than the statutes and reports, and soon after displayed his theatric powers in Mr. Rich's theatre in the character of Falstaff, which was played no less than nineteen times in the same season. He had before appeared on the Dublin and Drury Lane stages in inferior characters. Soon after he engaged himself at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where an unhappy occurrence had nearly put an end to his career. This was a duel with a Mr. Bowen, a brother performer, who died in consequence of the wound he had received in the combat. On a trial for this offence, Quin was found guilty of manslaughter only, and returned to his occupation. Covent Garden Theatre opened in 1732, whither the Lincoln's Inn Fields company removed. After the second season, Mr. Quin was engaged on very high terms to go to Drury Lane, where he shone triumphantly till the appearance of Garrick, in 1741. He was held in great esteem by Pope and Thomson. "The commence-
"ment of the esteem with the latter," says Dr. Johnson, "is very honourable to Quin,
"who is reported to have delivered Thomson
"(then known to him only for his genius)
"from an arrest, by a very considerable pres-
"ent; and its continuance was honourable to
"both; for friendship is not always the sequel

" of obligation." In 1741, Mr. Quin went over to Dublin, with Mrs. Clive, Mr. Ryan, and others, where he played Cato and Othello, with increasing reputation. In 1742, he returned to Mr. Rich, at Covent Garden, to oppose Mr. Garrick, who was at that time idolized, but with no great success. These eminent comedians, after several meetings, agreed that certain parts should be acted by them alternately; particularly Richard III. and Othello. Quin, however, had the mortification to find that his reputation was decreasing, and that of Garrick's augmenting in a very great degree. The Richard III. of the former hardly bringing a tolerable house, while an overflow was produced when the latter performed the same character. The town, wishing to see them fairly matched in different characters, proposed the *Fair Penitent* as a proper piece to give the competitors an opportunity of displaying their respective talents, and this proposal was agreed to. The day of the contest was the 14th of November, 1746. The shouts of applause when Horatio and Lothario met on the stage in the second act, were so loud and so reiterated, before the audience permitted them to speak, that the competitors seemed disconcerted. Quin changed colour, and Garrick seemed much embarrassed. Quin had too much pride to acknowledge his feelings on this trying occasion, but Garrick was heard to say, " Faith, I " believe Quin was as much frightened as my- " self." The play was frequently acted, and with constant applause, to very brilliant audi-

ences. Quin had been patronised by Frederic Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, and was employed to instruct the royal children in a correct pronunciation. On hearing with what propriety his Majesty delivered his first speech from the throne, Quin exclaimed, in a kind of ecstasy, "Ay, I taught the boy!" His Majesty did not forget his old tutor, but ordered an annuity to be paid him during his life. The last character he performed was that of Falstaff, March 19, 1753. He died at Bath in 1766. Quin, though rough in his manners, had a benevolent disposition, and abounded in wit and understanding.

RADCLIFFE, JOHN

An English physician of great eminence, was born at Wakefield, in Yorkshire. To him the University of Oxford is indebted for the library and infirmary which bear his name, and for an annual income of 600l. for two travelling fellowships. He received his education first at Wakefield, and then at University College, Oxford, from whence he removed to Lincoln College, and obtained a fellowship. Here he applied himself to the study of physic, and at the expiration of two years, resigned his fellowship. Taking his doctor's degree in 1682, he soon after went to London, where he met with very great encouragement. In 1687, he presented a very fine altar piece to University College, painted on glass. He was often sent for to attend King William, but at last forfeited his

favour by his ingenious, but blunt behaviour. When the king shewed him his swelled ancles, and asked him what he thought of them, Radcliffe answered, "Why, truly, I would not "have your Majesty's two legs for your three "kingdoms." Dr. Radcliffe was not a more rigid observer of the aphorisms of Hippocrates, than of the precepts of Bacchus; he was almost equally devoted to the god of physic, and the god of wine. One evening, as he was sacrificing at the shrine of the purple god, in a tavern, a gentleman entered in great haste, and almost breathless, "Doctor, my wife's at the "point of death; make haste, come with me." "Not till I have finished my bottle, however," replied the doctor. The gentleman, who happened to be a fine athletic fellow, finding entreaty useless, snatched up the doctor, hoisted him on his back, and carried him out of the tavern. The moment he set the doctor upon his legs again, he received from him, in a very emphatic manner, the following threat: "Now, "you rascal, I'll cure your wife in revenge." And the doctor, it is said, kept his word. In 1713, Dr. Radcliffe was chosen member of parliament for Buckingham; and on the death of Queen Anne he suffered much obloquy for refusing to attend her. On this account, he is said to have received several letters threatening his life. He died November 1, 1714, just three days after the death of the Queen, and his remains were interred in St. Mary's church, Oxford.

ROBERTS, THOMAS

Of Kirkmond in Lincolnshire, was a most extraordinary, or if we may so term it, a *lusus Naturæ*; he was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs; above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him. Nature compensated for his want of limbs, by giving him a strong understanding, and bodily health and spirits. When Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmond Turnor, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirkmond, he kept a pack of hare hounds. Tom was for many years employed as his huntsman, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that, on leaving the service of Sir George Barlow, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and, indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighbouring markets; he, however, required no other assistance from the parish (till he became infirm) than an habitation, and the keeping of a horse and cow. What is perhaps more remarkable, he married three wives! By the first, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, now in good situations as farmers' servants, who attended the funeral of their father, and buried

him in a decent manner. He died May 16, 1797, aged 85.

ROBINSON, MATTHEW

Lord Rokeby, was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in the county of Kent. He was the eldest son of Sir Septimus Robinson, knt. whose family possessed considerable influence in the court of George II. He was sent at the usual age to Westminster school, where the children of the wealthy, are for the most part educated and prepared for the university. Accordingly, the subject of our memoirs was in due time admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he applied to his learning with great diligence, and acquitted himself with ability. A proof of this his progress, may be taken from his election to a fellowship, of which he was very fond, and retained it to the close of his life. The taste which he acquired for literature during his early years never forsook him; his library was large and well chosen, and he could refer to the contents of his several volumes with a wonderful facility. Education is always sure of cherishing those seeds of good sense which lie latent in most minds, and is an excellent means of raising the character to a meritorious celebrity. Even where it is not wanted as a medium of livelihood, it greatly heightens and promotes respectability. After his education was completed, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany, a place celebrated for its baths, and, at that period, much distin-

guished for the peace made there, by which the European nations were once more brought back to their accustomed serenity. The company generally frequenting this spot, rendered it the resort of fashion: and here Lord Rokeby passed much of his time, indulging himself in every species of gaiety. His wit and politeness attracted no small attention, and he soon became the theme of general admiration. Upon his return to his native country, the electors of Canterbury chose him to represent them in parliament. The duties of this public station he discharged with uncommon integrity. Duly apprised of the importance of his office, he made himself acquainted with the views of his constituents, and deemed himself only the organ through which they were to legislate for their country. Such were his ideas of the province of a member of parliament; and, agreeable to these notions, he acted in his public capacity with zeal and activity. At the ensuing general election he was rechosen with acclamations of applause. The electors knew him to be an honest man; were therefore proud of his services; whilst he, on the other hand, considered their approbation as a source of the most refined satisfaction. During the American war he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures taken against the colonists by this country. He foresaw the evil consequences which must proceed from coercion. He reprobated taxation without representation, which was the only ground of complaint with the Americans in the first stages of that unhappy business. They

afterwards, indeed, aspired to the proud idea of independence, and their struggles were finally crowned with victory. How long Lord Rokeby continued in parliament we are not able to say, nor can we with certainty assign the reasons of his resignation. He, however, positively refused to be chosen at the next election, and retired to his seat near Hythe, where he passed his life free from those cares and anxieties which attend public stations. The sensible mind is never at a loss for enjoyment. Nature and art lay their stores at the feet of that man who contemplates them with an appropriate sensibility. Much about this period his father died, when he came into the enjoyment of the paternal estate, which must have administered to his peculiar gratifications. He now henceforwards led the life of a country gentleman, and indulged himself in those eccentricities for which he has been so distinguished. It must, however, be mentioned to his praise, that, with all his whims, he entertained his company with a liberal hospitality. His table, on such occasions, was plenteous, and the conversation was generally conducted with freedom and hilarity. His connexions being large and respectable, and a curiosity being excited about his person and manners, these two circumstances were the occasion of his mansion being oftener frequented. Guests were seldom long absent, and always handsomely entertained. His seat, named Mount Morris, is pleasantly situated near Romney Marsh, in the vicinity of Hythe, where he was known and beloved. For his eccentricities,

individuals who knew him well, would make due allowance; but in strangers who saw him for the first time, and were unacquainted with his history, the odd appearance of his person, and the singularity of his manners must excite curious sensations. But the interior constitutes the man, and, is, therefore, that part of the human character, which deserves principal attention. It was not till the year 1794, that the subject of our memoir acquired the title of Lord Rokeby, by the death of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland. Thus he became a peer of the realm. This accession of honour produced no pernicious effect on his mind. Far from being elated on this account, he continued the same plain, honest man; a character on which he greatly prided himself. He knew that talents and virtue were the only just grounds of estimation. All beside were mere externals, and only served to set off what was often insignificant in itself, or to raise the idle gaze of the multitude. The trappings of grandeur, were, in his opinion, calculated to gratify the herd of mankind. This venerable nobleman died at his seat in Kent, in December 1800, in the 88th year of his age. No particulars relative to his illness and dissolution, worthy of being detailed, have transpired. His person, his manners, and the mode after which he conducted his paternal estate, these are subjects of a legitimate curiosity. We shall touch on each of these topics, because in them all he indulged no small degree of eccentricity. 1. With respect to the person of his lordship,

he was distinguished by a long beard, which reached down almost to the middle of his body, as represented in the capital likeness, which accompanies this article. This venerable appendage made him look like an inhabitant of the antideluvian world. We cannot ascertain the period when he first suffered it to grow, but its length proclaimed it of no recent date: for many years indeed had he been remarkable for this decoration, which rendered him an object of general curiosity. Beards were once marks of respectability, particularly among the ancients, who were no mean judges of beauty. In this article, however, the case is now reversed, and it is, at least, considered as an indubitable token of eccentricity. Why his lordship adopted it, we know not: reasons for such a conduct are not easily found: it bids defiance even to conjecture, and baffles our sagacity. 2. His manners and habits of life approached to a primitive simplicity: though perfectly polite, he, in most things, studied dissimilarity. He spoke and acted after a mode peculiarly his own, at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His diet was chiefly on beef tea; wine and spirituous liquors he held in abhorrence. Indeed, with respect to exotics of every description, he discouraged their consumption, from an idea that our own island was, by means of its productions, competent to the support of its inhabitants. Beef, over which boiled water had been poured, and eaten off a wooden platter, was a favourite dish, by which his appetite was fre-

quently gratified. Tea and coffee he would not touch, or sugar, for which he substituted honey, for to sweet things he cherished a strong attachment. Of course many stories were told of his diet, not true; but with regard to the particulars already specified, the reader may rely on their authenticity. Nor should we here forget to mention that he was extremely fond of bathing, even from an early period of life, and continued the practice almost to his dying day. The frequency of his ablutions is astonishing, and he used to remain in the water a considerable length of time. His constitution had been accustomed to it, and perhaps, at least, his health, required such reiterated purifications. Physicians indeed recommend bathing to persons of almost every description; it invigorates the nervous system, whets the appetite, and creates a vigour throughout the whole animal economy. To this circumstance, it is more than probable, Lord Rokeby ascribed his great longevity. This part of the subject will receive an illustration from the following account of his lordship, which appeared in print some time ago. A gentleman making the tour of Kent, thus speaks of his visit to Mount Morris: "On my approach to the house, I stopped during some time to examine it. It is a good plain gentleman's seat, the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the proper inquiries, I was carried by a servant to a little grove to the right of the avenue, which being entered

at a small swing gate, a building, with a glass covering, dipping obliquely to the south west, presented itself, which, at first sight, appeared to be a green house. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and, on looking in, I perceived a bath immediately under the glass, with a current of water supplied from a pond behind. On approaching a door, two handsome spaniels with long ears, and apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, until soothed into security by the well known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face, at the further end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on his chin, which could not be concealed, even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke, when rising he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house." This characteristic anecdote accords exactly with other accounts that have been communicated respecting this extraordinary nobleman, who took a pride in deviating from the usual practices of mankind. 3. The manner after which he conducted his paternal estate, forms another singular trait in the character of his lordship. We say conducted, because we cannot

use the term cultivated in the present connexion with propriety. It was his mode to suffer every thing on his lands to run out in all directions. The woods and parks with which his mansion was encircled, were left to vegetate with a wild luxuriancy. Nature was not in any respect checked by art; she sported herself in ten thousand charms, and exhibited the countless forms of variety. The animals also, of every class, were left in the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. In some respects, this general licence which he gave to the animate and inanimate objects around him, may challenge admiration. Nature, in such a case, must undoubtedly be more unrestrained in her operations, and would of course, stinted by no foreign causes, expand with a greater grandeur and sublimity. But, nevertheless, it must be confessed that this idea was carried by his lordship to an excess. The God of Nature has left much to be performed by the care and industry of man. We are expected to reduce many things to juster proportions; and we are to render this lower world, by *improvements*, subservient in a still higher degree, both to our pleasure and utility. Such then, is our portrait of Lord Rokeby; we have endeavoured faithfully to copy the original, and happy shall we deem ourselves, should it be found that we have sketched the features with fidelity. His was no common character. Peculiar in his talents, in his habits of life, and in his general views of mankind, we must expect

his history to have been marked by a singular train of actions. Such was really the case, and few individuals had a more indisputable claim to originality. With all these eccentricities, however, he possessed virtues by which his defects were abundantly overbalanced. We shall close this narrative by specifying one trait of excellence for which his whole life was distinguished, HIS ardent and unabated love of freedom! Inimical to measures, which, in his opinion, encroached on the liberties of mankind, he ceased not to lift up his voice against every species of oppression. Independent in his own views and manners, he spoke his mind freely on all occasions, which drew, even from his enemies, expressions of admiration. Intent on the diffusion of happiness, he uniformly studied, (though in his own peculiar manner) the welfare and prosperity of his country.

RUSSELL, (————)

WAS always known under the guise or habit of a woman, and answered to the name of Elizabeth, as registered in Streatham parish, Nov. 21, 1661, but at death proved to be a man. He was buried April 14th, 1772. In speaking of this extraordinary person it will be necessary, in order to avoid confusion among the relative pronouns, to make constant use of the masculine gender, however oddly it may sometimes be combined. The various adventures of his life, had they been collected by a cotemporary, would have formed a volume as

entertaining as those of the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he accompanied in many of his rambles. Upon examining the parish register, it appears that John Russell had three daughters and two sons; William, born in 1668, and Thomas in 1672. There is little doubt, therefore, that the person here recorded is one of the two; and that, when he assumed the female dress, he assumed also the name of his sister Elizabeth, who probably either died in her infancy, or settled in some remote part of the country; under this name, in the year 1770, he applied for a certificate of his baptism. He attached himself at an early period of his life to the gypsies, and being of a rambling disposition, visited many parts of the continent as a stroller or vagabond. When advanced in years he settled at Chipstead in Kent, where he kept a large shop. Sometimes he travelled the country with goods, in the character of a *married woman*, having changed his *maiden* name for that of his husband, who carried the pack; and to his death was reputed a *widow*, being known by the familiar name of "Bet Page!" In the course of his travels he attached himself to itinerant physicians, learned their nostrums, and practised their art. His long experience gained him the character of an infallible doctress; to which profession he added that of an astrologer, and practised both with great advantage, yet such was his extravagance, that when he died he possessed no more than six shillings. It was a common custom with him to spend whatever he had in his pocket at an

alehouse, where he usually treated his companions. About twelve months before his death he came to reside at his native place: his extraordinary age procured him the notice of many of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, particularly that of Mr. Thrale, in whose kitchen he was frequently entertained. Dr. Johnson, who found him shrewd and sensible, with a good memory, was very fond of conversing with him. His faculties, indeed, were so little impaired with age, that a few days before he died he planned another ramble, in which his landlord's son was to have accompanied him. His death was very sudden. The surprise of the neighbours may well be imagined, upon finding that the person, who, as long as the memory of any one living could reach, had been always reputed a woman, was discovered to be a man; and the wonder was the greater as he had lived much among women, and had frequently been his landlady's bedfellow, when an unexpected lodger came to the house. Among other precautions, to prevent the discovery of his sex, he constantly wore a cloth tied under his chin; and his neighbours, not having the penetration of Sir Hugh Evans, who spied Falstaff's beard through his muffler, the motive was unsuspected. It may be observed that, supposing him to be the younger son of John Russell, he would have been 100 years of age, if the elder, his age would have been 104. He frequently averred he was 108. He had a mixture of the habits and employments of both sexes; for, though he could drink copi-

ously with men, whose company he chiefly affected, yet he was an excellent sempstress, and celebrated for making a good shirt. There was, however, a wildness and eccentricity in his general conduct, which seemed to border on insanity.

SAVAGE, RICHARD

A CELEBRATED, but unfortunate English poet, was the natural son of the countess of Macclesfield, by the earl of Rivers: and might have been considered as the lawful issue of the earl of Macclesfield, had not his mother, in order to procure a divorce from her husband, made a public confession of the adultery. This confession she made on the day of his birth, January 16, 1697. She then resolved totally to discard the fruit of her illicit love, and committed him to the care of a poor woman to educate as her own, with the injunction never to inform him of his birth. She also prevented the earl of Rivers from leaving him a legacy of 6,000l. by falsely informing him that the child was dead. She endeavoured to get him secretly conveyed to America, but not succeeding in that project, he was, at a proper age, apprenticed to the humble calling of a shoemaker in Holborn; but how long he continued in this situation does not appear. His nurse dying about this time, he searched among her papers and effects, supposing he had a right so to do; and found some letters which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for

which it was concealed. He then tried, but in vain, to rouse the feelings of his mother; and being reduced to penury, he commenced writer for the stage. In 1723, he brought a tragedy on the stage, in which he performed a part himself. It was intitled "Sir Thomas Overbury." Whilst he was employed in the composition of this piece, he frequently wanted food, and all the common necessaries of life; nor had he any other conveniences for study, than the fields or streets. The profits of this performance amounted to about 200l. And it was so well received that it procured him the notice and esteem of several persons of distinction; some rays of genius glimmering through all the clouds of poverty and oppression. But when the world was beginning to behold him with a more favourable eye, a misfortune befel him, in which his life, as well as his reputation, was in danger. In a night ramble he went into a coffee house of ill fame near Charing Cross, when a quarrel happened, and a Mr. Sinclair was killed in the fray. Savage was taken into custody, tried for murder, and capitally convicted of the offence. His mother was so inhuman, at this juncture, to step forward and prejudice the queen against him, and to intercept all the hopes he had of life from the royal mercy; but the countess of Hertford very compassionately related to her majesty the extraordinary story and sufferings of poor Savage, and obtained a pardon for him. After this, he was taken into the family of lord Tyrconnel, treated as his equal, and allowed a pension of

200l. a year. About this time he published the "Wanderer," a moral poem, which was approved by Pope, and which the author himself considered as his masterpiece. It was addressed to the earl of Tyrconnel, with the highest strains of panegyric. But in a short time he found himself inclined to retract these praises, being discarded by that nobleman on account of his imprudent and licentious behaviour. He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the inhumanity of his mother, and accordingly published "The Bastard," a poem. The sale of this poem was extraordinary; and its appearance happening at a time when the countess was at Bath, many persons, in her hearing, took frequent opportunities of repeating passages from it, which obliged her immediately to quit the place. Soon after this circumstance, his poverty was very great. Queen Caroline settled on him a pension of 50l. a year, which ceasing at her death, his friends exerted themselves in his behalf, and sent him into Wales, with an intention of allowing him a salary sufficient for his maintenance. There he wrote a tragedy, and set out for London to get it performed; but stopping at Bristol in his way, he contracted a debt, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1743. The best of his poems is "The Bastard."

SHERIDAN, DR. THOMAS

THE intimate friend of Dean Swift, was born about the year 1684, in the county of Cavan.

His parents, it is said, were unable to give him a liberal education; but he being observed to give early indications of genius, attracted the notice of a friend to his family, who sent him to the college of Dublin, and contributed towards his support while he remained there. He afterwards entered into orders, and set up a school in Dublin, which long maintained a very high degree of reputation. It does not appear that he had any considerable preferment, but his intimacy with Swift, in the year 1725, procured for him a living in the south of Ireland, worth about 150l. a year, which he went to take possession of, and, by an act of inadvertence, destroyed all his future expectations of rising in the church; for, being at Corke, on the 1st of August, the anniversary of King George's birth day, he preached a sermon which had for its text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." On this being known, he was struck out of the list of chaplains to the lord lieutenant, and forbid the castle. This living, Dr. Sheridan afterwards changed for that of Dunboyne. This he afterwards gave up for the free school of Cavan; but the air being too moist and unwholesome, and being disgusted with some persons who lived there, he sold the school for about 400l. and having soon spent the money, became diseased and died, September 10, 1738. Lord Corke has given the following character of him: "Dr. Sheridan was a school master, and in many instances perfectly well adapted for that station. He was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman languages,

and in their customs and antiquities. He had that kind of good nature, which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune produce; and though not over strict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the university remarkably well founded in all kinds of classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and cheerful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money least of all. In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him as upon a prey, with which he intended to regale himself, whenever his appetite should prompt him." His lordship then mentions the event of the unlucky sermon, and adds, "This ill starred, good natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even banished from the castle. But still he remained a punster, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen, and his fiddlestick, were in continual motion, and yet to little or no purpose, if we may give credit to the following lines, which shall serve as a conclusion of his poetical character:

"With music and poetry equally bless'd,
"A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd;
"Great author of poetry, music, and light,
"Instructed by thee I both fiddle and write;
"Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
"My tunes are neglected, my verse flung away."

SHUTER, EDWARD

An excellent comedian on the London stage, was the son of a chairman, and for some time employed at a public house, as a tapster and marker at a billiard table. He had much innate humour, and displayed in his manner a turn for the stage; which being noticed by several who attended the board of green cloth, he was recommended to a birth at Covent Garden theatre, and became a performer of the first eminence in low comedy. He was so great a favourite with the town, that his salary, including his benefit, amounted to a very considerable sum annually, but he never found any great difficulty in disposing of it. He died in November, 1776. Whilst this celebrated comedian was tapster at a public house near Covent Garden, a gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney coach, which he accordingly did, and attended the gentleman at his getting in. It so happened that the gentleman left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public house, to inquire of the boy (Ned) whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied, "It was two pots of porter, a shilling's worth of punch, and a paper of tobacco." The gentleman was now as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—44 for two pots of por-

ter, O for a shilling's worth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number—440. In consequence of this the gentleman recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, where he acquired as much learning as was necessary to enable him to shine as the first comedian of his time.

SMITH, DR. HUGH

A very eminent and eccentric physician, who, like many other young men, started with a very moderate patrimony. It has long been observed, "that the physician who walks on foot, may walk at his leisure." The truth of this axiom was certainly found by doctor Smith, who continued to lose one, two, or three hundren pounds a year till he was resolved to make one bold push and get into a carriage at once. The experiment answered, for he prospered ever after, and as his practice increased, his skill and success established his reputation beyond dispute. On his coming to reside near Blackfriars Bridge, his practice was equal to that of any physician in London. But he benevolently set apart two days for the poor in each week; and for those who were of the middle rank in life he would never take above half a guinea. Among numerous other instances of kindness, he made it a rule never to take a fee from any inferior clergyman, any subaltern officer, or any

public performer. He went even beyond this gratuitous bestowal of his assistance, and frequently gave pecuniary aid, as well as advice. Those who best knew him will best remember some little whimsicalities that frequently attended his conduct. Though hurried and fatigued by the increasing number of his patients, and the incessant demands for his advice, that patient was sure at to engage his attention, who was—a sick sportsman. Better than the fee was it to be a master of a good pointer; to have invented some new device about a fowling piece, was the best chance of obtaining a prescription; and a good shot, with a tale of shooting, would undoubtedly have kept the doctor from a dutchess who was dying. This small foible was at last so well known, that numbers affected to be sportsmen, who were so weak that they could not have walked over a stubble, and who held forth on the pleasures of the field, when they had unfortunately been confined to their beds. One other trait of his eccentricity, we shall be pardoned for mentioning: Whilst he was in the height of his practice, and consequently had not a moment to spare, he solicited and obtained the arduous and troublesome office of an alderman of London, which he attended for sometime; but afterwards thought proper to resign his gown. After many years passed in unceasing attention to his profession, he found it time to relax from his labour. He purchased a residence at Stratford in Essex, where, nearly to the last moment, he wished to see and receive his friends. His doors were ever open,

his table ever hospitable, his manners ever affable and gentle. He died on Sunday the 26th of December, 1790; and he died as a good man would wish to depart, loved and lamented by all. With a sufficient fortune, he left behind him a large collection, that may supply the physician and equip the sportsman. Added to treatises on physic, will be found the greatest number of fowling pieces and pointers in the possession of any doctor in medicine now alive. He kept them as memorials of the field, when the days of sporting were gone by; and to the latest hour when he could walk out into his garden, he would enumerate the sets which Ponto, now chained up, had made, how he ranged the fleetest of the fields, and never blinked his game. The doctor married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one son, who lived to be a man, and whose loss was one of the severest afflictions his father ever sustained.

SPILLARD, MR.

A MOST remarkable character as a pedestrian. He is a native of America. Of the early part of his life we have no information, but he is fully intitled to our notice, on account of the many singular exploits he has achieved. Even during an indisposition, some years ago, this gentleman left Charleston, and proceeded to Augusta, &c. and travelled through the greatest part of East Florida. He travelled to St. Mary's and from thence through the wilderness to the Creek nation, where his late friend, Mr.

M'Gillivray, kindly received him. After going to Pensacola, he crossed over to New Orleans, where, unexpectedly, the governor (Baron de Carondolet) not only gave him a general passport, but also letters of recommendation to the governor of the Natches, as well as to all the posts and districts in the extensive province of Louisiana. Mr. Spillard's intention being to explore the Missouri river to its source, and other great rivers which pass through Mexico to the Gulph of California, he left New Orleans in company with some gentlemen, who insisted on seeing him as far as the Walnut Hills. Here he crossed the Mississippi, and reached the confluence of the Missouri with that river. On the Missouri he travelled near 800 miles without obstruction, and then fell in with some white hunters from Ouchita, who advised him not to proceed any further on that river, as they themselves had been out two years, and lost all their peltry and horses, narrowly escaping with their lives from the Oza Indians. The same hunters also told Mr. Spillard, that the party who had permission from governor Meerd to go up that river, had all been killed. In consequence of this information, he returned to the Natches, and from thence came down the Mississippi to the confluence of the Red River, the source of which he was determined to find out at all events. After rowing against that rapid stream, for nine days, with the assistance of four resolute men, he came to Aouvoille, and, after examining that island, set off for Oppalusa, on his way

to Atakapa and New Iberia, which he carefully examined. He then crossed the Great Plains, and came to a village of the Atakapa Indians. (*Atakapa* signifies *man eater*.) From thence he crossed the Mintour and Carcasaw rivers, and struck across the mountains of Natchitoches. From Natchitoches he went to Nackocdos, St. Antonia and Labide, in the province of Tehkos, in New Spain, crossing the great rivers Sabina, Trinidad, Losbraces, Warloop and Colorada (or Red River.) Shortly after, he proceeded to the South Mountain of Santafee, where he fell in with the southern source of the Red River, which he followed till he came to the junction of the other branch, near which is a salt mountain, quite white and very hard. He then traversed the bank for twenty leagues, and crossed the river on a raft, from the New Spain side to that of Louisiana! the river dividing the two provinces a little above Natchitoches, at the creek Rousseau. On the Louisiana side he came along the plains as near the Red River bank as possible, and had to raft across the falls of Ouchita, Muddy River, and the river of the Mine. From thence he came to the Pawney nation of Indians, and from the Pawnies to the Cadom nation, who live in the Great Plains, about half a mile from the river. The two nations abovementioned are very numerous, and affable, and hospitable to strangers. He then came to the post of Natchitoches, where he rested but a short time; for being still unsatisfied, he set off again for the post of Ouchita, (a distance of about 100

leagues from Natchitoches) crossing the Black Lake, the source of this river, which he had seen in the Great Plains; for it was not far distant from the Eaccommachee, or river of the Mine. But he was determined to go to the Hot Springs, which are three leagues to the left of that river, and from whence it is about twenty days journey to the gold mine. This mine runs across the Ouchita River, which in the summer season, is not more than mid leg deep in many places. Before Mr. Spillard could effect his intended route upon the Ouchita, he and his servant fell sick with the ague and fever. After travelling eleven days, the servant died, not being able to withstand the united inconveniences of sickness, hunger, and fatigue. Thus discouraged, Mr. Spillard with difficulty crawled back to Ouchita post, where he recovered his health through the kind attention of Mr. Fayole and his lady, and then returned by another route to Natchitoches. He then came down the river to the posts of the Rapids, and from thence to the junction of the Black River with the Red River. Here he built a raft, and passed the great swamp that leads to Natches, on the west of the Mississippi. From Natches he came to New Orleans, and then to Pensacola, where he took passage in one of Mr. Panton's ships for London, in order to complete the journal of his transactions. On his passage he was captured by a French privateer, and carried into Savannah. After being confined here some time, Mr. Spillard was liberated, and proceeded to England, and about

the middle of December, 1795, arrived in London. This singular character had been out near twelve years, and travelled on foot, during that time, the distance of 69,000 miles and upwards: through all Europe, Asiatic Turkey, through Barbary, up to Macquinez and Fez in Morocco, and through the Arabs' country.

STANLEY, JOHN

A VERY eminent performer and composer of music, was born in 1713. He was blind from his infancy, but acquired a profound knowledge of music, and became master of his Majesty's band of musicians. He was also organist to the society of the Temple, and of St. Andrew's, Holborn. He died in 1778. Dr. Alcock, who had been a pupil of his, speaks of his scientific knowledge in the most exalted terms, and adds, that "most of the musicians contrived all methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it: that it was common, just as the service of St. Andrew's church, or the Temple was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary; even Mr. Handel himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful." Dr. Alcock also informs us of a number of very extraordinary circumstances concerning this admirable man. "I was his apprentice," says the Doctor, "and the first year I went to him, I remember his

occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, mississippi, shuffleboard, and skittles, at which games he constantly beat his competitors. To avoid prolixity, I shall mention his shewing me the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city, and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and foot, places that I had never been at before; his playing very neatly and correctly all Correlli's, and Geminiani's twelve solos, &c. on the violin. He had so correct an ear and memory, that he never forgot the voice of any person he had once heard; I, myself, have divers times been a witness of it: and in April, 1776, as he and I were going to Pall Mall to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met us who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice, said, "How do ye do, Mr. Stanley?" when he, after pausing a little while, replied, "God bless me, Mr. Smith! how long have you been in England?" &c.

STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER

A COMEDIAN and poet, was born in London. Inclination or necessity led him early to the stage, in which profession he passed some years in itinerant companies, till at length he procured an engagement at Covent Garden theatre. Though a man of wit and learning, he never shone as a player, and was, indeed, rather below mediocrity. He had a taste for lyric poetry, and composed many excellent occasional songs. But he was principally remarkable for

exhibiting a new species of entertainment, called, "A Lecture upon Heads." After living in every kind of dissipation, generally necessitous, and always extravagant, he had the good fortune to hit upon this plan. He travelled with it about England, and was uncommonly successful. By this happy expedient he acquired, in a few years, a fortune sufficient to afford him a comfortable retreat in his old age. He died in 1784. He was the author of a novel, in two volumes, intitled "The Adventures of Tom Fool," and some dramatic pieces. He also published a monthly magazine, which existed almost a year, intitled "The Beauties of all the Magazines except the Lawyer's," by George Alexander Stevens. His itinerant situation frequently threw him and his *troupe* into laughable situations. One night when they were performing in a barn, they were too attentive to business to observe several large apertures in the boards, which afforded much enjoyment to the outside auditors; one of whom took the first opportunity of tearing away the train of a pompous heroine. Her duty soon after requiring her attendance on the stage, she stalked on, and in the height of tragic rant exclaimed, "Why do I bear about this gaudy train? (at the same time turning round to observe it, added) "D—— the dirty scoundrels, they have cut it off!" On another night, when there was a scarcity of males in the company, a female was easily prevailed on to wear the breeches. The moment she appeared upon the stage, a burst

of laughter proceeded from every quarter of the wooden theatre; the actress joined in the mirth, supposing her exertion in her comic character had given perfect satisfaction. But she soon discovered the origin of so much fun, when her daughter (a girl of about fifteen) thus addressed her with becoming energy, "Mother, mother, button your breeches! Mother, mother, button your breeches!" She was now convinced, that she had omitted a very necessary article in the adjustment of her small clothes, and very decently removed, or rather concealed the nuisance.

STRONG, JOSEPH

A NATIVE of Carlisle, who, though blind from his infancy, displayed amazing skill in mechanics. When a youth, he constructed an organ for himself, being a good performer on that instrument. At twenty years of age he could make himself almost every article of wearing apparel. The first pair of shoes that he manufactured was for the purpose of walking from Carlisle to London, on a visit to Mr. Stanley, the blind organist. He also constructed a great number of mechanical figures and machines, and was expert at making any article of household furniture. He died at Carlisle, in 1798.

SWIFT, JONATHAN

THE celebrated dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, was the son of an attorney, and born in 1667. He was an illustrious poetical, political, satirical, and miscellaneous writer. He was a posthumous child, and his mother had but a scanty provision left her to provide for herself and two children. He was first educated at Kilkenny school, from whence he was taken to Trinity college, Dublin, where, from a natural dulness in the early part of life, or from neglecting the usual studies of the university, he did not obtain his degree of B. A. without much difficulty. On the death of his uncle, by whom he had been principally supported, he was left destitute; he therefore paid a visit to Sir William Temple, in England, who received him very kindly, and employed him in correcting his works. In 1692, he was admitted to his degree of M. A. at Oxford; but, in 1694, on a disagreement between him and his patron, they parted. Entering into orders, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocess of Connor, of the annual value of about 100l. But Sir William Temple, having been much used to his company, was uneasy in his absence, and made overtures of concession to him. A reconciliation immediately took place, and Swift returned to England. Sir William Temple was so well pleased with his conduct on this occasion, that when he died, he left him his posthumous works, and a legacy in money. Hav-

ing lost his friend, Mr. Swift endeavoured to procure some preferment in England, but was disappointed: he was, however, appointed chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkley, one of the lords justices of Ireland; but was soon after dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin. He fixed his residence at the first of these places, and decorously performed the duties of a parish priest. To this habitation he invited over the celebrated Stella from England. This lady was daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, to whom Sir William had bequeathed 1000l. in consideration of her father's service. She accepted Swift's invitation, and resided with a female friend, who accompanied her at his house when he was absent, but when he came home, they removed to another in the neighbourhood. In 1701, he took his doctor's degree, and, on the accession of Queen Anne, commenced political writer, by which he became a conspicuous character. In 1713, he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's, which was a great disappointment to him, as he thought it inadequate to his deserts; he looked higher, and thought himself intitled to a bishopric. On the death of the queen, the tories lost their influence, and the dean became unpopular in Ireland; but he afterwards became the idol of the nation, by zealously opposing the introduction of Wood's halfpence. In 1716, he was privately married to Stella, but they continued to live as they had done before. The dean's conduct, in this respect, is supposed to have preyed upon that lady's spirits, and

eventually to have broken her heart. His treatment of another lady, on whom he bestows the name of Vanessa in his works, was also extremely ungenerous. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant in Dublin, whose affections he had gained by his promises and caresses; but when she pressed him to marry or refuse her, he disclosed his real situation; which had such an effect upon her, that she survived the shock only a few weeks. The dean was subject, through life, to a giddiness in the head, which increased toward the close of it, and brought on a total privation of reason, in which condition he died in 1745. In his lucid intervals he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to erect an hospital in Dublin, for lunatics and idiots. His remains were interred in St. Patrick's cathedral. The principal works of Dean Swift are "The Tale of a Tub;" "Gulliver's Travels, a moral and political romance;" "Letters, Poems, Sermons, Political Treatises;" and "The Four last Years of Queen Anne." As his company was courted by persons of the first rank in life and literature, the following peculiarities may be related of him. It was a rule with him never to speak more than a minute at a time, and to wait for others to take up the conversation. He was particularly happy in punning, and used to say, "that none despised that talent but those who were without it." He greatly excelled in telling stories, but in the latter part of his life repeated them too often. He was offended at a *double entendre* or profaneness in religious subjects. He was

pleased at having ladies in the company, because it preserved the delicacy of conversation: though we may venture to assert that, in his writings, there are greater indelicacies, than any *double entendres* can amount to. When the dean was at Quilca, a country seat of Dr. Sheridan's, he went one Sunday to a church, at the distance of more than two hours ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, that it was too far to ride home afterwards; no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly, at Virginy, which is half way home. Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a dutchess, making several *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments, he addressed his host, 'Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne.' 'Estate!' says Reilly, 'devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.' 'Well, but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?' 'Why don't you see her

there before you ?' 'That Mrs. Reilly ! impossible ! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it. Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, 'I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.' He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat ; with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding ; but they did not dare to shew that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him. However, as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day

day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment. When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he stayed in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support. During his residence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his Gulliver's Travels, and prepared the whole for press. While he was upon the subject of the Brobdingnaggs, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighbourhood, to dine with him. He was of a gigantic stature; and supposed to be the strongest man in Ireland, as well as the most active. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of so extraordinary a nature, that I should be afraid to relate them, lest it should impeach my credibility. Among these, the dean asked him whether he

could carry on his back a mank's horse which happened to be in the court yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking at all under his burthen. It happened one day that a gentleman of that neighbourhood, well known in the country by the name of Killbuck Tuite, dined with the dean at Quilca, when Doughty was there. He was a blunt free spoken man, no respecter of persons, and stood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner, the dean asked him whether he could direct him the road to Market Hill. Tuite said he did not know it. That is the way, said the dean, with all you Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill. Why, answered Tuite, I never was at Market Hill; have not you been there Mr. Dean? He acknowledged he had. Then what a damned English blockhead are you, replied Killbuck, to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there. Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him, like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, how-

ever, were not sorry that the dean had met with his match. And the fame of Killbuck for this bold retort on the dean, of whom all the world stood in awe, was spread through the country.

TAYLOR, JEMMY

CALLED the Southwark miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver, and afterwards became a stock broker. At this *trade* he wove a *web* worth 200,000l. a proof that the shuttle of politics, and the *silk* of usury, had produced a sum far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him or kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest mechanic. His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent and scanty, and his bed hard; for he lay upon nothing but rags and straw on the bare floor, and in a house which was hardly habitable. Gold was all his desire. His constant prayers were, Oh, Mammon, grant me more money! Two banker's clerks once called upon Jemmy, at his earnest invitation, to take *pot luck* with him. They found the old boy boiling a solitary mutton chop, in an ocean of water, to make, what he called, some *comfortable* broth, for himself, and for his old friend Mr. Daniel Dancer, whom he hourly expected. After some complimentary solicitations, they prevailed upon him to fetch a pot

of porter, and while he was gone, they threw three halfpenny candles and two pieces into his cookery; which, no doubt, ameliorated the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to these old hunks, who, from the sequel, devoured it with keen appetites. But the next time Jemmy Taylor met them upon the 'Change, he accused them of theft and robbery, in stealing his candles. But of this they cleared themselves, by solemnly declaring, they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not swallowed them. *Old Maftis*, the itinerant quill and pen merchant, of Stepney Green, shared also the friendship of these saving wights, who were not a little edified with each other's experience and refinements in the art of living cheap. Jemmy Taylor always appeared in the streets with a long stick and clouted shoes, and innumerable darns and patches in his clothes. He never went to market for more than a twopenny steak at a time, and this he generally chose for its savoriness; an outside piece, grown black by the wind, and mostly flyblown, was his choice; for he thriftily observed, "that meat was nothing, unless it smelt as well as tasted." The people at the Black Horse, in the Borough, used often to represent to him his folly in being so parsimonious and self denying; and as he was fast growing old, observed to him the propriety of indulging himself a little in comfortable things: to all idea of expense, Jemmy Taylor was [illegible]: his reply used always to be, "that if

his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their lot in the world." By this observation verifying the old adage, that says, "there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know." If parity of years is the first step to friendship, parity of pursuits may be said to be the second. Mr. James Taylor knew all the *miserables* of the metropolis; among the most conspicuous of whom he ranked his quondam friends, the two brothers F——l's of Spitalfields. These were likewise weavers; and in their time had accumulated, by usury and speculation, the enormous sum of 300,000l. which they kept at interest in the funds, and thereby were always able to oblige a friend with any sum at a moment's warning. These *worthies* are lately dead. Previous to the tax upon legacies, they had made wills; but upon the necessity of using stamps, they made over their property to their nephews and nieces, in order to evade the duty, and thereby saved from government, into their own pockets, upwards of 3000l. The eldest of these saving ones ordered a very old shirt to be put on him but a day before he departed the world, in order to disappoint the nurse of a good one; it being customary to give the things the deceased has on to those who have the care of them in their last moments. Had Jemmy Taylor lived to have heard of the deaths of these friends of his, he, no doubt, would have very much approved of these saving contrivances. A short time after

the conclusion of the American war, the Earl of Northumberland, having occasion for 74,000l. to make a purchase, applied to his broker, and appointed a certain day to do the transfer. At the time and place of meeting, which was the round room in the bank, there was posted in waiting Mr. Taylor, whose appearance was exactly that of a coachman's watering man. Upon the duke's appearance, the broker brought Jemmy forward to his grace; who, not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, that wanted alms; but being assured by Mr. Consols, that he was a *warm man*, his grace at last shook hands with him, and Jemmy accommodated the peer with the 74,000l. out of one stock, in the 4 per cents. where Jemmy usually kept his largest bulk of cash; and from whence it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had as much left, as would have made him comfortable all the rest of his days. One day, observing some ladies, near the bank, buying some very fine fruit, he kept his eyes so wishfully fixed upon them, that one, thinking him in great want, sent him out sixpence, which he received with a low bow, and immediately set off, and bought a twopenny steak, which he brought past the ladies, to let them see he had not misapplied their bounty. This anecdote need not be doubted, as it appeared in the papers at the time, and all his acquaintance talked of the fact. Jemmy, though an inhabitant of a populous city, sometimes exercised the severe virtue of self denial, in circumstances which might have shewn his

readiness to accommodate the parties that called upon his probity to pay his assessment of the parish rates. When the officers waited at the door of his house, in King Street, and inquired for Mr. Taylor, they were told, "there was not a *soul* in the house." The collector, perceiving Old Hunks peeping between the balusters, replied to the girl who answered, "that she was quite right, as he could only perceive her master, who was notoriously well known to be no *soul* at all!" In his last testament he forgot all his London relations. His cousin Taylor, of the Borough, and his nephew of the Marlborough, in Bishopsgate Street, were equally unremembered in his will. These can say with truth, "he is gone a long journey: he has taken away the bags of money, and the devil knows what has become of them." Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of an hereafter. Finding himself ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the parish officers, the parson, clerk, and curate, and, after intimating his intention of making a handsome bequest, paid them down twelve hundred pounds for their prayers for the rest of his soul; but this bargain was not entirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months interest by way of discount; his usual demand for prompt payment! It appears that his enormous fortune devolved to two relatives in the country; whilst those of his kindred in London, in consequence of being cut off, have altered the

tenor of their prayers, in one article at least, by praying for their deceased uncle, as the papists pray for the souls of Luther and Calvin. His name now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Saviour, in the Borough. He died in 1793.

TELL, WILLIAM

An illustrious Swiss patriot, and the chief instrument of the revolution which delivered the Swiss cantons from the German yoke in 1307. Geisler the governor of these provinces for the emperor Albert, ordered him, on pain of death, to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son. Having fortunately succeeded in the task imposed upon him, without hurting the child, he told the tyrant, that had he been less fortunate, he had another arrow in reserve, which he should have directed to his heart. Animated by his courage and example, the Swiss flew to arms, when Geisler was killed by Tell, and the Austrians completely expelled from the country.

THELLUSON, PETER ISAAC

A native of France, though many years resident as a merchant in England, died in 1798. Having acquired a vast fortune, he disposed of it by will, in the following extraordinary manner. Having a property of 700,000l. he left in legacies to his wife and children not quite 100,000l. The residue he left to trus-

tees to accumulate and be laid out in the purchase of estates in England, till all the male children of his sons and grandsons are dead. But all who may take under this will, must adopt the name of Thelluson. The term of accumulation cannot be less than from 90 to 120 years. If it should terminate at the first period, the property would amount to 35,000,000l. and if at the latter to 140,000,000l. And if, at that remote period, he should have no lineal descendants, the estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the sinking fund, under the direction of parliament. The heirs at law have since applied to the court of Chancery to set aside the will; but, after long and learned arguments, it was fully established.

VILLIERS, GEORGE

THE worthy duke of Buckingham, who was famous for pleasantry and vices. This lord once possessed an income of 50,000l. a year, and died in an obscure inn in Yorkshire, as thus described by Pope.

> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape tied curtains, never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed;
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies—alas, how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim.

This admired description ought to have been accompanied by the following anecdote. When George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was

dying at an inn, the duke of Queensbury, going down to Scotland, heard of it, when he was within a few miles of the place, and went to make him a visit. Seeing him in this condition, he asked him, if he would not have a clergyman? "I look upon them," said the duke, "to be a parcel of very silly fellows, who don't trouble themselves about what they teach." So Queensbury asked him, if he would have his chaplain, for he was a dissenter. "No;" said Villiers, "those fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant." The duke of Queensbury, taking it for granted that he must be of some religion or another, supposed that it must be the catholic, and told him there was a popish lord in the neighbourhood, and asked him if he should not send for his priest. "No;" replied Villiers, "those rascals *eat God*, but if you know of any set of fellows who *eat the Devil*, send for one of them quickly." He desired to be left alone, and died in about half an hour. Thus ended his motley life, preserving the same character to the last.

VANDILLE, M. DE

WAS the most remarkable man in Paris, on account of his extreme wealth and avarice. He lodged on the upper floor, to avoid noise or visits, and had no other servant, than a poor old woman, whom he allowed only *seven sous per week*, or *one penny per diem*. His common food was bread and milk; but on a Sunday, he usually indulged himself with a little sour wine.

This prudent economist had been a magistrate at Boulogne, but afterwards removed to Paris. The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea; of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands. He literally adopted the old maxim of "take care of the farthings, and the pence, shillings, and pounds will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself." In 1735, he possessed upwards of seven hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy two. On a hot summer's day, he bargained with a woodman for a quantity of wood to serve for fuel, and afterwards took an opportunity of stealing as much as he could carry from the same pile. In carrying this load of pilfered property to his hiding place, the weight of the burthen, together with the heat of the weather, threw him into a fever. He then, for the first time in his life, sent for a surgeon to bleed him, but he desired to know his terms, which being mentioned, Vandille thought them exorbitant: an apothecary was then applied to, who was equally high in his demand. At length he proposed terms to a common barber surgeon, who undertook to open a vein for three pence a time. "But," says the worthy economist, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times,"

said he. "And what quantity of blood do you propose to take?" "About eight ounces each time," replied the operator. "That will be nine pence! too much! too much!" exclaimed old Vandille, "I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity at once, that you propose to take at three times, and that will save me sixpence." This being insisted on, he lost twenty four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vast treasures to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir. Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering; and his death by an unprecedented stretch of parsimony.

WATTEAU, ANTHONY

A CELEBRATED Dutch painter, was born in 1684, and died in 1721. In his last moments he is said to have given a strong testimony of his affection to his art. A priest who attended him, offering him a crucifix to kiss, which was extremely ill painted, "For God's sake, father," said the dying man, "remove it from me, the sight of it shocks me!"

WHALEY, THOMAS

WELL known by the journey which a few years ago, he, for a considerable wager, undertook to Jerusalem: and which has since obtained to him the appellation of *Jerusalem Whaley*. He was the son of a gentleman of very considerable property in the North of

Ireland. His father, when advanced in years, married a lady much younger than himself, and left her a widow with seven children. Three years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Whaley married Mr. Richardson, a gentleman of respectable character in Gloucestershire, who is still living. Thomas was the eldest son of Mr. Whaley, and had a property of 10,000l. per annum, left him by his father. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Paris, to learn the French language, and to accomplish himself in the arts of fencing, dancing, &c. He was placed under the care of a gentleman who had formerly been in the army; and who, having spent a good part of his life on the continent, was supposed to be a fit person to undertake the direction of young Whaley's studies. It soon, however, appeared that the tutor had not the ability to check the volatile disposition of his pupil. Mr. Whaley purchased horses and hounds, took a house in Paris, and another in the country, each of which was open for the reception of his friends. His finances, ample as they were, were found inadequate to support his extraordinary expenses; and, with the hope of supplying his deficiencies, he had recourse to the gaming table: which only contributed to increase his embarrassments. In one night he lost upwards of 14,000l. The bill which he drew upon his banker, La Touche, in Dublin, for this sum, was sent back protested, and it became necessary for him to quit Paris. He returned to England, and his creditors, or rather the people who had swindled

him out of this money, were glad to compound for half the sum. After staying some time in London, he went back to Ireland, and took a house in Dublin, where he lived in the most expensive manner. Soon getting tired of the insipid sameness of the mode of life he was engaged in, he determined again to visit the continent. While he was still hesitating as to the exact place of destination, some friends with whom he was dining, and who had heard that he intended to go abroad, made inquiry of him, whither he was going? He hastily answered, "to Jerusalem." Being convinced that he had no such intention, they offered to wager him any sum that he did not go thither. Though, when he gave the answer to their inquiry, he had not the most distant idea of such an expedition, yet stimulated by the offers made him, he accepted them to the amount of 15,000l. and on the following day he made preparations for his journey. He set out in a few days after he had made his engagements, accomplished the journey, and returned to Dublin within the time to which he was limited, claiming and receiving from his antagonists the reward of his unexpected exploit. After staying some time in Dublin, he again went to Paris, and was witness to many of those interesting scenes which occurred in the early [illegible] of the revolution in France. He staid in Pa[illegible] till after the return of the king from Varennes; and when it became no longer safe for a subject of the king of Great Britain to remain in France, he returned to Ireland. Soon afterwards, he

became connected with a young woman of amiable disposition, who lived with him till the time of her death; and by whom he had four children, three of whom have survived him. Not having employment sufficient for his active mind, he came to England, and frequenting the fashionable gaming houses in London, at Newmarket, at Brighton, &c. he soon dissipated a large part of his remaining fortune. He then retired to the Isle of Man, where he employed himself in cultivating and improving an estate he possessed there, and in educating his children. He at the same time drew up memoirs of his own life, with a view to their publication, written for the express purpose of preventing other young men from being led into similar errors with himself; and containing some excellent reflections on the folly of the life he had led, and on the small share of happiness he had, with the ample means he possessed, produced to himself or to others. On the death of the lady abovementioned, he married the Hon. Miss Lawless, sister to the present Lord Cloncurry. He died at Knutsford, on a journey, in the 33d year of his age, November 2, 1800.

WHITE, JAMES

Was well known in the literary world as the translator of the speeches of Mirabeau, the author of some historical novels, intituled, "Richard Cœur de Lion," "Earl Strongbow," and "John of Gaunt," and of several poetic pieces

He was educated at the University of Dublin, and was esteemed an admirable scholar, and possessed of brilliant parts. His conduct for these four or five years past, has been marked by great wildness and eccentricity. He had conceived an ardent affection for a certain young lady, who, he supposed, was as warmly attached to him; but (as he imagined) some plot had been contrived to wean her regard, and to frustrate all his future prospects in life. He attributed the failure of his application for patronage and employment from the great, as the machinations of those plotters and contrivers; and even supposed their influence upon the London booksellers prevented his literary labours being more amply rewarded. The winters of 1797 and 1798 he passed in the neighbourhood of Bath; and many of our readers may often have noticed in the pump room, the streets, or the vicinity of the city, a thin, pale, emaciated man (between thirty or forty) with a wild, yet penetrating look, dressed in a light coat of Bath coating. His means of subsistence were very scanty; and he obliged the cravings of nature to keep within their limits. He has been known to have debarred himself of animal food for months, and to have given life a bare subsistence, by a biscuit, a piece of bread, or a cold potato, and a glass of water. Unable to pay his lodgings, and too proud to ask relief, he would many nights wander about the fields, or seek repose beneath a hay stack, almost exhausted. He once took refuge in an inn in Bath, where his extraordinary conduct,

and his refusing every sustenance, alarmed the mistress, and impelled her to apply to the magistrates, who humanely ordered him to be put under the care of the parish officers. Instead of appreciating these precautionary means as he ought to have done, he, in letters to some persons in the city, complained of "the undue interference of magisterial authority, and this unconstitutional infringement of the liberty of the subject!" When his mind was more composed, and his health partly recovered, he behaved with more moderation; and, though apparently sensible to the good intended him, he strongly suspected that his imaginary host of enemies had again been plotting. It was about this time that he published some "Letters to Lord Camden on the State of Ireland;" the elegance and strength of his language, the shrewdness of his remarks, and the perspicuity of his arguments, were generally admired. A small subscription was privately raised for his relief; and, though given to him with a degree of delicacy, he could scarce be prevailed to take it but as a loan. He then left Bath; and March 12, 1799, was found dead in his bed, at the Carpenter's Arms, a public house in the parish of Wick, county of Gloucestershire, about six miles from Bath. One shilling and two sixpences was all the pecuniary store he had; and as he died amongst strangers, he was buried at the expense of a person to whom he was utterly unknown; and though an admirable scholar, possessed of most brilliant parts, and generally admired for the elegance and strength

of his language, he now lies buried in Abson churchyard, without a stone, or letter to mark the place of his interment.

WELBY, HENRY

Was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above a thousand pounds a year. He was observed in his life time to possess in an eminent degree the qualifications of a gentleman and a scholar. Having been a competent time at the university and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the esteem of the world and the love of his friends, and, indeed, all that knew him, insomuch that he may have here been considered as a perfect contrast to the characters hitherto described in this book. In fact, his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were conspicuous from his many acts of charity, humanity, and benevolence. But an accident happened about the fortieth year of his age, that gave a complete turn to his way of life, as well as to the view of his affairs. At this time an abandoned profligate (said to be his brother) made an attempt upon his life with a pistol, which not going off, he had address and strength sufficient to wrest it from his hands, and found it charged with a double bullet. From this incident, he formed a resolution of retiring from the world; and taking a house in Grub Street, he reserved three rooms for himself; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study.

In these, he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty four years he was never seen by any human creature, except Deborah, his old servant maid that attended him, who had only been permitted to see him in some cases of urgent necessity. Secluded from all intercourse with mankind, Mr. Welby led a very blameless life. His diet was constantly bread and water gruel, milk, and vegetables; and when most inclined to indulge himself, then he took the yolk of an egg. He was very curious in knowing how the world went, for he bought all the new books that were published, most of which, after perusing, he rejected, and gave to his old servant to sell, and constantly applied the produce to the use of the poor. His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more constant and rigid in his abstinence. His plain garb, his long white beard, his mortified and venerable aspect bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity, many of which were bestowed with a degree of singularity worthy of being recorded. Though his servant never saw him but upon very emergent occasions, yet, through her means, he communicated his charities to the neighbourhood round in a very singular manner. When he wanted any thing with the old woman, he used to ring a bell in the middle room, and immediately retire to the inner apartment, from whence he asked, in a tone of voice sufficiently

loud to be heard by her, for what he wanted. His meal time was the constant hour with him to receive petitions from the poor, all of which he duly considered ; but upon these occasions his servant still, though the agent of his benevolence, did not see her master ; for she did not dare enter his apartment ; and not until he had rung the bell in the middle room, must she venture to go and take her orders, which, when particular, were in writing. Upon extraordinary festivals, as Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas day, he constantly caused every seasonable sort of provision to be provided, and, after being dressed, he had them brought up, and when the servant had retired, Mr. Welby cut the victuals up, and divided it in donations to the poor of the neighbourhood, according to the number of children or incumbrance of their circumstances ; and upon the representation of extraordinary cases, in which he did not like his charity to be quite so conspicuous, the old woman was dispatched with money wrapped up in paper, with directions to throw it in at the door or window of the apartment of the poor people, and disappear, which practice he seemed to adopt from the words of the gospel, " Let not your right hand know what your left hand does." After having thus spent a life of benevolence and good will to all men, and innocent, though singular, he died the 29th of October, 1636, in the eighty fourth year of his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's church near Cripplegate. His old maid servant died but six days before him.

Mr. Welby left an amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hillyard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she, nor any of his family, ever saw her father after his retirement.

WELTJIE, LOUIS

LATE chief cook to the Prince of Wales. The history and fortune of this man are somewhat singular; he was by birth a German, and formerly sold cakes and gingerbread about the streets. After he received the appointment of chief cook and clerk of the kitchen, he soon became purveyor to Carlton House and the Pavilion at Brighton, in which situation he acquired a considerable fortune. Some years since, his daughter having taken a liking to a young cook, the subordinate of Weltjie, married him, which greatly excited the indignation of her father, who preferred his complaints to his royal patron. He represented the *disgrace* and *degradation* of *his* family by so humble an alliance, and warmly solicited the dismissal of the offender. The good sense of his patron saw the matter in a very different light, which induced him to observe, that the *inequality* was not so great as to outrage the *feelings*, or wound the *pride* of a man who could not entirely forget his own former situation. He was, therefore, advised to make the best of the affair, and reconcile himself cordially with his son in law and daughter. Instead of prudently adopting this counsel, the enraged father persisted in urging the discharge of the offender against the

dignity of *his* family, threatening to consign both husband and wife to indigence ; to prevent which the illustrious person alluded to, discharged Weltjie himself, and put the son in law into his lucrative situation. Weltjie and his broken English, together with his ridiculous airs of consequence, used to afford much mirth to the gay frequenters of Carlton House, who will probably heave a sigh to the memory of one from whose ministry they derived such excellent entertainment. He died suddenly at Chiswick, in 1800, while drinking his tea. He appeared to be in good health during the course of the day and the evening ; but just as he began to drink the second cup, he suddenly fell back and expired. Being a very gross and corpulent man, it is supposed his death was occasioned by a stroke of the apoplexy.

WILD, JONATHAN

Or, as his biographer, Henry Fielding, very properly stiles him, JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT, possessed a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance ; qualifications that were admirably adapted to facilitate his huge and wonderful undertakings. In circumstances that required colouring, Wild always kept as nearly to truth as possible ; and that, as he used to observe in private, was turning the cannon of the enemy against themselves ! " Permit me to assure you," said he to a friend, " although the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill,

than at the bottom of a hill in paradise: for did not the devil declare, it was better to reign in hell, than be a valet de chambre in heaven?" Jonathan, at an early period of his calling, laid down several maxims, as certain methods of obtaining greatness; among which are the following: 1. Never do more mischief to another, than is necessary to effect your purposes, for mischief is too precious a thing to be thrown away. 2. To know no distinction of men from affection, but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to your interest. 3. Never communicate more of an affair, than is necessary to the person who is to execute it. 4. To forgive no enemy; but be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge. 5. To shun poverty and distress. 6. To foment eternal jealousies in the gang, one of another. 7. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, to bring the owner any advantage. 8. That virtue, like precious stones, is easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits, in both cases, adorn the wearer equally, and that very few have the discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real one. 9. Men should proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them. 10. That the heart is the proper seat of hatred: and the countenance of affection and friendship. Mr. Wild was born at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, about the year 1682, his father being an honest and laborious carpenter; who, after bestowing a tolerable education on Jonathan, apprenticed him to

a buckle maker, at Birmingham. Here he deserted a distressed wife and infant, and repaired to London, where he contracted some debts, for which he was imprisoned in the compter for about four years; and in that learned seminary it was, that he imbibed ideas, and formed connexions, which paved the way to his future greatness. On Monday, February 15, 1724-5, Jonathan was apprehended at his house in the Old Bailey, charged with assisting a highwayman to escape from a constable at Bow; and this charge being fully substantiated, he was committed to Newgate. Beside this charge, there were several informations filed against him to the following effect. That for many years past, he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves. That he had formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the director, or commander in chief; and that, notwithstanding his pretended services in detecting offenders, he procured such only to be hanged as concealed or refused to share their booty with him. That he had divided the town and country into so many districts, and appointed distinct gangs for each; who regularly produced their accounts to him; concealing even in his own house, those villains who ran a risk of detection. That he had not only been a receiver of stolen goods and writings of all kinds, for near fifteen years past, but also occasionally turned robber himself, in conjunction with his confederates, whom he protected, at such pe-

riods, by assuming the functions of a civil officer; carrying for that purpose a short silver staff as a badge of authority. That he had, under his care and direction, several warehouses for the reception of stolen goods: and also a ship for conveying jewels, watches, and other valuable goods to Holland, where he had stationed an old thief as factor. That he kept several artists in pay to new modify rings, watches, seals, and snuff boxes, &c. that such articles might not be sworn to. That he seldom, or never, helped owners to the notes or papers they had lost, unless he found them able exactly to specify and describe them; and then often insisted on more than half their value. And, lastly, that he had often sold human blood, by procuring false witnesses to swear away the lives of those who were obnoxious to him; or otherwise to obtain the reward given by government on the conviction of offenders. Some of his old associates were ready to substantiate several of these heavy charges; but, while in Newgate, Jonathan committed the particular fact for which he died. Having before his apprehension, been concerned in robbing the shop of Catherine Stetham, in Holborn, of fifty yards of lace, value forty pounds, he received ten guineas from that lady, while under confinement, for the recovery of her property, but without discovering the persons who committed the fact. In order to magnify his public services, and make a favourable impression on the minds of the jury, he distributed a printed paper, just before the trial commenced, stating

the number of unfortunate wretches whom he had *legally* murdered: thirty five were for robbing on the highway; twenty two for housebreaking; and ten for returning from transportation. Mrs. Stetham's evidence, however, very clearly developed the hero's villany, with respect to his ostensible occupation. After having paid him for the recovery of the box, which did not contain *all* the lace. "Now, Mr. Wild," said she, "what must I give you for your trouble?" "Not a farthing, (answered Jonathan) not a single farthing. I don't do these things for worldly interest, but alone for the benefit of poor persons who have met with misfortunes. And as you are a widow, and a good christian, I desire nothing but your prayers; for I have many enemies; and God only knows what will be the consequence of this imprisonment!" Fortunately for mankind, Jonathan's prophetic fears were realized by a public execution at Tyburn, amidst the execrations of an enraged populace, who pelted him with stones, to the last moment of his existence. Fielding says, that Jonathan Wild picked the ordinary's pocket of a cork screw, at the gallows, and died with it in his hand; but, perhaps, this is an exaggeration. Jonathan's ruin could by no means be attributed to his want of depth in the ocean of villany. His body was covered with wounds and scars; his throat had been cut, and his skull fractured in two places; accidents which happened in various heroic contests between this great man and his pupils, nearly one hundred of whom

he not only trained for, but personally arrested, convicted on his own oath, and, as it were, led to the gallows. Perjury was an undertaking which he considered as innocent; whether directed to the ruin of an industrious tradesman, or to save, or to take away, the life of a friend and coadjutor. Insolent and haughty in prosperity, he became dejected and timid in adversity: for unable either to bear the stings of conscience, or the approach of dissolution, he had recourse to intoxicating liquors, which deadened, without dispelling, his fears. Jonathan, as the awful period drew near, delighted in talking of the glorious acts of suicide, which the Greeks and Romans had performed; and, in order to imitate such great examples, or rather to produre an easy and tranquil death, he swallowed an immoderate dose of laudanum; but the quantity proving antidotal, by rising again from his stomach, our wretched hero was compelled to accept the honour only of the intention; while a second hero, Mr. Executioner, obtained the real credit of exterminating the greatest miscreant that nature ever produced; for, reader, we have not presented thee with a perfect catalogue of his public enormities.

WILKES, JOHN

An active politician, and at one time of life the idol of the people, was born in Clerkenwell in 1728. He received the rudiments of his education at Hertford, whence he was removed

into Buckinghamshire, and placed under a private tutor of presbyterian principles. After making a tour on the continent, he returned home, and married a lady of considerable fortune. He was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Buckinghamshire militia, and nominated one of the deputy lieutenants of the same county. In 1761, he was chosen member of parliament for Aylesbury. Having dissipated the principal part of his fortune, he found his circumstances much embarrassed, and became the vehement opposer of government, under the administration of the earl of Bute, in which cause he was assisted by that distinguished poetical genius, Charles Churchill. In the paper war which he commenced, he was called to an account for the 45th number of his "North Briton," in which he had made so free with royalty itself, that a general warrant was issued against his papers by the earl of Halifax, then secretary of state; and he was committed prisoner to the tower. His political warfare not only deprived him of his liberty, but also exposed his life to danger from two duels. As some compensation, however, for his sufferings, he obtained a verdict with a thousand pounds damages, and full costs of suit against lord Halifax, for the illegal seizure of his papers. But he experienced the vengeance of the court of king's bench, and both houses of parliament, for the libel, and for his "Essay on Women." He was not only expelled the house of commons, but outlawed; though he obtained a reversal of the outlawry; when, after reelection

and exclusion as being ineligible, he survived the violent persecution. In October, 1774, he was a 5th time elected for the county of Middlesex, and took his seat without opposition. And in the same year, after having long been an alderman, served the high office of first magistrate of the city of London. When the marquis of Rockingham came into power, Wilkes seized the critical moment, and obtained a resolution of the house of commons for expunging from its journals, all the resolutions against him, as subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors in the kingdom. He soon after withdrew from the party whose strenuous champion he had been, in consequence of which he was overlooked in the general election of 1790. He gave himself up ever after to private life, and, by adopting wholesome economy, died possessed of a handsome fortune, in December, 1797. His knowledge of polite literature was extensive; his taste elegant, and his wit inexhaustible. *See* PRATT.

WOLSEY, THOMAS

CARDINAL, and prime minister of Henry VIII. was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in 1471. Though only the son of a butcher in that town, he became archbishop of York, chancellor of England, cardinal priest of St. Cicily, and legate *a latere*. He was educated at Oxford, and had a fellowship in Magdalen college; and when he took the degree of master of arts, he had

the care of the school adjoining to it. Having the care of three sons of the Marquis of Dorset, that nobleman gave him the living of Lymington in 1500. By artfully insinuating himself into the favour of several great personages, he procured a recommendation to Henry VII. who sent him on an embassy to the emperor Maximilian. He performed the object of his mission so much to the satisfaction of his master, that, on his return, he was made dean of Lincoln, and a prebend in the same cathedral. On the accession of Henry VIII. he became a favourite of that king, who gave him the rectory of Torrington, in Devonshire; soon after which he was made canon of Windsor, and register of the order of the garter. In 1512, he became a prebend in the church of York, and soon after dean of that cathedral. He attended the king in his expedition to France, and upon the taking of Tournay, Wolsey was made bishop of that city, in 1514. He was promoted to the see of Lincoln, in November following; made archbishop of York in 1515; cardinal of St. Cicely, by the interest of the kings of England and France; and in December of the same year, lord Chancellor of England: he was also legate a latere to the pope. Having gained an entire ascendency over the king, he drew him at length into such measures abroad, that he frequently became the dupe of foreign powers; the cardinal's avarice being fed, and his ambition flattered, by the emperor, the court of France, and that of Rome, in their turns. In the character of a churchman, he was a disgrace to his

profession, being licentious and vicious himself, and an encourager of the king in all his private sensual gratifications. He was also extravagantly proud and ostentatious. He aspired to the popedom on the death of Leo X. and Adrian VI. but without success. At length he fell under the king's displeasure. His obsequiousness to the see of Rome, relating to Henry's divorce from queen Catherine and some inferior circumstances, concurred to destroy his interest with his majesty; the great seal was demanded of him; his goods were all seized to the king's use, himself arrested for high treason, and committed to the custody of the lieutenant. He was arrested at York, Nov. 29, 1530, but died in his way to London, at Leicester abbey, where he was buried. From his preferments, and by presents and pensions from foreign princes, his income is said to have exceeded the revenues of the crown; and he lived in the state and style of a sovereign prince, keeping 800 servants; among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and 40 esquires. He was the patron of learned men, and a judge and munificent encourager of the polite arts.

ZENO,

A STOIC philosopher, and founder of the sect of stoics, so called from his opening a school in the portico of Stoa, in Athens. He was born at Citium, in the isle of Cyprus; but being driven by a storm on the coast of Africa, he took

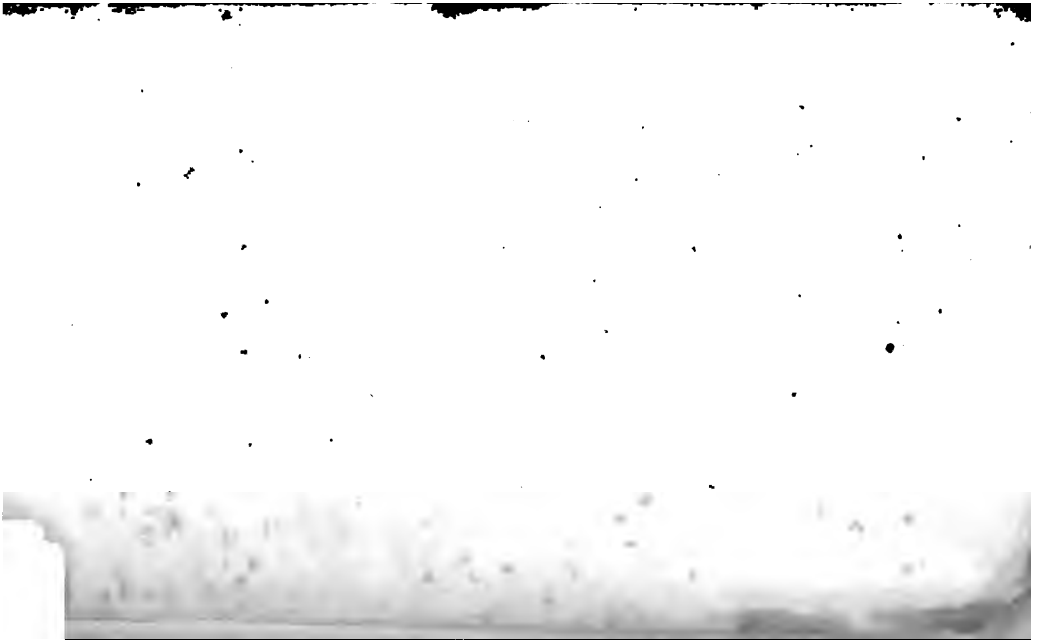
up his residence there, and taught philosophy and logic; he was indeed the first person who brought logic to perfection. His disciples, it is said, maintained the right of self murder: and his servant being told that the plea of *fate* would exculpate him from any fault he should commit, exclaimed to Zeno, as he was beating him for theft "It is my *fate* to be a thief," "Yes, sirrah," replied his master, "and it is also your fate to be drubbed for it."

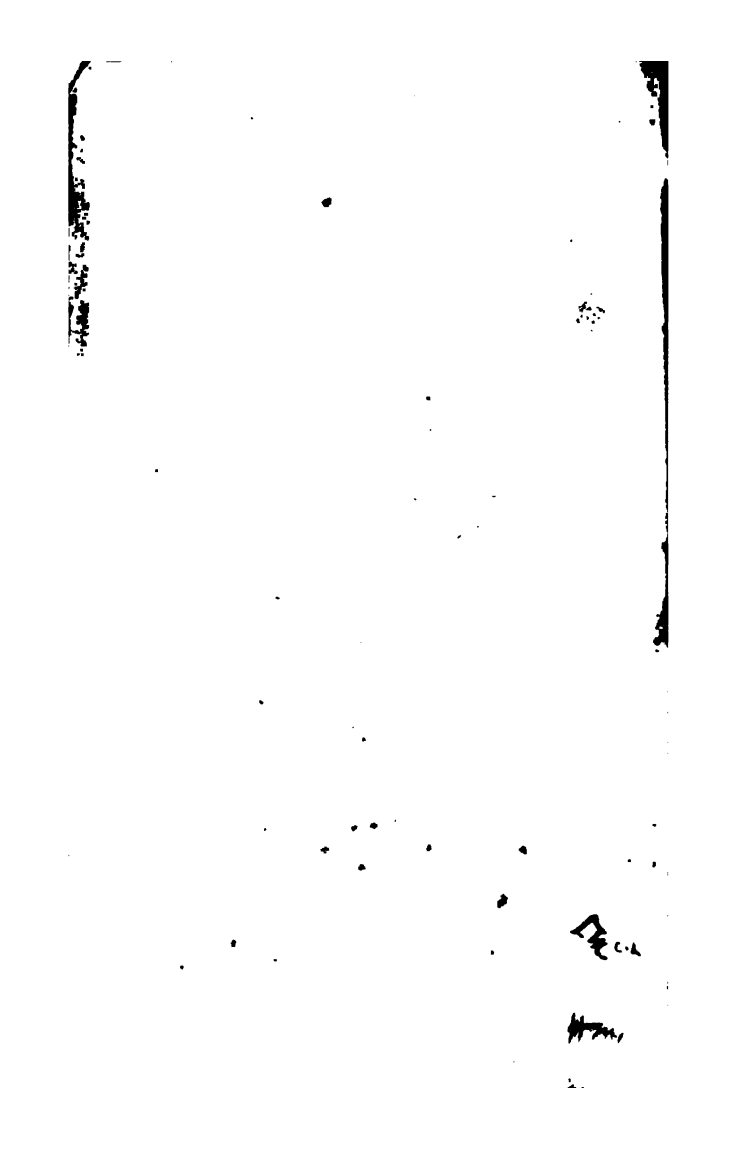
ZEUXIS

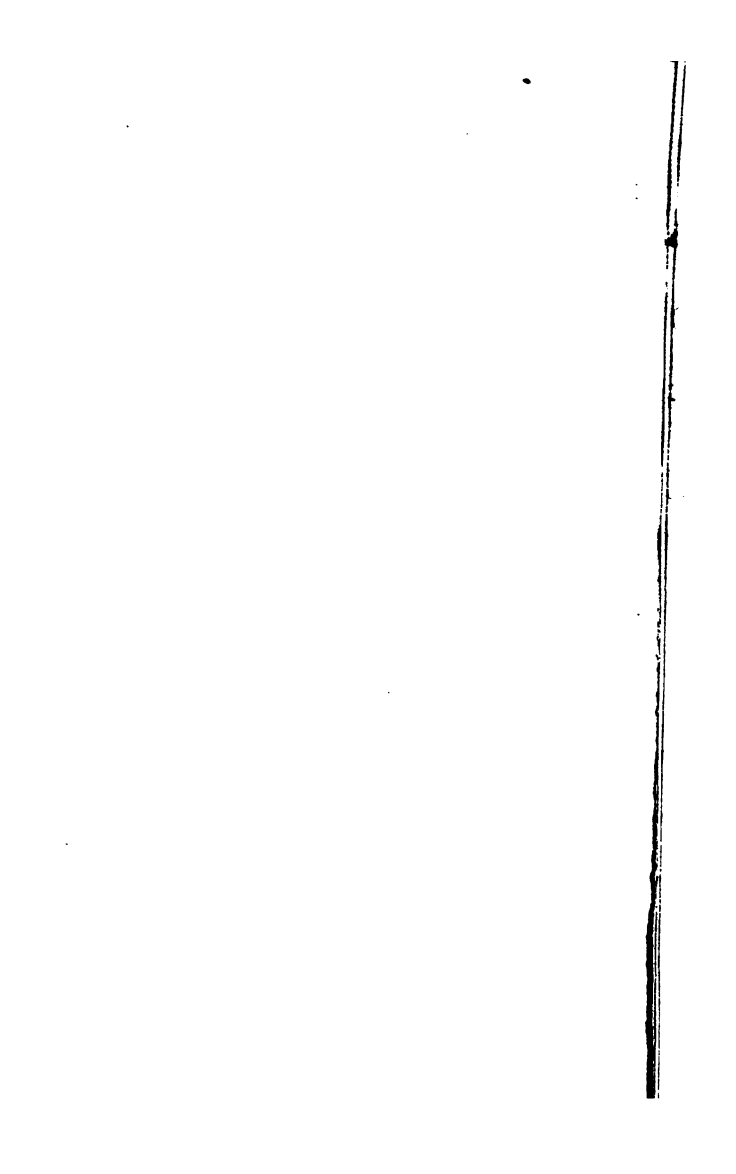
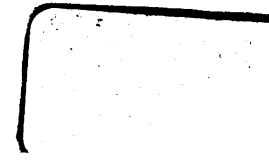
Of Heraclio, a very famous painter, who flourished about four hundred years before Christ. Many curious anecdotes are recorded of this painter. Pliny relates his dispute with Parrhasius, in the following manner. Zeuxis had painted some grapes so naturally, that the birds used to come and peck at them, and Parrhasius had represented a curtain so artfully, that Zeuxis mistaking it for a real curtain which hid his rival's work, ordered it to be drawn aside, that he might see the painting behind it. Discovering his mistake, he confessed himself outdone, since he had only imposed upon birds, but Parrhasius had deceived even those who were judges of the art. Another time he painted a boy loaded with grapes, when the birds flew again to his picture. At this he was exceedingly vexed, and frankly acknowledged that it was not perfectly finished: since, had he represented the boy as naturally as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. One

of Zeuxis' finest pieces was a Hercules strangling some dragons in his cradle, in the presence of the affrighted mother. Some are of opinion, however, that Helena was the picture by which he gained the greatest reputation. He died immensely rich, about 350 years before Christ. We are told by Verrius Flaccus, that his death was occasioned by an immoderate fit of laughter, on looking at the picture of an old woman which he had drawn.

FINIS.



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